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GEORGE PATTULLO – RITA WEIMAN – HENRY PAYSON DOWST
KENNETT HARRIS – GEORGE WESTON – PERCEVAL GIBBON

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what's good to eat
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THE BALANCE WHEEL

By George Pattullo

WE HAVE heard so much the past few years about the right to strike that we are inclined to overlook some rights of our own. Labor has taken the stand that a man has the right to quit work when he wants to, and the same principle holds for any body of men. The strike, they maintain, is their only effective weapon against oppressive capitalism. And up to a certain point every fair-minded citizen agrees with them.

But how far should they be allowed to go in this direction? Every country has curbed capital's "rights" in order to prevent too flagrant exploitation of the public. What curbs should be put on exploitation by labor, and how can the public protect itself?

For we are continually subjected to strikes that seriously injure the general public, which has nothing whatsoever to do with the dispute. What about strikes that tie up whole communities? What about those that cripple the transportation of an entire country and create general suffering? Or cut off food distribution, or the mining of coal? In other words, what about the rights of the great mass of citizens who are the innocent bystanders in every conflict between labor and capital? Year after year they have been getting what the innocent bystander always gets—the receiving point is in the region of the neck.

On the one side we hear clamorous insistence on the "right" of capital to conduct its own business and manage its own affairs. We hear its valid claims to protection thundered from the rostrum, upheld by the bench, argued by the press. And on the other side we have labor equally determined to assert its "rights" to the last dot.

Strike Tyranny

ALL of which is proper enough, doubtless; but how about you and me? Isn't it about time we were raising a shrill treble yell on our own account?

They have waked up in Europe. The strike tyranny grew so bad there that something had to be done for the protection of the public, and in Denmark and Germany they have done it.

By this I don't refer to the various leagues and combinations and organizations formed throughout those countries by employers and business men for safeguarding their own interests in emergencies. We have lots of that brand of remedy here in the United States. I am speaking now of a genuinely impartial movement whose aim is solely the protection of the community against the suffering and losses incidental to strikes in essential industries. This organization does not take sides. It is representative of every class, including employers and workmen; it never butts into strikes involving only capital and labor; it is the balance wheel for the nation.

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Demonstrators in Front of the Reichstag Protesting Against Laws of the Workmen's Council

In the United States the public has never organized effectively for its own protection. It has trusted to government for that, and so far as protection against violence and bodily injury is concerned it has trusted wisely. But violence and bodily injury are not the only destructive features of strikes, and against the losses and inconvenience and privations caused by cessation of certain kinds of industry it has remained defenseless.

Efforts of employers, capitalists and business men have invariably been directed to combating the unions or safeguarding their own interests and property by offensive and defensive alliances. Whatever claims may be advanced for these movements, they have seldom had the interests of the general public as their objective.

Ready for Trouble

IN GERMANY to-day they have an organization along the lines of a protective league, whose object is to maintain order in the territory it covers, guard industrial and private property, stamp out any revolt or Bolshevistic troubles and preserve the Fatherland from chaos. But it is a purely industrial organization, sustained by funds from employers and the banking interests, and it relies on force. Its existence would be wholly unjustified in a country of strong and stable government, and it has come into being because the men who created it have no confidence in the ability of the authorities to give them the protection and security to which they are entitled.

This league flourishes in Bavaria and Baden and has the tacit sanction of the Allies, or at least they wink at it. With headquarters in Munich, it has more than forty thousand well-armed men at its disposal, who are distributed throughout the country, with local "islands" at strategical points. In the event of any communistic troubles this winter—and they expect some in Germany—the league could instantly shut off the food supplies of Berlin, Leipsic and the other hotbeds of radicalism, and could throw sufficient troops in any direction to suppress revolution and protect property.

However, it is of an entirely different movement I propose to treat—the first organized effort by the general public to protect itself. Our own attempts to deal with strike crises have been sporadic—merely temporary makeshifts to tide over the immediate difficulty. The usual method has been to employ troops for the guarding of property and raise bodies of volunteers for the operation of the affected industries.

Considerable bloodshed and rioting have resulted from the former, and nobody will contend that the work of the volunteers as substitutes for the strikers has usually been worth much, except for its moral value. Invariably they are unskilled and untrained in the jobs they have to tackle, so the remedy has been in the nature of a desperate measure to meet a sudden menace. And as soon as the trouble passed and normal conditions were restored nothing further was done to insure the public's interests in the future. As in many another economic and political problem, we have made no provision for eventualities but have gone blithely ahead, trusting to the Almighty to see us through.

Within the past fourteen months we have had to grapple with a policeman's walkout that exposed Boston for an entire night to the forays of hoodlums; a coal strike, a railroad strike and port troubles, each of which threatened to demoralize the nation's business; and the best we could do was the same old makeshift of hurriedly gathered volunteers who knew next to nothing of the work they had to perform. England has not displayed any greater foresight in this respect, for though she beat the general strike of railroad workers by the employment of enormous numbers of volunteers and a transport organization left over from the war, the circumstances were exceptionally favorable for government action, and the English have not profited by the lesson to build up any permanent organization along these lines.

It has remained for two Continental countries to blaze the way; and it is rather a grim joke on us that our late archenemy is far in the lead in dealing with the strike problem, just as she is much more progressive in schemes for the democratization of industry. In fact, Germany's experiment represents the most advanced method of action I have been able to discover; she was the first in the field with a real organization; and the extraordinary, painstaking care with which it has been planned reveals a flash of her old-time genius.

Community Aid in Action

THE other country which has tackled the menace with an eye to the future is Denmark, and the results obtained up to date justify optimism. There the movement started in April of this year with a strike of dockers, seamen and stokers at Copenhagen. Though nominally a labor trouble, the strike was in reality part of a political movement following the overthrow of the Zahle government toward the end of March. The radical elements of labor had planned a general strike, but that calamity was averted.

However, the dockers, seamen and stokers went out, completely demoralizing the business of the port. A tremendous amount of shipping lay idle at Copenhagen, large cargoes of grain for the state stores could not be unloaded, and the situation instantly became critical for the entire country. Denmark is peculiarly dependent on the port of Copenhagen, and when all export trade ceased and incoming cargoes were held up the country was faced with speedy ruin.

In this emergency the Community Aid, as they call it, came to the rescue. The nucleus of this organization had been quietly formed by a few men in Copenhagen the previous February, probably on inspiration of the movement in Germany. In order to save the cargoes of grain so badly needed they offered their services, which were accepted.

Immediately the Social-Democratic press began to thunder against the "bourgeois blacklegs" and the then Minister of Commerce bowed to the storm and withdrew sanction of the Community Aid's participation twenty-four hours after giving it. Consequently it fell out that the services rendered by the Aid at this juncture proved trifling; but the moral effect was tremendous. For the Danish people were quick to grasp the possibilities revealed. They wanted to know more about the organization, its purposes and methods; and when they learned, the Community Aid found strong support.

Early in May its leaders issued information. "We insist on the right of the community to self-defense" was their slogan.

And then they proceeded to forestall the usual charges of capitalistic backing. "But we should not be looked upon as a kind of rescue corps, to be mobilized whenever values are being injured in consequence of labor conflict—particularly not when they are merely wage questions. We will step in only when we are strongly backed up by public opinion."

Almost from the outset the Community Aid placed itself at the disposal of the authorities. Sound reasons dictated this policy. In Denmark most of the enterprises which are of decisive importance to the supply of necessities to the public are carried on by the state or the municipalities. Also, the Community Aid must have protection when it steps in to fill the strikers' places, and the responsibility in such a crisis is so great that no private organization would willingly shoulder it.

After the Folketing election of April twenty-sixth, in which the Radicals received a sound drubbing, Mr. Neergaard became Premier at the head of a cabinet composed of Left Conservatives. A new Minister of Commerce took office—Mr. Rothe. He was not so easily influenced as his predecessor, and ignoring the fulminations of the Social-Democratic newspapers he summoned the Community Aid to assist in reëstablishing Denmark's trade in face of the seamen's and dock laborers' strike.

The organization had only a few hundred volunteers at this time, but the minister guaranteed them police protection, and on May eleventh they set to work unloading ships. University students and business men composed the bulk of this early strike-breaking force, but the idea caught on so quickly that within a few days the Community Aid could summon all the men it needed. The daily average of volunteers was fifteen hundred, and a considerable percentage of these consisted of workmen, mostly nonunionized.

To make proper provision for the substitutes, and also to prevent clashes between them and the strikers, a large liner was turned over to their use—the Oskar II. This was converted into a boarding house, and on it most of the volunteers lived during the strike, thereby avoiding contact with the men who were out.

Very soon the Community Aid was in a position not only to load and unload ships but to man them with crews, for, directly they saw that adequate protection would be given, hundreds of seamen joined. Many vessels sailed from Danish ports, notable among them being the Frederick VIII, bound for New York.

Never had such heterogeneous crews sailed the high seas. There were college professors scrubbing decks, and men of wealth sweating at the furnaces, stripped to the waist as they fed the fires. And the Aid had a sufficient number of technical volunteers to fill all the posts requiring experts. Upward of two hundred ships were manned, with a total personnel of nearly four thousand men.

Surprisingly few disturbances occurred. They had some minor troubles between the police and strikers in Copenhagen and several provincial harbors, but no serious conflicts, possibly because the protection given was equal to every demand made upon it. And after little more than a month of it—on June fourteenth, to be exact—the strike fizzled out. As soon as it collapsed the volunteers withdrew.

As we shall examine the German organization later it is unnecessary to go into the workings of the Danish Community Aid in detail. It is sufficient to say that an executive committee directs its affairs, and it has two classes of members—active members, who tender their services, and inactive members, who contribute financial support. The volunteers are remunerated on the scale paid to the workmen whose jobs they temporarily fill, and they are all insured by the organization.

The Community Aid has come to stay in Denmark. Until it broke the Copenhagen strike the Danish public had been the helpless victims of trouble after trouble. June fourteenth marks their emancipation from this tyranny, if the record since that date can be accepted as a criterion.

German Experience With Crippling Strikes

PROBABLY no country in Europe was so strike-ridden as Germany during 1919. When a population reaches the desperate state of mind summed up in "What's the use, anyhow?" it is ripe for agitation. There were agitators in plenty, and striking soon became one of the favorite German pastimes. In this direction they kept pace with other countries—notably the United States and Great Britain—for they not only called strikes for higher wages and better conditions but very often for no apparent motive at all. A strike might be pulled as a sympathetic measure or for the purpose of political demonstration.

Conditions grew so bad that a definite plan of action to oppose the evil became imperative. The employment of force was well enough as protection against injury to individuals and property, but soldiers could not operate the industries, and the Germans rapidly discovered that the use of troops was often a boomerang. Whatever the occasion might be, the solid laboring classes were disposed to resent a too ready employment of the military on the side of capital, and coercive measures produced their customary results—raised a dozen malcontents for every one they squelched.

Had the strikes involved only the employers and the workers it would not have been the business of the public to take a hand. But very often a strike crippled an entire community. Hundreds of thousands of people sometimes found themselves obliged to trudge many miles to their work, simply because a small group of dissatisfied employees in an electrical plant or a street railway system had walked out to enforce their demands. And when Germany's food supply was low and the situation in many industrial centers well-nigh desperate, food distribution was now and again cut off by strike troubles involving less than one per cent of the workers of the country.

There was little disposition on the part of the public to dispute labor's right to quit work as a means to an end, but they did

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During a Trolley Strike in Berlin

THE LIZARD

By RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

ON THE top of a white wall, dazzling under the California sun, a lizard lay. He was long and green and scintillant, and he stretched on the warm white wall, blinking in the luxury of utter laziness. He moved only as the sun moved, lifting his body sinuously and hurling it ahead whenever the shadows threatened so much as to touch his tail; then settling down again to bask and blink.

In the garden below a woman sat in one of those high, fan-backed chairs that Japan has fashioned to frame a beauty's face, and watched him. It was an exotic garden, with iris of deep purple blue edging a marble bathing pool that was fed by the crystal drippings from a satyr's lips. The satyr was green bronze and glistening, and at his wet hoofs water lilies floated. His bronze stare rested on the woman, with back of it a smirk almost human.

She was the sort to humanize even a satyr's grin. Long and lissom, with hair like the sun and slumbering eyes whose shadows matched the iris, she was as much a part of that garden as the scent of orange blossoms, as the fragrance of eucalyptus. She lay back in the big, embracing chair, one hand stretched above her head so that the lacy sleeve slipped away from her smooth arm. Lace trailed from her ankles, too, over the grass like new-spun cobwebs.

At the other side of the white wall a road wound down to a sea intensely blue and rippling with strange secrets. And far beyond the other end of the garden rose the shadowy mountains of Southern California, their age-old faces cut by roads like seams of wisdom on the face of an old man.

But the woman looked neither beyond the wall nor backward toward the mountains. She sat with eyes half closed, half curious, following the lizard. As he moved at long intervals, she moved her chair with him. The sun never left the glisten of her hair through the light garden hat, nor the golden pallor of her skin, nor the gleam of the heavy pearls round her neck. She seemed melted into it.

The whir of a motor came from the driveway, growing louder as it swung up to where the house stood on an elevation high above where the woman sat. She did not turn, but a look of soft satisfaction slid into her eyes. A man sprang out, reached into the car and hauled out a bag of golf clubs before the chauffeur had time to descend. He flung them over his shoulder with the manner of a man accustomed to do things for himself and hurried past the Jap butler who came from the house to relieve him of them.

"Where is Mrs. Blake, Ito?" he asked, going into the cool dusk of a hall permeated with sweetness from outdoors.

"Madam in the garden all afternoon, sir."

The man nodded, gave over the bag and took the stairs two at a time. Fifteen minutes later he came down in white flannels, his hair still wet from the shower, his skin ruddy with blood coursing near the surface from the stiff rubbing he had given it. He opened a door opposite the one by which he had entered and stepped out on a flagged terrace. The house was white marble, built low and shallow, with a long flight of steps dipping down to the acres that belonged to it. His eyes swept the vast stretch of the Pacific, traveled back to the mountains that seemed to cut off this particular coast line from the rest of the world, and returned to the villa which had been the last of many homes erected by the late Hiram Blake, multimillionaire. They rested on it lingeringly, with a kind of shamefaced pride. This house had been his first big commission as a young architect, and he never looked at it without the pride of creation, which after all is more soul satisfying than pride of possession. True, the credit for it had never been his. That had gone to the established firm of architects employing him at the time. But he knew, and Nina Blake knew, and that was all he wanted.

He looked down, eagerly searching the garden below until he found the wide-backed chair with its revealing trail of lace like cobwebs across the grass. Then he hurried down the stone steps and past the swimming pool. The occupant of the chair heard him coming. She looked over one shoulder without turning her head.

"Hello, Jimmy Nichols," she called softly, her lips curving in a slow smile. "Have you had enough golf to make you as tired as you want to be?"

He dropped to the grass at her feet. His head went back and he took a deep breath to inhale the perfume-laden air. She could see the muscles play in his neck and jaw. His eyes, vital and disconcertingly direct, shone clean gray with the light of exercise and well-being. Above them the sharp-drawn brows almost met. Sitting there at her feet, he sent out that shielding warmth of the man who has fought his way upward absolutely on his own. Nina Blake wanted to draw it round her like a cloak.

"Why Let Anything Come Between Us—Why Anything in the World? Jimmy, Won't You—Won't You Look at Me?"

"Tired? Not a bit of it! What have you been doing all afternoon?"

She nodded toward the lizard.

"I've been watching him. He's such a funny old boy. He travels with the sun—doesn't want it to get away from him. I'm wondering what he'll do when night overtakes him."

"Probably run away and hide somewhere and think that he's escaping it."

"Or he may go to sleep in the sun," she mused, "and not know when night comes."

"It's bound to overtake him just the same," he laughed, and turned his back to the wall, moving closer to her. "Have the others gone far enough away to give us this hour alone, Nina?"

"Yes, Cliff and Elsie have gone over to the Carmichaels' for tea, and I sent Joan on the Summit Drive with Sam McCutcheon. I'm hoping she'll make him propose before they get back."

"Do you think she wants him to? Sam's not exactly inspiring, you know. He's as heavy as his millions."

"But think what it would mean to Joan! She's slaved for her living always at work she despises. Why, it would be coming out of prison!"

"Would it?"

The young widow of the late Hiram Blake met the quizzical stare that accompanied the query, with eyes that were the dark, untroubled blue of a still pool.

But the curl of her mouth above her deep-cleft chin was challenging.

"Wouldn't it?" she retorted.

"All in the point of view," he said quietly, not taking his eyes from hers. "I was thinking of Joan's. She's such a stubborn, independent little soul."

"She's bitter, Jimmy. Life hasn't given her a square deal."

"Life will—if she makes it."

She laughed skeptically.

"What chance in the world has a girl who wants to be a great singer and has to earn her bread and butter giving music lessons?"

"She might find some rich friend to endow her," he suggested.

"I've offered to—and she won't accept. She hates poor old Hiram for what he did to me, and says she'll never let one penny of his back her to any success she may have. You should hear the names she calls him. Sometimes I'm afraid his ghost will just naturally rise up and haunt her."

"Nina"—he hesitated as if uncertain just how to put the question. His hand wandered out to the lacy trail of her skirt and he spread it over his palm, studying the intricate design—"Nina, I've often wondered, if I ask you something darned impertinent, will you answer me straight from the shoulder?"

"You have a way of making me do that, Jimmy," she answered, her voice a caress.

Embarrassment colored his neck and face before he came back at her with the direct gaze that seemed to look through her brain.

"How important is all this to you?" A sweep of his arm took in the vast estate.

She leaned forward, clasping her knee, and her eyes strayed from his. Backward over the garden's wealth of color they traveled, past the iris-bordered swimming pool to the immeasurable stretch of park and woodland, then up to the house set imperiously above it all. They came back waveringly, shaded by the dark, thick lashes. She felt the intensity of his question—would have avoided his steady stare. But it brought them once more to his. Their blue was no longer untroubled.

"How important?" he persisted.

"Hiram Blake knew how important it all was when he made the kind of will he did," came finally. "He cared for two things in the world—his money and me; and he knew I didn't marry him for his youth or manly beauty."

She said it defiantly, as if hurling it into the unknown. Her lip curled as it always did when she permitted herself to think—which was not often—of the way the millionaire had tied her to him for the rest of her days. People had

A Knock That Sounded Unusually Sharp in the Stillness Roused Her

said that old man Blake would carry his possessions to the grave: and he had, in a way. Having purchased a jewel of rare price and put her in a setting equally rare, he had made reasonably sure that both would remain his even after death. He had fastened the two together with rivets of gold. Nina, in the unpleasant moments when she dwelt on it, could visualize quite plainly the canny smile with which he had affixed his signature to the red-sealed document which affirmed that if Nina Blake married again, all the estates, monies and properties, the use of which was to be hers during her lifetime, would instantly revert to the Blake estate, be sold and the revenue devoted to charity in his name.

It had brought about no real problem during the seven years of her widowhood. She had stretched her beautiful young body in the lap of luxury, content to let the protecting arms of great wealth close her in. She loved California, but when the rainy season descended in unceasing clouds she ran away from it. She adored the life of New York, but when winter storms darkened the city she fled to the sunshine of Florida. When America grew dull there was always the Riviera. And to all of these she could travel in yacht or private car, with friends to amuse her, to make life interesting; men in whose eyes she could light the flame of her charm, women to form a background for it.

The velvet of her life had been unseamed, unwrinkled. The lovely Nina Blake, whose name in the daily society column stirred her less fortunate sisters to envy, held a place in the sun that was assured. Now she looked down at Jim Nichols and knew that the question he had put to her merely veiled another, one she had no immediate desire to answer. It made her uncomfortable to have his direct gray gaze strip her of her languorous contentment as one tears off a concealing garment. And yet she loved to have him look at her the way he did; loved to feel that the steel of this man, who was a fighter, responded so frankly to her own magnetism. There was no one else of all the men she knew who gave her the sense of completion that he did.

"Blake knew how important it was to you at that time," he picked up her words. "But now, Nina—now? Is your whole world still centered in this garden?"

"No, there's the place at Newport and the one at Miami and the Adirondack Lodge." She paused as he started to spring up, put a hand on his shoulder and held him at her feet. "You think me flippant. But I don't want to talk about—about serious things this afternoon."

"I've been thinking serious things for a good many years, Nina," he said, his hand going up quickly to cover hers. "I've worked hard and tried to move mountains because of—serious things. I guess you know that, though, don't you?"

"But I—don't let's discuss any problems to-day, Jimmy boy," she whispered, apprehension sending a cloud across her eyes. "This is such a heavenly day. Let's drift. It's so nice drifting—not knowing where you're going to land."

"We can't drift always, Nina."

"Why not? That's all life is anyway."

"For some of us—perhaps."

"Why not for you and me?"

"I'm afraid," came concisely with a sudden snap of the jaws, "I'm not the drifting kind."

There was silence for a moment. Red rays from the west slanted on the windows of the house like fires. The shadows grew longer. The lizard slid along the wall.

Nina looked away, moving her chair ever so slightly into the red rays. She gave a little shiver, reached up and pulled from the chair back a scarf that matched her gown. It caught and a point of wood tore mercilessly through the delicate thing. The man at her feet sprang up with an exclamation.

"It doesn't matter." She disentangled the scarf without a glance at the ugly tear, and handed it to him. "But you can put it round my shoulders, if you will."

He draped it carefully about her fragrant throat and the soft line that sloped away from it. She waited with eyes partly closed for the lingering touch of his hands which had come of late with every little service he rendered her. It was a touch half timid, half pleading, yet giving her the sense that they wanted to take hold of her and crush her to him. But they lifted quickly and he dropped to the ground again.

"I'll be going back East within the month," he announced with surprising abruptness.

Her eyes widened.

"But, Jimmy, you came out for three months, and you've been here only ten days."

"I know. But that contract for the San Francisco building is likely to be tied up earlier than I thought, and I've got to get back to work."

"Work?" She lifted her arms lazily, luxuriantly. "Why not stay here and play awhile? Learn how to play, Jimmy boy. There's nothing like it in the world."

He looked up with a smile that seemed quizzical, but close inspection would have revealed the indulgence one gives to a child who doesn't understand.

"Work is the greatest play in the world, Nina. Besides, I've got to keep at it if I want to earn the right to play—with you."

"But if I think you've already earned it?"

"I haven't though. I've got a good many skyscrapers to put up before I can reach your elevation."

"Isn't that house high enough?" She pointed upward. "You planned it, you know."

"Yes—for you. But another man paid for it. Next time I'd like that privilege," he added without preamble. "That's the thing I've been working for. You know it."

She chose to ignore any need for a direct reply. She gave a quick little nervous laugh as his gaze darted to hers, but did not meet it.

"You always get what you want," she said.

"Do I?" He caught hold of her hand with swift intensity. "Do I?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you I didn't want to talk about serious things? And here we are talking about them—and I hate problems. I hate facing issues and arguing with myself and other people. I like sitting here in the warmth and sunshine, just you and I—and the rest of the world go hang."

"You and I beneath the bough," he paraphrased, lips drawn in with an expression not easy to read. "You and I and our jug of wine, eh, while the rest of the world goes sailing by? Afraid Omar Khayyam's out of date, Nina. This is an age of competition."

"Is it?"

"Yes, that's the fun of it—fighting for what you want."

"I've never had to fight much. I've always had others to do that for me, and I've been quite happy."

"Have you? There's never been anything you wanted that was worth a struggle to get?"

"Oh, yes, lots of things worth getting. But I've never had to suffer in order to get them. You see, when I was a girl father gratified every wish I breathed; and when he died I married Hiram. And there you are!"

"You're measuring desires like so many yards of ribbon. There are some, you know, that are not for material things."

"Well, there must be ways to gratify them, too. People make too much of a problem of life."

Her beautiful, indolent hand swept the question aside. He took a cigarette from his case, lighted it and smiled speculatively over the flame at her. In the smile was doubt and an eager hope.

"Aren't you facing any problem of any kind now, Nina? Isn't there anything you want that might demand a sacrifice?"

She detected the urge in his voice, and for the first time his eyes drew hers to answer him. In spite of her, a flood of longing swept from them and over him. He tossed the cigarette aside, got up quickly, and without a word his arms went out. Instantly the flood ceased as if suddenly dammed. She put a hand in his, got up, and faced him.

"But don't ask me to face anything or decide anything now—please don't!" she said hurriedly. "It isn't fair; I'm not ready. Wait!"

"I've waited and worked seven years."

"I know. Then a year more or less, Jimmy, a year more or less ——"

"Is a year lost, isn't it?"

"No—no! Why should it be? We'll always have these wonderful hours together. And when I travel you can always run away from work and join me for a time."

"Is that all you want?"

She was silent.

"Is it?" he insisted, and caught her two arms.

"Don't ask me, Jimmy boy! Please don't!"

"You know I'm going to ask you. You know why I haven't asked you all these years. You know I've been trying to ever since I've been here."

"Yes, but—aren't my wishes to be considered? If I don't care to be pulled up sharp and made to come to a decision now, what right have you to demand one?"

"None." He dropped her arms. "Not the least in the world." He turned aside, dove into his pocket, glanced at his watch and shoved it back again. "Hadn't we better stroll up to the house? The others will be coming back soon."

Nina hesitated an instant, her soft lips curving with a look of petulant intolerance. Having achieved the thing she desired she felt decided annoyance that he could drop the subject with such evident ease. The thrill of holding the strength of this man like some brittle thing in her white hands was an intoxicant that made her senses sing.

She hesitated, seeking his eyes with her own half veiled. He was intent upon the dipping sun's reflection that dyed the house a gold-tinged pink. The color glided down the gleaming marble and sank into the ground like the long, graceful stroke of an artist's brush. Back of the mountains night and a full moon were rising, and where the rose and purple met they merged, and pale amethyst was born.

Nichols raised his face to the glory of it. Nina drew the gauzy scarf closer about her shoulders. She made a movement to link her arm into his, but he apparently was too intent to notice. With a slight shrug she followed as he started toward the steps.

The shadows stretched along the wall, covering it. The lizard roused himself and scurried away into the bushes.

II

ON THE second floor of the white marble villa a suite of rooms dedicated to Nina Blake faced east and south. There was one window facing west, but it was at the extreme end of the apartment, looking out from her bedroom. Rose silk curtains lined with gold draped it, so that even when the sun was setting a warm light penetrated the room. The two other windows looked south and down toward the long flight of stone steps. Between them on a dais stood an ivory-enameled bed delicately carved. It had been placed in that position so that the morning light would not fall directly upon the eyes of the sleeper. Its cover of iris-blue brocade threaded with gold trailed at the four corners great gold tassels that spread as they swept

the floor. Beside it lay an oblong cushion into which the feet sank with the first step down. They constituted the only touch of poignant color.

The room was otherwise soft and glowing like the heart of a sunrise rose. Its chairs were of satin, its chaise longue heaped with downy pillows.

From it opened a dressing room with mirror walls and a table the length of one of them, covered with every conceivable species of toilet article, all in gold and monogrammed with tiny sapphires. They lay in even slanting rows—brushes, combs, powder boxes, rouge and cold cream jars, lotion bottles, perfumes, nail files, buffers, all the concrete composites of elusive feminine beauty, awaiting the tender hand that would scatter them. A woman seated before that table could lose no angle of her reflection, even to the minutest flicker of an eyelash. And the lights were so arranged that by the twist of a shade she could see herself in the revealing glare of outdoors or by the more flattering candlelike effects achieved in the rooms downstairs.

Beyond, a door slightly ajar gave on to a bathroom whose walls were tinted the foamy blue of the sea and whose sunken bath of blue and white mosaics had three curving steps that led into it. At the farther end of that, and entered by a little private hall from the dressing room, was Nina's boudoir.

She walked the length of the rooms on her return from the garden, an impatient frown between her eyes. As a rule Nina moved easily, languidly, without effort—more as if the ground were moving from under her. But this afternoon her step was hasty, as if she were trying to escape something.

She pushed open the door of her bedroom, took off her hat, dropped it on a chair and ran her fingers through the heavy gold wave of her hair. They tingled unpleasantly, almost as though the nerves were at their tips. For some unaccountable reason her whole being was keyed to a pitch of rebellion. And yet not unaccountable, for she knew perfectly well how to name the thing that was disturbing her, that threatened to scorch the smooth velvet of her life. It was the one thing she had been unable to twist and turn to suit her own convenience; the one luxury she couldn't afford.

She hadn't wanted to love Jim Nichols. Heaven knew she hadn't! She had wanted to play at love with him—true. But he didn't seem able to play at anything except golf and tennis and the rest of the games that didn't necessarily include women. He went into everything so intensely. Strangely enough, that was the very thing that had made her love him. His personality was so much more vivid than that of any other man whose life had crossed hers. It swept round her with a delicious warmth.

She recalled his first visit eight years before to her late husband's New York home, when he had brought the blue prints of this very house. They had gone over the plans together, and as she mentioned her needs he had met them with a swift stroke of the pencil or an alteration hastily sketched on a loose sheet of paper. Hiram Blake had stood over the two heads bent close together and complained in his thin voice:

"I can't understand why Laguere didn't come himself. Are you sure this young man will understand what you want, my dear?"

And without looking up into her husband's pale but all-seeing eye she had answered, "I'm sure he will—perfectly!"

He had. With keenest interest and no need of explanation he had grasped every suggestion she made. He had improved on them. So necessary had he become that she had insisted that he and no one else supervise the construction of the house. That had been his first trip West in the Blake private car. It had been by no means his last. Nina had discovered that not only in the building of a house could he give her everything she wanted. She drew on his devotion whenever she felt the need of it. Toward the career that so often prevented his acceptance of her invitations she felt nothing but resentment. The question of marriage with him she had pushed aside whenever it thrust tempting possibilities before her. It was one she refused to meet.

And now he was drawing her to it. He was driving her up against a blank wall. She knew that she could not much longer avoid meeting the issue, and she didn't want to meet it. To give up Jim or to give up the luxury that was as much a part of her as if she had been born swaddled in it—that was what her decision would amount to, and she didn't want to give up either.

She moved about the silken room, soft colored, soft cushioned, and touched the various exquisite furnishings that made it. She loved the feel of them. To wrap herself in clinging chiffons; to lie at length when she was tired in pillows that sank with her body; to open closets that revealed a gown for every night and two for every day; to open others upon rows of slippers and shoes; to come and go at will; to be absolutely without responsibility or material worries; that was the life she loved and wanted—and that was not the life Jim Nichols could give her.

She weighed her three years with Hiram Blake against the seven with his money. Until recently the balance had been pretty even. He had never demanded too much of her, and she had never given it. She was fair enough to admit to herself that no one had coerced her into the marriage. Her father, having gambled away a fortune in the effort to double it, had put a bullet in his brain rather than live to see his lovely Nina start out at eighteen to work for her living. But in one thing his Nina was unlike him. She was not a gambler. She had had no intention of working. Following the shock of his loss—her mother having died years before—she had sat down in her aloneness, figured out the thing she wanted more than anything else, made capital of her beauty and realized on the investment. Now for the first time in her life she wanted something more. She wanted Jim Nichols, and she asked herself dubiously whether the luxury of his love could compensate for the luxury that for so many years had enfolded her. At that moment it seemed to her that no woman had ever shouldered such a stupendous problem.

She tried to shake its weight by going over to one of the windows facing south and looking out at the grounds that represented only a tithe of the estates that were hers just so long as she remained the property of the man who had purchased her with them. The flight of steps descended duskily into the dark bushes. The shadowy blue of approaching night lay across them, and as she looked two figures went slowly down their length: Jim's—she'd have known it in utter darkness—and the upright, Norfolk-coated one of Joan Murray, who fifteen minutes earlier had driven up with Sam McCutcheon.

Nina, watching them, saw Jim halfway down turn and take the steps two at a time. He was back in a moment with Joan's cape over his arm. He held it while she slipped her arms through the openings, then put a guiding hand under her elbow and they went on down the steps.

Nina reached up hastily, switched on the electric light back of her and, flinging open the window, helloed to them gayly. Both looked round and waved. She sent them a laughing caution not to get lost in the woods.

As they disappeared she turned away from the window, drew the lace scarf from her shoulders, inserted a finger in the damaged part, and with a sharp little laugh dragged it the full length of the cobwebby fabric.

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"Joan, That Place You Showed Me in the Wood—Can it be Found at Night?"

THE PETRIFIED MAN

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

DOWN the road that winds along the slope of Mt. Aurora rolled an automobile. To the right was the mountain, looming over the car as the flank of an elephant might loom over a crawling fly. To the left a low wall was all that stood between the road and a drop so deep that the trees below looked like bushes and the cows were painted toys from a child's Noah's ark. On such a road, one might have thought, a car would proceed with caution, but the automobile with which our story opens first swung to the right and then to the left as though upon destruction bent.

A glance inside the car, however, would have explained it all. On the back seat were two suitcases, shining with newness; and on the front seat were two newly weds, shining with newness too, and acting quite—quite—quite in the immemorial manner. Nor was that all. Watching them through the back window of the car was a character so strange that you will never understand it unless we go right back to the beginning of things and tell this story properly.

II

YOU know the way most mothers boast about the beauty of their babies? When Herbert Peterson was eight years old he heard his mother telling a visitor what a beautiful child her Oliver had been, and how, when she took him out in his gocart, perfect strangers had stopped her on the street and cried, "Oh! Oh! What a lovely child!"

"Say, mom," said Herbert when the visitor had departed, "wasn't I a pretty baby too?"

Herbert was in his mother's black books that day. The night before she had caught him reading in bed with the lamp precariously balanced on the edge of the mattress. So when he asked for information about the beauty of his babyhood he courted a truthful answer; and, what is more, he got it.

"No, Herbert," said his mother. "You were a strong, healthy baby—I'll say that for you; but I used to pull your little cap down over your face whenever I took you out. Your Uncle Andrew used to say that your head reminded him of an apple dumpling that somebody had sat on—Uncle Andrew was always a great joker. But you were a good baby—I'll say that for you."

Herbert swallowed hard and went back to his lessons. He had always been a quiet boy, but he was just a bit quieter than ever after that.

When he was eleven years old, he was standing in the school yard one day when Egbert Guerin proposed a new game. First of all he took Fatty Hubbard into his confidence, and then he lined the other boys against the schoolhouse wall.

"You fellows are all to be flies," he told them. "I'll whisper each one of you the kind of fly you are, and then I'll call the roll, and then I'll show you the game."

After he had told them their names he disappeared for a minute into the basement of the school, and when he came back he had a particularly innocent look and very round cheeks. He and Fatty Hubbard started to walk down the row of boys, and Fatty called the roll.

"What sort of fly are you?"

"House fly."

"What sort of fly are you?"

"Meat fly."

"Next?"

"Trout fly."

"Next?"

"Letter fly."

Herb Peterson was the letter fly, and as you probably know—if you have ever played it—Egbert's cheeks were full of water. It is the conceit of the game that "Letter fly" can also be construed as "Let her fly!"

And the moment the fatal syllables were spoken Egbert did it.

The young are cruel. Herbert of the apple-dumpling countenance had always kept to himself a lot; but he kept to himself a whole lot more after that. It was the same when he entered high school. The elements of popularity were simply not in him, and although in his second year he made one final effort to break his shell, all he got was a memory that made him blush for years afterward whenever he happened to think about it.

On the Saturday before, a young cousin from over Hell Hollow way had visited the Petersons, and because all the youths from over Hell Hollow way prided themselves upon their wickedness, he had taught Herbert one of those Rabelaisian rimes which country cousins sometimes scribble on white-painted bridges. The city cousin thought it rich, and when he reached school the next Monday morning he wrote it on a slip of paper and passed it to Fatty Hubbard, who sat next to him. Fatty snorted with applause and again passed it on. Indeed, the verse had attained a gratifying circulation when Egbert Guerin made such a noise over it that Miss Brown swooped over and had it like a hawk.

"Peterson," she said when she had read it, "this is your writing?"

"Yes'm," said the miserable Herb.

"I am ashamed of you. When the others have gone to-night you will write this verse ten times upon the blackboard. And then you will go down stairs and fetch Mr. Haven to see what you have done."

Mr. Haven was the principal—grim-visaged, but with a heart of gold—and when he went up to the high-school room in the wake of Master Peterson, this is the verse that stared at him from every side:

Oh, the devils had a ball—had a ball—had a ball!
In the Devils' Hall! In the Devils' Hall!
There was one little devil there nice and fat
And all she wore was a fireman's hat!

Herbert had always been bashful, but after that he developed a hair-trigger blush and shunned the girls as though they were leaves of the upas tree.

In his third year at high school, however, he began to get his bearings. His class started the study of geology, and right from the first there was a quality in it that seemed to stir him—as a note of the piano will sometimes set one vase vibrating and leave everything else in the room alone.

"The history of the earth is written in its rocks."

There was something rugged and noble about that—a strong, silent nut worthy of strong, silent cracking—a challenge that had something stupendous in it. Fiery flames and molten masses, volcanoes and earthquakes, glaciers, tides and primal ooze—even the terms fascinated him and made him hunger and thirst for more.

In the first week he sprang to the head of his class and stayed there, inviolable, invulnerable. Indeed, carried high upon the crest of this geological wave, he won the Chapman Scholarship, which entitled him to four years in Old Buckeye, and after that there is only one word which will describe Herbert Peterson's frame of mind. He considered himself predestined.

"What Maeterlinck is to the bees and Fabre is to the insects—that's what I'm going to be to the history of the earth," quoth he.

That summer, though he shaved his lip, he let a little down grow in the front of each ear—the outward visible sign of future greatness.

III

DURING his four years at college Herbert so distinguished himself at his favorite study that when he had earned the nickname of the Petrified Man and the right to put "B. A." after his name, it was suggested that he might like to hop off from among the students and hop on among the instructors. He hopped on and stayed on for two years—chafing always to get away and make real

Her Face Was Buried in Her Arm, and She Was Sobbing Away as Though Her Heart Would Break

friends of the mountains—and then his Uncle Andrew died and left him twenty-five thousand dollars invested in securities which netted just twenty-five dollars a week. After he had studied the question with the same care with which he studied everything else, young Professor Peterson resigned from the faculty and did a most peculiar thing. He bought a secondhand car, and though of course this was only chance, the car was a sporting model.

First he learned to run it, and then he began to equip it; and if you had been there to watch his preparations you would have seen that this was no short trip that the Petrified Man was planning, but a cruise of the first magnitude.

The rear deck of the car was taken out, and in its place a large specimen box was installed. A glass cracker box made a pantry; and a lean-to tent, folded and strapped to the running board, served as collapsible cabin. Maps were laid in, a blank log book, a compass, a camera, a folio of government geological surveys, a knock-down stove that was more ingenious than many a conjuring trick, and such a collection of other things that even an auctioneer with breath a mile long would have been driven in despair to have referred to them as other articles too numerous to mention.

"Twenty-five dollars a week," thought the young professor the morning he set out upon his voyage of discovery. "I am sure that I can purchase the few provisions I need for that—not to forget the very necessary gasoline and an occasional tire. Certainly I shall have no rent to pay—no car fare. The farms will be convenient for milk and eggs. I can sojourn South for the winter months, Canada for the summer months, White Mountains, Rocky Mountains, the Laurentian Range ——"

Almost breathless with excitement, he ran round to the front of the car and gave the crank such a merry-go-round that she caught on the first turn.

The engine roared, the fenders rattled, the exhaust popped; and in this noise, comparable to that which might conceivably accompany the birth of a new world, young Professor Peterson steered boldly forth and headed for the great unknown.

IV

UP AND DOWN the continent, then, roamed the young Petrified Man, tapping the rocks with his hammer as though in search of an imprisoned goddess and forever making notes in a book that resembled a ledger. The first winter he spent on the lower Sierras, the next summer in the Canadian Rockies. Coming south again in September, he swung to the east and made a visit to Mt. Aurora, which was only fifty miles north of his native Fairfield. Halfway down the mountain he caught sight of a light-colored ledge, and after he had scaled up to it and secured his specimen he happened to look round, and there near the top of the mountain he saw a beautiful face looking at him—a face which Time had carved in the granite—peaceful, grand and calm.

"Aurora herself," thought Professor Peterson with a smile as he took a snapshot of it. "Something tells me that this is an omen of good fortune."

Farther down the road, half an hour later, another outcropping stratum caught his eye and, stopping his car almost without thinking, he chipped off a sample.

"M-m-m-m—Jurassic," he told himself, "and five hundred feet farther up I found Silurian." At this he beetled his brows with scholarly satisfaction. "Now when the older rock is on the top," he reasoned, "and a newer stratum is underneath, may it not safely be deduced that some part of this mountain is upside down? Ah, yes! And what a mighty force of nature it must have been to tip Aurora over! What a moment to witness in the history of the earth!"

Whereupon he polished his horn spectacles with a singular air of satisfaction and started down the slope again. It was then that he noticed the conduct of the car ahead.

First it veered to the right and then to the left, lurching from one side of the road to the other as though bent upon destruction, but always checking itself upon the brink of disaster and heading back for the center of the highway.

"Something must be radically wrong with his steering gear," thought the young professor. "It is unbelievable that he does not stop—ah, yes, I thought he would!"

A break in the side of the mountain formed a bay in the road, and in this shelter the car ahead came to a tremulous stop. The professor almost came to a stop, about to offer

"Marion," He Said, "I—I Want to Tell You Something. I—Love You, Marion. Please Don't Be Angry, Dear"

his services, but it only needed a single glance to see the cause of the trouble. On the back seat of the other car was a pair of suitcases, shining with newness, and on the front seat was a pair of newly weds, shining with newness, too, and acting quite in the immemorial manner.

"Poor things—it's all they know!" thought the young Petrified Man as he hastily stepped upon his accelerator. "Well, after all, that's his life. He will wake up some day, and then it may be too late."

At the foot of the mountain he found a grove of pines by the side of the road.

"Six o'clock," he thought. "I think I will camp here. From the slope of the land I cannot be far from water."

He backed his car off the road, and there he sat for a while, going over his notes for the day while the light was still good, but keeping one eye on the road for the car which had fooled him so.

"Thank heaven that sort of thing has never bothered me," he devoutly congratulated himself, "or that would be the end of my book!" He said this with emotion, as a friendly god upon Olympus might say "Or that would be the end of the world."

Car after car swirled by and, busy as he was, he continued to give each one a look, half fearing that the newly weds might stop in that same grove.

"Poor things, it's all they know," he said again. "Still," he reflected, "if some men didn't fall that way it would be harder for the rest of us to make our marks in the world." Quite a procession of cars went by then, afraid to pass each other because of the twists of the road. "Upon further study, it would almost seem that most men fall that way," he added more thoughtfully. "Every one of those cars had a female in it—of some age or other."

He laughed a little to himself, as he might have laughed, for instance, if you had told him that the movement of the earth might possibly make the tides without assistance from the moon.

"My system is certainly superior to theirs," said he. "My girl is a good one—uniquely so. I hit her with my geological hammer and she tells me her secrets; and when she has told me all she knows I am going to write a book that will make me famous. She never cries or answers back or makes demands or tells me that I can't go here or can't go there; and, best of all, she lets me live on the twenty-five dollars a week that Uncle Andrew left me. Twenty-five dollars a week! I wonder, indeed, if a sum so small would even buy clothes for the one I passed on the hill! Half an hour of daylight left," he broke off, noticing the shadows. "I think it would be wise to find that water before it grows too dark."

Putting a collapsible pail over his arm, he followed the slope of the land to the gully which he was sure he would find not far away. The farther he went, the closer grew the trees and the thicker the brush.

"It cannot be much farther," he told himself. "The land rises immediately ahead. Hello! What's that?"

He stopped, his head on one side, listening again for that sound which can affect a man in more different ways than any other noise produced by human agency.

"There, I thought that's what It was!" he exclaimed to himself as the prickle went over his scalp again.

He hurried forward a few steps and suddenly came to a spring. By the side of it lay the figure of a girl. Her face was buried in her arm, and she was sobbing away as though her heart would break.

"I BEG your pardon," said Professor Peterson, "but can I be of service to you in any way?"

The girl lifted a tear-stained face, and though it disclosed Tragedy, he was vaguely aware that Beauty was looking at him too.

"I've broken my ankle, I think," she sobbed.

She was wearing, he noticed, a pair of those high affairs which give a girl the vague effect of being associated with the dragoons, and when he knelt to look at the injured ankle he found that though the shoe had been unlaced the foot was swollen so badly that it looked like a silk-covered toy balloon trying to burst through a leather casing.

"Do you live far from here?" he asked.

"We're staying at the hotel—the Aurora House," she said, looking at him as though she were wondering if she hadn't seen him before. But, for that matter, it may be that she looked at him because he was worth a second look. Study had given him a certain austerity of expression that was far removed from apple dumplings—an austerity intensified by his horn spectacles and the length of his hair. But against this the sun and the wind had tanned him and

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WILD DUCK FEDERALIZED

By Bozeman Bulger

"WHAT kind of a duck is that, Henry?" Henry, long accustomed to settling arguments over waterfowl, stood behind the boss' chair for a moment gravely regarding the platter before us, his air profoundly judicial.

"'At, suh, is er malla'd. Yas, suh, er genuwine malla'd."

Our Wilmington host smiled. His glance, a twinkle of triumph in it, he directed at my traveling companion, a Great South Bay guide.

"He's crazy," declared the guide, not the least impressed. "I'm telling you that's a black duck. Do you think I've been shootin' and eatin' ducks all my life not to know the taste of a black duck and the color of his bill?"

The ducks, cooked personally by our friend to show us how it was done in Delaware, had been served with the heads tucked under the wings. Observing this, the bayman inspected them more closely.

"Certainly that's a black duck," he insisted.

"Now what've you got to say to that, Henry?" the Wilmington host challenged.

"Boss, 'at gemmun speaks mighty positive, but if 'at ain't a real, genuwine malla'd I ain't never seen one."

"Any proof? This gentleman from up North doesn't seem to be quite satisfied."

"Well, suh, I ain't tryin' to dispute nobody, but de feathers is still in de kitchen. I kin fetch his wing."

"That's good enough for me," agreed the Great South Bay man. "There ain't no two different kinds of ducks in the world that's got wings alike."

We began to eat while awaiting Henry's return with the evidence. The only thing better than a good duck argument is a good duck. Here we had both.

When Is a Mallard Not a Mallard?

OUR host was an epicure. He proved it with the first stroke of his slender, flexible carving knife. Driving a fork through the breast of the duck near the wishbone, he made a dexterous, whiplike stroke with the keen blade, clearing one side of the breast free of the bone. With it he took a tiny part of the wing and all of the leg, at the joint where it attaches to the body. Turning the bird around, he sliced off the other side with a similar stroke. Each slice made a serving for one man. The rest of the frame he pushed aside. I expected to see him place the frame in a press and use the squeezings for gravy. But he had no press, it seemed. Instead he placed a fried hominy cake on the side of the plate with the helping of duck and poured upon it what juice had come from the cutting. There was more of this juice than I had ever seen come from a roasted wild duck. The guide commented on this. That, it developed, was the secret of the Wilmington man's process of cooking that we had stopped over to test. We were on our way to the Chesapeake.

Even the guide admitted that he had never tasted a better cooked duck. It was neither too rare nor too gamy. The dish might have been a mite too tame for a Baltimore epicure, but it suited the Great South Bay man and myself right down to the ground.

"'S foolish, though, to claim that ain't a black duck," reiterated the guide after tasting a bit of the breast. Questioning his knowledge of wildfowl was almost an insult.

Henry returned, his entire face gashed in a grin. His hand held the evidence. "Jes' lak I tole you, gemmun," he chuckled. "'At's er malla'd. Here's de wing."

On the table he laid a black wing in which a single patch of greenish-blue feathers showed.

"De gemmun kin see for hisse'f," declared Henry, "'at's er genuwine black malla'd—fines' bird 'at flies."

"Black mallard?" repeated the bayman indignantly. "There ain't no such duck. That's a black duck. The only mallard is gray—greenheads, some folks call 'em. The heads of the drakes are a shiny green."

Being a neutral, I had sensed the trouble for some time, but wanted to see how far it would go.

"Henry," I finally inquired, "didn't you come from Baltimore?"

"Yas, suh, you got me. Used to serve 'em down at de ole Diamond. Ole place closed now, boss."

This admission eventually brought the argument to a dogfall—nobody ever wins a duck debate—but it took a lot of reference books and pictures before peace was finally established, even with reservations.

In the Chesapeake Bay region the guides always refer to a black duck as a black mallard. The real mallard they call the gray mallard. This classification is justified, perhaps, so far as it applies to the mallard family and its close relations, but the books do not give the nomenclature that way. The black duck undoubtedly is of the mallard family. It is marked on the wings exactly like the real mallard, except that the background feathers are a dark, brownish black instead of gray. The black duck and the mallard also have the same habits. They belong to the family of tippers. That is to say, they cannot dive for their food, but merely tip over and feed in water as deep as their necks will reach. Consequently they are always found in marshes or very shallow water. In water five feet deep a black duck or a mallard would starve.

But in all the arguments there is never a detraction of the black duck, or black mallard, as food. Even facing lese majesty, many acknowledged game epicures stoutly maintain that the black duck is superior to either the canvasback or the redhead. It is also more wary, more difficult to entice with decoys.

"There never was any need of a Federal law to protect the black duck," the Great South Bay guide observed at the duck dinner that night. "Just give it room and it'll take care of itself."

Even with his inborn prejudice against the ways of strange climes, the old bayman frankly admitted that our Wilmington friend was among the best duck cooks in the world. Neither of us ever had tasted birds like those before. We brought the recipe back East, where it was received with acclaim.

To those who may have announced a distaste for wild duck because it was as dry as a chip, tasted like liver and was too fishy, it is suggested:

Pick the birds very carefully, removing all pinfeathers. Never skin them -that is a crime. Stuff the birds with a few slices of raw apples or onions. Carrots also are good. Place them in a deep pan, preferably a casserole dish, that has a cover. Pin two or three slices of salt pork over the breast of each duck and place another slice in the bottom of the dish. Pour a small quantity of water into the dish—a wineglassful is enough. Sprinkle black pepper freely over the entire dish. Place the cover on so that it fits snugly and set the dish in a hot oven. Allow the birds to steam this way for a half hour or more. Then remove the cover and allow the ducks to brown nicely on top. You may cook them as done as you please, but the juice will always run when you slice the breast. If you have a press squeeze all the juice you can from the discarded frames—it is useless to try to eat the backs—and by the addition of a sauce and a touch of lemon juice make a dressing of it.

How to Cook a Canvasback

IF YOU try wild duck cooked in that manner, and still indicate an aversion to it, a certain sportsman in Wilmington will pay well for your photograph—at least that is his assertion.

Sensing indignation among the canvasback epicures, let me make clear that this is not written especially for epicures. There is consolation for them in the hope that these beginners some day may work up to the epicure state and eat canvasback or redhead as they do: With no dressing of any kind whatsoever, place the ducks in a very hot oven and cook from fifteen to eighteen minutes, so that the meat will be very rare and the juice blood-red. Then serve hominy cakes and soak them in the juice, to which a sauce has been added. A glass of Burgundy, vintage white wine or champagne used to be considered a necessary adjunct, but cider will do reasonably well.

There is no question that wild duck cooked that way tastes like a wild duck and nothing else. The novice will also discover that everything he eats for the next two days will taste like a wild duck. But as a Chesapeake Bay epicure observes, what more could one ask?

"This way of cooking ducks," explained the Wilmington man, referring to the dish we had just eaten, "is what I call amateur, or plain-folks style. Ducks are becoming mighty important as food for our folks living along the water front, and it's about time they were learning to eat them. What's the use of shipping barrels of wild duck to fancy folks in the cities who eat them almost raw just to show they are epicures, when it would be a big saving for the poorer families to eat them right here at home?"

This man had given the wild-duck subject considerable study.

"There wouldn't be nearly so much talk about slaughtering game," he observed, "if the surplus could be made of actual benefit to people who need food in their pantries. You never heard of the common folks in England and Scotland kicking about the slaughter of grouse and pheasant when the shooting season begins, did you?"

I had never thought of that. The guide had never heard of it.

"Well, there's a reason for it," he went on. "You know as well as I do how many times we've held up our hands in disgust when we read

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PHOTO. BY HAROLD A. PARKER, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

There Were More Wild Duck Last Season Than Have Been Seen in Ten Years.

Does Business Render Service?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Redfish Lake, Sawtooth National Forest, Idaho

PERHAPS it is not quite so dangerous to answer the question at the head of this article with yes or no as to reply in the same way to that famous query, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" But there are pitfalls aplenty. To answer no condemns the whole system under which we live. To answer yes requires an arsenal of proof.

Obviously, business renders considerable service. But does it perform anything like the service it should, or in a manner and to a degree to compensate for the admitted evils of the modern industrial system? Like a tight-rope walker balancing himself upon a wire above Niagara Falls, or the classic hero who had to steer between Scylla and Charybdis, or a runner who picks his precarious way from one end of a football field to the other through the opposing team, I must seek the truth that always beckons on but vanishes upon approach like a will-o'-the-wisp.

For on one side are the great body of socialists and radicals who are so convinced of the pernicious effects of the present industrial system, dominated as it is by business men engaged in money-making, that they are willing to destroy it and take the risk of whatever follows. They are perfectly willing to gamble with all the welfare which has been produced up to date.

To these malcontents everything in and about business is suspicious. Anyone who says a good word for it is regarded as a defender of those who grind the faces of the poor, and a paid tool of the interests.

To this type of critic every action, indeed every thought, of the leaders of business, of the captains of industry, is not only selfish but has a sinister motive, something to do with exploitation.

How extreme are the feelings of those who think this way is shown by a recent candidate of one of the minor parties for a high political office, who in an interview contemptuously dismissed the leaders of industry as incompetent by the delightfully simple device of merely dubbing them moneygrubbers, and who referred to modern industry as a machine intended solely for grinding out profits regardless of how it grinds up human life.

What Would a Man From Mars Say?

ON THE other side are millions of business men so firmly convinced of the value and service of what they are doing, such ardent believers in the efficacy of the industrial order, that to challenge them for it is like denouncing a man's religion. By some of them even the mildest of criticism is hotly rebuked as socialistic.

"To some minds," says Stephen Leacock, "the demand for law and order overwhelms all other thoughts. To others the fierce desire for social justice obliterates all fear of a social catastrophe. They push nearer and nearer to the brink of the abyss. The warning cry of 'back' is challenged by the eager shout of 'forward.'"

Naturally, under such circumstances it is not easy to get a bird's-eye view of our subject, or rise above the petty prejudices which bind us all to one or the other point of view and blind us to every other.

In a previous article I attempted to examine the phrase which is going the rounds so much just now—that industry should be conducted for public service rather than for private profit. It was seen that while the money-making motive does not work perfectly by any means, neither have we any reason to believe that the unselfish, altruistic motive is efficient to carry us along.

In the present article it is proposed to go a step farther and see just how selfishly or unselfishly business does operate, and whether the service idea is gaining or is likely to gain ground. For surely if we can become more unselfish in business it is our duty and ought to be our pleasure to look the idea squarely in the face, not only in church on Sundays but in our offices on Monday mornings.

Suppose we try at least to rise as far as possible above the noise of extreme partisanship and look down upon the business and industrial world as a whole. Let us detach ourselves if we can and pretend we are like the man from Mars.

Such a person, I am confident, would be struck first and last by the continuous daily miracle of the production, distribution and consumption of goods. If the detached visitor came to this country he would hear an immense hullabaloo over poor telephone service, the breakdown of the railroads, the difficulty of getting coal and the iniquities of the packers.

He would be led to suppose from the volume of criticism that telephone lines, railroads, coal miners and dealers and packers had ceased to function. He would naturally suppose that the commodities or services provided by these industries had either become unattainable or had fallen off to such an extent as no longer to play any factor in the national life.

But marvelous to relate, he would discover that all these goods and services were being supplied in larger quantity and to a greater number of people than ever before. Being only a visitor from a far-off planet and not an all-wise human being, the tourist from Mars might be rather puzzled by such a paradox.

Curiously enough, he would discover also that clothes, shoes, automobiles, bread and even sugar were available and actually being consumed by more people than ever before. Having read much socialist literature and other indictments of the business system, the visitor would at first be perplexed by what he saw. But gradually the truth would dawn upon him somewhat as follows:

Failures, defects and evils there are; but any one or any group of persons that is habitually preoccupied with them naturally becomes blind to the greater and more basic elements of success. For, after all, the supreme fact is that this industrial machine, so vast and so complicated that no man would ever have conceived of it from the outside, so to speak, does work.

The critic is alert to an occasional failure in the adjustment of supply and demand, to a shortage here or overcharges there; but he passes over the never-ending marvel by which products from the ends of the earth are brought to his and his neighbor's door from the day of man's birth to that of his death.

It is easy enough to point out defects in the great machine. When cotton gins closed down a few months ago to keep up the price of cotton, though there are people doubtless who have not the price of a shirt, it is very simple to denounce the whole scheme of modern life as vicious. But how about all the years during which the cotton gins have been running? If the entire history of the cotton industry be considered, the failures of adjustment, of coördination and coöperation will look very small indeed as viewed in the perspective.

What I am emphasizing, and what—I submit—the facts justify, is the miracle of continuous industrial operation, for it is continuous, as viewed in the large, year after year and decade after decade. If we only could look at this thing dispassionately, from an utterly detached point of view, the marvel would be not that cotton gins occasionally close to enable certain interests artificially to hold up prices, but that such maladjustments do not happen oftener.

The wonder is that, by the large, in the main and in the vast majority of cases, supply and demand do adjust themselves to the reasonable and general satisfaction of mankind. Is it not a miracle that you and I, at least that more than nine-tenths of us, have never since the day we were born lacked for enough meat, bread, milk, wool, cotton, steel, copper, oil, pepsin, paper, tar and ten thousand other substances to keep us comfortable and to maintain our lives for periods of up to eighty years or more?

Alice-in-Wonderland Logic

I HAVE sat at dinner tables and listened to men tear from the modern system of industry, to their own satisfaction, every shred of economic or moral justification. Yet the food they ate, the chairs and tables, the costly china and linen, their suits, soft linen shirts, pink neckties, and the beautiful house in which we were guests—all these were products of the system in which they could see nothing worth saving from the bombs of revolution.

The greatest sense of unreality, the nearest approach to an Alice-in-Wonderland type of logic which I can think of is to listen to a thoroughgoing radical tear the industrial system to pieces at an expensive—but to him free—dinner in a rich man's house.

We are told there are evils such as graft, franchise grabbing and financial manipulations in the business system. True enough, but could the vast and complex operations of commerce and finance be carried on at all if there were not a general expectation of squareness and honesty, born of experience, without which all these operations would be impossible?

Is it possible to deny that the failures, defects and evils of the business system are only the shining exceptions which show up against the dull-gray background of effective and honest operation, so immense in their scope that we notice them as little as the surface of the earth on which we walk? Indeed, in all seriousness, would not our civilization long ago have fallen apart with a terrific and sudden crash if it had been either as unjust or as ineffective as the socialistic type of criticism would have us believe?

Now and then the banker comes in for his share of criticism. But if we forget the particular credit problem in a particular industry at a given moment and consider the sum total of credit extensions made in one year in this country, it is unlikely that these operations will appear to us as in any substantial degree pernicious or even unserviceable. I wonder also just what percentage of the activities of, let us say at random, the machine-tool industry or

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THE WHIP HAND

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WASN'T the amount of stock in the Caslow Book Corporation held by young Jimmy McQuade that made all the trouble; it was the fact of his holding any at all. In a concern the size of Caslow you wouldn't think a ten-share block would make a difference one way or another. That it did make a difference was due to a long train of circumstances and acts, official and otherwise, in the history of the company, creating a somewhat unusual situation and culminating in the retirement of Boone.

Boone was—or had been—the most important of the smaller sharers in the profits of Caslow. To Boone's driving energy, to his genius as an advertiser, to his recognized capacity as a producer of volume business—and you can make a joke of that if it please you, humorous reader—was due in no small measure the satisfying bulk of those profits which had for many years found their way in the form of dividends into the pockets of the owners.

The public knew very little of the Caslow Book Corporation; but of the Caslow Extension of University Training it had been widely informed. Because of Caslow, the annual consumption of midnight oil between the extremities of the earth's axis, commonly called the poles, is probably ten times what it would have been had not Caslow stimulated in the breasts of young men and old everywhere the ambition to be something. "Be an engineer," "Be a boss plumber," "Be an expert accountant," "Be a naval architect"—these and kindred phrases, to each of which was appended the never-failing assurance, "Caslow Shows You How at Home," were shots heard repeatedly round the world at its largest diameter and equally, one would suppose, at that spot where it hasn't any diameter at all. Wherever the means of advertising—magazines, newspapers, the printed word in any form—found converts, there rang in eager ears those brisk admonitions of Caslow.

"John Jenks did it; you can do it. How ambitious motorman in spare hours became a master of electricity. Send for booklet—A Plain Path to Prosperity."

Boone, dominant mind behind the concentered and abundantly ramifying sales influences of Caslow, by reason of long service had become one of the big men in Caslow. The School with a Million Students required endless books; and the Caslow Book Corporation was the fountainhead from which poured profitably that flood of erudition between covers which could never glut the appetite of that million. Dependent upon tuition fees, Caslow Extension of University Training would have starved. As a feeder for the publishing house it fulfilled its purpose admirably.

A big man in Caslow was Boone, having a strong hand in the determination of the Caslow Extension policy; and the Caslow Extension policy, be it understood, had little to do with the Caslow Book Corporation policy. The late Peter Caslow and his descendants were book publishers—textbook publishers. In all the realm of that commerce which has to do with the making and distribution of printed matter, the textbook business is the most highly specialized, the most difficult. It is a business of large profits if successful, of overwhelming losses if unsuccessful.

The Caslows had developed a fairly successful business, but one that was based insecurely upon the control of a limited list of technical books which had become standardized and which sold year in and year out on a momentum lasting over from the days when they had been practically the first and only authoritative works on those particular subjects. The Caslows could not be said to be especially enterprising. They nursed a mistaken pride in their conservatism. And so a day came when competition presented to the technical public new authors, new texts, new physical forms—books showing no clinging dust of the past. The new books brought out by Caslow were good, but not modern. Doubtless they contained all the meat that might be found between the covers of their upstart rivals. But if you went into a bookshop and held a Caslow book in your hand to compare it with, for instance, a volume on the same subject put out by Cutman you observed that the latter contained numerous colored plates, was printed on a special paper, had perhaps a pocket in the back cover for charts and tables, or was distinguished by some ingenuity of binding that permitted it to lie open on table or drafting board without the use of a piece of scrap iron as a weight. All these things counted heavily on the side of salability. It wasn't that you could get more or better facts out of Cutman: it was simply that the facts were served up with a more attractive garnishment.

It was at the time when competition of the Cutman sort began to be felt pretty seriously by the Caslow Book Corporation that Boone came along. Boone was, to begin with, an advertising agency solicitor. It was his idea to institute the system of book distribution known as the Caslow Extension of University Training. Of course it was not an exclusively new idea; but, as presented by Boone to the Caslows, it possessed all the eye-opening freshness of a spring-green pasture to a horse that has been stable-bound all winter. All Boone wanted was to develop an account for his agency. If he could show the Caslows how their waning sales could be rejuvenated he won.

But the Caslows said they knew plenty about publishing books; of advertising and its ramifications they knew nothing. The plan suggested by Boone possessed glittering possibilities, and they had abundant capital to back it. But they felt their experience inadequate to the carrying out of the scheme. It was a question of personnel. Boone meanwhile had become so thoroughly sold to the merits of his project that when the Caslows told him they would back the experiment if he would leave the agency and become the executive head of the correspondence school for them he believed he saw in the situation the big opportunity of his life.

And a big opportunity it proved. In ten years Boone made C. E. U. T., or Cutie as it came in time to be nicknamed by its army of students, a tremendous success. The School with a Million Students built up a textbook market independent of the bookstores. A Cutie student didn't have an opportunity to compare Caslow and Cutman; he bought Caslow on Plumbing or Caslow on Gas Engines or Caslow on Soil Analysis because the typewritten instructions told him to do so. Living in Windy Gulch, Arkansas, or Oxbow Ridge, Alaska, he saw in the Caslow book the apotheosis of wisdom. He could get along very well without the set of colored lithographs if he didn't know there was any way except by a simple line cut to illustrate the workings of a carburetor.

So the Caslow Book Corporation became a rehabilitated gold mine. Just as its owners thought they had come to the end of pay ore and were beginning to think of stopping the pumps and letting the shaft fill up for good and all, the vein thickened and widened and gave promise of inexhaustible resources.

In five years the business increased to several times the bulk of its best previous sales. Naturally the Caslows were grateful. In a tolerant fashion they came to admire Boone—of course, within reason—for, be it remembered, Boone wasn't a book publisher. The Caslows couldn't go so far as to concede that Boone could possibly contribute anything to the production end of the business. Dealing with distinguished technical writers, employing editors, making books—all those things belonged to the tradition-hedged province of publishing, whose mysteries it is given only to a select and exalted few to comprehend.

Yet in time Boone came into possession of a modest block of Caslow Book Corporation shares. C. E. U. T. wasn't a corporation or a profit-making institution. The Caslows kept up the pleasant fiction of completing each Cutie year with a set of accounts that showed neither profits nor losses. Boone knew how. Cutie paid its own advertising bills and his salary and a few other minor expenses. But the relations of the two departments were so adjusted that when Cutie got into a hole you could always charge something off to the parent corporation to make the ledgers come out right. The Caslows insisted that this policy be pursued for reasons of their own.

That explains how Boone happened to be a corporation stockholder. The time came when the salary Cutie paid him couldn't be made to look commensurate with his job. So the Caslows debated a long time and finally voted him a block of stock, to be paid for out of profits or in any other way Boone preferred. It wasn't a big block, but such were Caslow dividends that it added measurably to Boone's earnings. Furthermore, it gave him certain rather limited privileges as a partner which he had never enjoyed as a mere employee.

Nevertheless, Boone was never made to feel himself a part of Caslow. One reason was that, on presenting him with the stock, Mr. Rogers Caslow had said, "I suppose, Boone, you understand that should you at any time sever

"She Waved the Profit-Sharing Book at 'em and Dared Any One of the Bunch to Prove They'd Ever Read It"

"Some Day, Jimmy, When the Smoke of Battle Is Blown Away, You Can Tell Me the Whole Story"

your connection with us we are to have the privilege of buying back this stock at the same price you are paying."

Boone knew well enough that blocks of stock with strings attached were the rule rather than the exception. But the feeling that the obligation existed had always seemed to taint his ownership. He didn't stop to think that the holdings of any one of the Caslows themselves were subject to a similar restriction, and if he had thought of it there would have been a distinction. They were Caslows. He wasn't. The Caslows never let anyone forget what it meant to be a Caslow—something chosen and set apart under high heaven for consideration beyond the common. Boone, if he hadn't been so tirelessly busy, might well have resented the aristocracy of the Caslows, since he had so much to do with supporting it.

The sales manager of Cutie would have liked very much to have something to say regarding the policies of the book house. Cutie wasn't the only correspondence school in the country, even if it was considered one of the best. The members of the family, oblivious of the lesson of diminishing business prior to the advent of Boone, were complacent in their intrenched confidence. Boone, a future-looking man, could keep the sales methods of Cutie ahead of the parade in all respects, and the Caslows insisted that the books were sound—which they were; and good—which they were; and free from falderals and unnecessary embellishments. They proposed to keep them so.

I do not say that the split between Boone and his employers came directly as a result of any specific disagreement in regard to the policies of the parent corporation. It was rather an accumulation of grievances extending over a period of years, during which one after another had risen points of divergence in opinion. Boone, seeing a business of great profits, sometimes wondered if the Caslow family had a moral right to them all.

And perhaps the Caslows showed too much tendency to encroach upon Boone's prerogatives as sales promoter. Times change, and Boone wanted to go along with the times. Advertising and exploitation literature had to be recast, for competition was not only making strong claims but making those claims good. Boone's aggressiveness showed in the enhancement of the striking quality of the appeals made for students. The Caslows—or some of them—thought Boone was getting pretty sensational.

The affair came to a head when Mr. Rogers Caslow refused to O. K. a pamphlet over which Boone had worked many an hour of overtime. Such a thing was unheard of. Theoretically Mr. Caslow had a right to visé all promotion literature; but a case of refusal to approve had never occurred.

Boone promptly went up in the air, made a few remarks more pointed than discreet and offered to resign. Mr. Rogers Caslow, no less irritated, accepted the resignation with dizzying promptness.

For a few days Cutie was without a guiding hand. Then the Caslows got hold of H. K. Wardrup, up to that time general manager of Scofield's Vocational Institute, one of the most successful of Caslow's imitators. The Caslows couldn't see any reason why Wardrup wasn't quite as capable a man as Boone; and for that matter there was little to choose. The affairs of Cutie moved forward without a ripple, and not even a widening circle of tiny wavelets showed where the resentful Boone had disappeared.

A weak metaphor, that, since it wasn't when Boone dropped out that the mischief started—not, at any rate, on the surface. But the cause of trouble was there, nevertheless, and became apparent in good time.

It was a favorite literary device of that ingenious builder of plots, Mark Twain, to project some trouble-making missile into a group of humans, and then sit back like a god on Olympus and chortle at the results. There was The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg, for instance. He certainly did a wonderful job of corrupting. And Boone had read the story, I judge, from what he did to Caslow.

Not that Boone reckoned on the full effect of putting ten shares of the Caslow Book Corporation stock in the hands of young Jimmy McQuade. That would have been beyond the gifts of any prophet possessed of less than superhuman foresight. In a general way Boone knew how the Caslow stock was distributed—that is, pretty evenly divided between the Rogers Caslows and the Theodore Caslows. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Theodore were cousins, and each headed a branch of the family which included several stockholders.

It would take a lot of delving into the history of the financial affairs of the publishing house to discover just how it happened that neither branch actually controlled its destinies, and that would not be worth while. It may well have been that through various inheritances the transfers of stock made from time to time had aligned themselves in this impartial manner quite by chance. As a matter of fact, when Boone's hundred shares had been allotted him, fifty had been provided from the Rogers holdings and fifty from those of the Theodore side of the house. Boone had never taken the trouble to learn exactly how the stock lay, and he was not aware that there was any antagonism between the two branches of the family.

Yet with some uncanny sense of the possibilities of dissension he had done a curious thing. Instead of turning back all his stock when he had retired he had resold forty-five shares to Mr. Rogers and forty-five to Mr. Theodore, retaining the ten that remained for a purpose of his own. In vain the Caslows quoted the unwritten law of their house in such cases made and provided. The incensed and not altogether reasonable Boone defied them to force him to disgorge that ten shares of stock.

But that wasn't all. Picture the aristocratic horror of the Caslows when young Jimmy McQuade, of the shipping department, presented for transfer Boone's ten-share certificate, duly indorsed to himself. Jimmy McQuade a stockholder—a partner in Caslows! It just couldn't happen! Only it did!

The name of Jimmy McQuade will inevitably bring up in your mind's eye a freckled face with a tip-tilted nose and a thatch of bright red hair. If there be a tooth or two missing from the McQuadian smile—as visualized in your active imagination—the portrait will be one hundred per cent orthodox for the carried-in-stock model of Hibernianly extracted shipping clerk. Of course Jimmy simply had to look that way to get by the editor.

The portrait departs from accuracy, however, in a few minor respects, such as the color of the hair, the shape of the nose, the freckles and the missing teeth. Mr. McQuade, of Caslow's shipping department, had glossy blue-black hair as smooth as the back of a wet seal. His nose was liberal, though sufficiently classic. If he had lost a tooth it would have broken his heart, because the set he had cultivated from boyhood left nothing possibly to be desired in the matter of size

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"If a Person Wants to be Up to Date These Days They Have to Read Those Ripe-Olive Novels, I S'pose"

NEW-CROP CAPITALISTS

By Forrest Crissey

PICKING capitalists from mixed crowds is the latest intellectual pastime in the larger towns and cities—and a mighty diverting one too. It threatens to push the ouija board into permanent retirement and achieve a popularity almost equal to bridge or baseball.

Perhaps you think you can spot a capitalist on sight, or at least score six hits in ten shots. But try it! You will find this new sport highly illuminating and full of surprises. If you think the experiment isn't worth while, get the expert opinion of the first bond salesman you happen to meet. If he is true to type he will promptly place a bet with you on the results of your first attempt to prove your psychological shrewdness in this new test.

He will tell you, too, that the new peace crop of capitalists in this country has the 1920 corn crop skinned a mile so far as record smashing is concerned. If he is a man of any considerable vision he will also add that this new crop of curbstone capitalists is just about as important to America as her bumper corn crop, and one of the most significant of all our national developments.

Not many months ago a bank messenger clad in ordinary street clothes called at the main office of one of Chicago's largest bond houses. The alert officer in charge of the customers' floor met him with a prompt "Right this way, please," asked his name, escorted him through a gate and introduced him to a man who immediately rose from his chair at a mahogany desk to receive the caller.

"Sit down, please," he remarked, indicating a chair at the end of his desk, "and tell me what you are interested in. Perhaps we can be of service."

"Oh," exclaimed the caller in a voice which clearly betrayed embarrassment, "I'm only a bank messenger sent here to deliver a package."

Politeness That Paid

"THAT doesn't make any difference," promptly interrupted the bank salesman. "The fact that you are only a bank messenger, as you put it, isn't any reason why you should not buy a small bond and become a capitalist. Men by the hundreds of thousands who earn no more than you do are buying securities and learning how it feels to be initiated into the big brotherhood of capitalists. Perhaps you don't know that you can purchase from us your pick of any of the good bonds on the market to-day and have all the time you need in which to take care of it on the partial-payment plan. Right now we have a number of bonds in one-hundred-dollar denominations which are as solid as a rock, pay seven to eight per cent and ——"

"But," interrupted the embarrassed bank messenger, "it wouldn't be worth your while to bother with me. I'm getting only one hundred and thirty-five dollars a month, and it takes about all that to keep us going with the best figuring we can do. I ought not to take any more of your time, but just the same I'd like to say how much I appreciate the way in which you have treated me."

"That's all right," resumed the salesman. "And if it will make you feel any more comfortable, I'll tell you that we've got to sell bonds to thousands of men like yourself who have small incomes and who have never thought of themselves as capitalists. If we and all the other houses in this business did not sell securities to men of your sort—hundreds of thousands of them all over the country—the big industries of America would come mighty near facing a shutdown in these days when the banks are cutting their lines of credit right down to the bone. I'd rather sell a man like you, who has never owned a security of any sort, a hundred-dollar bond than to sell a thousand-dollar bond to an established customer.

"You can't see the business sense of that now, but you will see it without the need of any explanation from me after you have owned your first bond for a few months."

Before the bank messenger left the desk of the salesman he had signed up for a one-hundred-dollar bond on the partial-payment plan. In fact he had actually seen the identical bond which was to become his and had held it in his hand. It looked good to him—so good that he gave the folks at home a minute description of it that evening. The day on which the bank messenger made his final payment and received the bond was about the biggest day, it seemed to him, that he had ever known. Of course he carried the bond home and showed it to his family and later to his most intimate friends. He liked the sensation of being a capitalist so well that he talked the gospel of good investment to almost everyone with whom he came into intimate contact. The result has been that he has brought to the bond house from which he made his original purchase more than forty thousand dollars' worth of business.

This little story is not a convenient parable concocted for the purpose of illustrating the revolution which has taken place in this country with respect to the financing of industry from the savings of small people; it is the recital of an actual occurrence which could easily be substantiated if necessary. But if it were a parable it could not more perfectly express the new attitude of the sellers of real securities toward America's new crop of curbstone capitalists, the attitude of the raw recruit to the ranks of bond buyers, or the economic emergency of the country which has compelled the purveyors of securities, who have heretofore held the opinion that the capital with which to finance industry had to come from the coffers of the rich instead of the savings of the prudent poor, to go out into the highways and hedges and beat the bushes for buyers of high-class bonds and stocks.

This little incident suggests almost the entire range of readjustments which the World War has injected into the field of finance in this country.

One of the most marked and significant points of difference between the old-time buyer of securities and the raw recruit is sharply sketched by this incident of the bank messenger and the alert bond salesman. This is the fact that as a missionary of the gospel of good investments in industrial, municipal or public-utilities securities the fresh recruit drawn from the ranks of the proletariat is a self-starter who seldom misses fire. The typical purchaser of high-class securities in the days when the market for them was composed almost exclusively of the very rich, the rich and the highly prosperous, bought his bonds and his stocks with the utmost secrecy, warned his broker to keep a close mouth and locked the door behind him before he hid his certificates in his private safe or his safe-deposit drawer. Then if he went so far as to tell his confidential bookkeeper or attorney of his investments he felt that he was growing garrulous. The reasons for this secretiveness are too well known to taxpayers generally to need explanation.

Education in Bond-Buying

BUT you might as well expect one of the new crop of securities buyers to keep still about his first baby as about his first bond. He is pink with pride over it, and his first impulse is to tell all his friends of his capitalistic thrills. He knows in his heart that, however strong they may be as spenders, they are bound to yield him a generous respect as a man who has broken from the ranks of the scatterers and has joined the solid company of those holding substantial interest in big enterprises along with the leaders of modern industry. To be recognized by his fellows as a member of the Exclusive Order of Coupon Clippers means much to the man who only yesterday had perhaps never held a bond—excepting a Liberty Bond bought for patriotic reasons—in his hand or looked upon a stock certificate issued by a corporation of national fame.

This characteristic of the new-crop bond and stock share buyer is virtually universal. Without it the cost of creating new business in the sale of securities would be multiplied. In fact it is doubtful if recent loans amounting to many millions of dollars could have been floated without this impulse in the breast of the man who has bought his first bond or share of corporation stock to tell the world that he has become a coupon-clipping capitalist. The head of a very large bond house recently remarked:

"When we went into the World War and preparations were being made to put over the first Liberty Loan drive, the bond houses and the brokers dealing in stocks were not blind to the fact that though the financing of the war was bound to put their business on the shelf until a victorious peace was achieved, the pressure of Uncle Sam's powerful hand upon the shoulder of every man and woman in the country with the demand, 'Lend me something from your savings,' was bound to educate the common people of this land in bond buying to an extent which an expenditure of many millions of dollars in advertising and direct solicitation could not educate them. They did not generally realize, I think, the help which this universal impulse to spread the gospel of investment would be to them when private securities were once more moving on the market.

"I confess that the practical value of this trait in the man who has bought his first corporation bond has been an amazement to me.

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THE PEACOCK-BLUE ALBUM

By Kennett Harris

FATHER bought it. At the time there was already one in the family—a primeval, hard-shell, brown leather over board covers thing, embossed with curlicues that once were golden; that variety—small, fat and square. It was pretty shabby, though, and only took the *carte de visite* size, and many of the slits that you shoved the pictures through were broken at the corners and let quite dignified persons slant drunkenly askew or tumble ignominiously on the floor, where you had a dickens of a time picking them up and sorting them out, thus delaying the game and suspending the interest of whomever you were entertaining with a sight of them. So it was eventually removed from its place on the center table to mother's top bureau drawer, and the newer cabinets were distributed about the house as they came in.

Luella got most of the new ones—mainly in exchange and outside of the family. She took a good picture herself, did Luella. Of course you didn't get her coloring and complexion, and a girl's mouth is never so inviting in a photograph as it is in real life and action; but her features were regular enough to take well, and yet not too darned regular; and her teeth, in the smile that she invariably assumed when confronted by a camera, showed as even as peas in a pod.

I don't say, mind you, that Luella made crude and crass swaps with the half dozen or dozen young men who went away from the house with her counterfeit presentments in their inside coat pockets—and would have had them resting against their exultantly beating hearts if there had been inside pockets on that side. Heavens, no! Her maidenly instinct and innate sense of propriety would have forbidden that, even if Prudence Pippin's Pointers for the Perplexed, in the evening paper—which Luella regularly read—had not informed her that such a thing is not done. All she did was in the sweet innocence of her guileless nature. She merely happened to tell these young men—not collectively, of course, but very individually—that she had had her picture taken, and yielded to urgent solicitation to show it. Something like this would ensue:

"I'll say that's some swell picture! Some—swell—picture—if anybody should drive up in a taxi and ask you!"

"Do you think it's like me?"

"Lis'n! Now you're asking something! It doesn't do you justice, but I'll tell the world it's enough like you to make anything I've seen thrown on the screen look like thirty kopecks, current exchange. Say, you'd film great—if anybody should drive up in a limousine and ask you. You'd be a riot—knock 'em all dead. Lis'n! I'm going to keep this."

"Not so anybody would notice it perceptibly, you aren't. You give that right back to me!"

"I'll send it, special delivery, registered parcel-post express—when I'm through looking at it. You can expect it sure without fail next Monday morning about a million years from now."

"You'll hand it back to me this minute!"

"Who told you that? Weejee? Don't you believe it, girlie!"

"I think you're mean. If I had known you were going to do that I'd never have let you see it. If I were big enough I'd take it away from you."

"You might be able to do it, at that. No harm trying."

Sometimes Luella accepted a challenge of this sort; but whatever she got in the unequal struggle she didn't get the picture. But her conscience was easy. She had done her best—protested against the robbery, signified her resentment and tried to recover the stolen goods. What more could she do? And how could she be blamed?

But such incidents were subsequent to the purchase of the new album. Father saw it on the special Christmas-gift counter in Holloway's drug store on North Clark, and it struck his eye. It was eminently calculated to strike any eye at all susceptible to peacock blue and gold. Peacock-blue plush, it was; fourteen by twelve by four, padded like a young hassock, with a tablet of gold in the center of the cover and a golden clasp. Class? It was the sort of thing that you would naturally expect to see on some millionaire's solid mahogany, mother-of-pearl-inlaid center table, and apparently several notches above Holloway's trade. But you never can tell round about Christmas what a South Water Street bookkeeper will do; and father, being as it only comes once a year, had just had a couple with an old customer and felt that there was nothing too rich for his blood.

"Wrap it up, John," he said to Holloway—just like that—and Holloway wrapped it, and father paid fourteen eighty-five for it without batting an eye, and when it was unwrapped mother said it was just what she wanted, and she never batted an eye either.

Father got his ash-tray stand from mother and his necktie from Jim and a coat hanger artistically swathed in tartan ribbon from Luella; and Jim and Luella having got quite a good deal of what they really did want, mother went upstairs and came down again in a few minutes with the old brown album and a cardboard box filled with the picture overflow. These she laid on the dining table by the tree, and seating herself unclasped her peacock-blue gift.

"Why, ma," exclaimed Luella, "you're never going to put all those old horrors in there!"

Father's goat was usually kept well tethered, and he watched it pretty carefully, but at this sudden strain the rope parted.

"Looky here, young lady," said father, fixing his daughter with a belligerent eye, "whadda y' mean, old horrors?"

"Those old photographs," replied Luella, quite undismayed. "They're fierce!"

"They sure are a scream, some of them," corroborated Jim, who had been looking over a handful. "Chee!" He giggled.

"That will be about all from you," said father. "And you, too," he added savagely, turning on Luella. "If you don't like 'em you don't have to look at 'em. If you are so high-toned that you are ashamed of your family and friends, all I got to say is—is—you can hush your mouths. You hear me? Well!"

"Father!" mother remonstrated gently. "Remember, it's Christmas!"

"I don't care if it's the Fourth of July," said father, still on his high horse. "Poppycock! These brats make me tired, the way they butt in."

"They just mean that the pictures are kind of old-fashioned. I suppose they look awful queer to them. They do to me, sort of, now. Perhaps we'd better not ——"

"Poppycock!" father interrupted. "The old fashions were all right. Anyway, they were a dog-gone sight more sensible and becoming than the new ones. Look at Jimmy's pants! If they ain't a holy fright! Don't you grin at me, young feller, me lad, or I'll give you an old-fashioned licking. Look at Luella!"

"Don't I look good to you, father dear?" Luella confronted him, smiling audaciously in spite of the warning to Jimmy; and certainly as father looked at her he felt himself weakening.

"No," he blustered, "you don't! You haven't any business putting powder on your face. At your age! Not sixteen yet! Anyway, you take it from me that those pictures are going right into that album, and don't you let me catch you sneaking any of them out. I'm dead onto you."

"You wrong me cruelly, dear father," said Luella, and plumped herself on his knee. "You break my poor heart with your unjust suspicions," she continued, and threw one thin arm round his neck. "He doesn't like his little gug-gug-girl any more; he just hates the sight of her," she went on, reaching round the other side of him for a good grasp on his left ear. "He shall stick his beautiful, lovely, handsome pictures in the front window, if he likes, or pin them on the wall where he can rest his eyes on them when his homely daughter is obliged to be in the same room with him."

She pulled his head round and kissed him, and he naturally kissed her and gave her a big bear hug.

"'S all right," he said, "but I mean what I say."

So the old family photographs went into the new album, to the most remote degrees of kinship and connection, and including the portraits of various celebrities of a bygone day—General and Mrs. Tom Thumb, Lucca, and Adelina Patti, Brigham Young—sent by Uncle Levi Eden, who went out to Utah when Brigham reigned and, according to tradition, endowed the family with no less than five Aunt Levi Edens—Queen Victoria, Longfellow, the Coney Island elephant, the Venus de Medici and Jesse James. Mother slipped the Venus into her lap, and later on destroyed the shameless creature; but all the rest were duly transferred, and the new album was carefully disposed on the center table for the entertainment of visitors; and after a while Luella got used to it, and even embellished it with some of her own—so to speak—trophies.

Years rolled on—two or three of them; and they were kind to father and his household. Father had prospered, though a bookkeeper; first by saving and then by judicious

investment. Anybody can do it if he will save long enough and then pick the right kind of stock. No trick at all, bless you! At all events, father was able to buy a new center table to go with the album, and then by degrees a few rugs and settees and pictures and things to go with the table. Finally the table itself was retired for a library ditto—one of these Jack-o'-beans—and Luella moved a settee behind it and in front of the fireplace, and you can't imagine what that did to the room. You wouldn't have known it. As for the album ——

"Ab-solutely impossible!" declared Luella. "It gives the wrong note."

There was a young interior decorator calling on Luella at that time. Father was mean enough to call him a paper hanger, just because paper hanging was a branch of the establishment where Emory was employed, and of course he had to learn it among other things. But you take a sculptor, and he has to chip stone just like a stonemason, doesn't he? And if you saw him in his working clothes—well, what's the difference? Emory didn't look anything like a paper hanger outside of the—studios and business hours. He wore the well-known Tony Togs B Label Clothes, and looked pretty nearly like the advertisements in them, with his hair slicked back with bandoline, his little overlip mustache with tiny waxed points, his stick over his left forearm and his flower in his buttonhole. There was never a break in the straight crease of his T-T trousers or a wrinkle to mar the smooth fit of his dove-silk hose. Paper hanger! And he could talk about ogives and dominant color notes and Sheraton dufunnies and Ming-dynasty pottery until you were dizzy. He said that Luella's parlor was distinctly clever, too; but he raised his eyebrows at the album, though the peacock blue was considerably toned down by that time. He was almost the last to get one of Luella's photographs; just one other, I think, between him and Walter. Walter got the last.

But the peacock-blue album went upstairs, following the center table. On the Jack-o'-bean now was the modern long, flat, black-morocco successor, the pictorial record of intimate scenes and events snapped by Luella and Jim—the camp on the St. Joe River; three girls in a boat; father's afternoon catch; Luella in her graduation frock; Luella in her gym suit; Luella in her new furs, shoveling snow; Jim and his gang; the Chicago boat leaving Benton Harbor with Dan Taylor leaning over the rail; the happy bunch; Martha, Henry Prince and Jim at Sans Souci; peaches in an apple tree—all that sort of thing.

Did you ever stop to think what we would do without photographs and photograph albums? Doesn't it seem to you that courtships must have dragged horribly in the days before Mr. Daguerre applied nitrate of silver to his camera obscura, or whatever it was? Oh, yes, there is no doubt whatever that our ancestors got along somehow, just as they managed to get along without vermiform appendixes and telephones; otherwise the census taker's job to-day would be more or less of a sinecure. Still and all, photography has, from its very inception, made the path of true love run smoother and smoother, until, with its latest development six-reeling off romance from two-thirty P.M. to ten or eleven all over the world, it has become so slick that the true lover finds it mighty hard to stop, once he gets started.

Walter? Walter got Luella's last photograph. One evening he and Luella were occupying the settee facing the fireplace. There was nothing whatever between them—in the sense of the old jape, as well as the idiomatic phrase. Meaning, if you insist on an explicit statement, that though Walter had called often he was not on any but formally friendly terms with Luella, and had never sat so close to her as he was then sitting. To tell the truth, Walter was a little shy and backward. An awfully nice young fellow and all that, and Jim swore by him; not tongue-tied either when he was with the bunch, and Luella knew more than one girl who admitted that she was crazy about him. But when he got into that distinctly clever little parlor, alone with Luella—well, he acted as if he wanted to get away, and yet stayed and stayed—just shy.

Luella realized that. She realized, too, that she was shy and backward in Walter's company. Probably catching; otherwise it would have been perfectly ridiculous, because Walter wasn't anybody in particular and his family wasn't such a much, and though he had a good job with a big real-estate firm in the Chamber of Commerce Building it was just a job after all. He wasn't highbrow; he wasn't what you would call a nifty dresser, and whistling was his only accomplishment, so far as Luella knew. So why should she find his company embarrassing, and yet be really glad when he came and unwilling to have him go?

Of course you know the answer. Luella didn't, but she was disturbed by the young man's aloofness, and she rather thought she knew a good way to overcome it.

"Did you ever see these pictures?" she asked him.

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STATISTICS

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THE door of the dining room closed behind the last of the bright and rustling frocks as the ladies withdrew, making something of the effect of a curtain that descends upon a scene and restores the audience to the ease and freedom of reality. The men who remained distributed themselves among the chairs, and the odor of cigars blended itself with the fragrance of coffee; talk drifted among them casually.

"I say, Cresswell"—from the end of the table the red-faced, clean-shaven host spoke suddenly—"what are the facts—not the figures an' all that—the real facts about things out there? Woman I ran across last week made out they were ghastly; sickening stories she told."

The easy, curt talk that flickered from man to man came to a lull upon the question, and faces turned with ready interest toward the man of whom the question was asked. Sir Nicholas Cresswell, sitting some four or five places from his host, stirred in his chair with a movement that suggested a momentary squirm of embarrassment. He was a tall man, spare without being fine drawn. He might have been some fifty years of age; and in his attitudes and gestures, in the manner with which he turned now to reply, there was a sort of conscious and limelighted quality. It suggested that he might be more effectual in oratory than in conversation.

"I've no doubt your friend's stories were perfectly true," he replied. "I have heard such stories myself. The towns were simply starving to death and the country districts were little better. The statistics, for instance ——"

The red-faced host had a conversational style of his own.

"It Was Bad Enough When My Typist Broke Down and Wept at My Feet, Imploring Me to Make an Exception"

"Hang the statistics!" he interrupted. "What about cannibalism an' all that?"

Sir Nicholas smiled faintly beneath his trim, gray-streaked mustache.

"The statistics touch upon that too," he said. "And I don't think you realize exactly what the position of the chief of a relief mission is. The statistics—the facts, good and bad, commonplace or terrible, boiled down into and expressed by figures—are all I really know about the matter. The stories your friend told you came to me as graphs—rising or falling curves upon sheets of squared paper. I know of no other manner in which I could have dealt with the conditions that existed in that unhappy country."

"But," the host protested, "you couldn't have helped seeing something besides figures and curves. This woman I was talkin' about—she told me about one night when ——"

He went on to repeat in his inadequate and sport-distorted vocabulary such a tale as one may gather from any of the hundreds of those who have worked since the war in the starved lands of Eastern and Southeastern Europe, a brief narrative of the long years of want and fear culminating like some hellish drama in a climax of nightmare horror. His clean-shaven, blue-jowled face hardened into stone upon the telling of it; it gave, for his hearers, a point of added ugliness to the tale that such a narrator should be so moved.

"All over the place, she said," he continued. "Wherever you went you couldn't miss it. It broke her down at last; she had to come home."

He ceased to speak with a nod as of indignant defiance to Cresswell. Sir Nicholas nodded likewise, acquiescently.

He Bent Above It, Straining to See It Clearly in the Gloom, and Presently He Struck a Match

"Precisely!" he agreed. "It broke her down and she had to leave. It also broke down relay after relay of my assistants; and, since I am made of no other clay than they, doubtless it would have broken me down too. And then, if not a cessation, there would have been an interruption of the food supply and distribution, the transport arrangements, the medical service, and all the rest that I was charged with. Therefore my organization provided for my complete isolation—mine and that of my personal secretaries—from all contacts that might have impaired our efficiency. Whether the result justifies it is not for me to say."

There were nods and murmurs of support and applause all round the table. By a whim of that freakish chance which has superseded sober destiny over most of the racked and weary world the sincere and unimaginative work of Sir Nicholas Cresswell had achieved such a blazing publicity as comes ordinarily only to movie queens and prize fighters. Thousands who could not have spelled his name knew him from frequent headlines as the man who saved the children. An attempt had been made to nickname him St. Nicholas, but that had not caught on. All over the country this orderly and nowise extraordinary member of Parliament was perceived through mists of humane sentiment as the man who by the power of particular gifts and virtues had given a body and a direction to the charity and benevolence of the nation.

Across the table a slight, youngish man with a monocle, an undersecretary of state, smiled, suppressed his smile and spoke.

"That is very interesting, Sir Nicholas," he said, "especially after all we've been reading about you; and it must have been rather difficult, I should think."

Sir Nicholas again moved as if in embarrassment. The monocle magnified to him an eye that seemed less deferential than the words. He caught at and recovered his posture of one who expounds and enlightens.

"At times," he agreed, "it was very difficult. One had to lay down and amend from time to time a policy, a principle upon which to act, and the local authorities were usually slow to understand this. For instance, there was a period during which the shortage of milk made it imperative to issue it only to a certain category of children. I assure you I had difficulty in obtaining police protection for my distributing centers."

A quiet, bearded man, who had moved into a chair at the host's elbow, had been listening with a head propped in his hand. He raised it now to ask a question.

"What was that category?" he inquired.

"The category," replied Sir Nicholas, speaking with that deliberation and special distinctness with which the practiced speech maker is wont to make his most prized points—"the category comprised those children who are still living; it excluded those who, from long malnutrition and the ailments consequent upon it, could not be expected to live. In other words, it excluded the infants under four and a half years of age."

"The babies!" It was the quiet man who exclaimed.

There was a pause. Sir Nicholas leaned forward and helped himself to a cigarette from a box in the middle of the table. He fished in his pockets and found a little gold match box, and while he lit the cigarette the others watched him with expressions that varied from the undersecretary's ironic interest to the bearded man's pain and the host's flushed and comical disgust. One or two of them glanced from Sir Nicholas' face, bent above the match, to the room in which they sat, as though they perceived for the first time the disproportion between its stately luxury, its testimony of lavish plenty, and those naked lands where little children were herded into categories of those licensed to live and those appointed to die.

"And you could sit in your office with your—curves and give an order like that!" the host burst forth. "Did your statistics ever tell you how many of those babies died?"

Sir Nicholas restored his match box to his pocket.

"They all died," he said. "But the others lived. In the category I have mentioned there was an almost consistently upward curve from the date of that decision."

"But there was trouble at the time?" suggested the undersecretary.

"Yes," said Sir Nicholas, "there was trouble. Women would come and leave their children in the garden of the house where we were installed. I have been told that as many as sixty were left there on one day."

"Told!" repeated the host. "Didn't you see even them?"

Sir Nicholas shook his head, and it seemed to his hearers—they could not be sure—that he faintly smiled.

"No," he said, "it was against my rule. It was bad enough when my typist, a very capable girl, broke down and wept at my feet, imploring me to make an exception—to make, in fact, sixty exceptions. But that, of course, was impossible. Sixty children, eligible for milk, would have had to forfeit their allowance to supply these sixty ineligibles; and at first the authorities flatly refused to remove them."

"What did you do?" The question came simultaneously from two or three mouths.

"Oh, I merely sent down an ultimatum," explained Sir Nicholas, with a wave of the hand that held the cigarette. "After setting forth my policy clearly I announced that there would be no further supplies of any kind issued till they were removed. That was sufficient—the babies were removed in ambulances; and so, unfortunately, was my typist. She chose to go with them."

"Well!" exclaimed the host gustily. "I couldn't have done it, blowed if I could! I thought the Ypres fighting was about as near hell as things could be, but sittin' in an office, adding and subtracting and multiplying, with a girl crying at my feet and half a hundred babies dying in the garden outside—it's beyond me!"

Sir Nicholas smiled vaguely.

"It's Napoleonic," suggested the undersecretary, and started from that point to edge the conversation toward other topics. From relief missions he carried them to indemnities and reparations, and when at last the host, redder and bluer in the face than ever, had arrived at the question of the disposal of the Kaiser, the undersecretary came round the table and dropped into the empty chair on the left of Sir Nicholas.

"By the way, Sir Nicholas," he began, "you weren't at home when that business of Pratt's happened, were you? I thought not."

His face, which was yet youthful in its coloring despite the gray at his temples, fronted Sir Nicholas with a sort of privileged impudence.

"Pratt? You mean Sir Justin Pratt? What business was that?"

"I thought you mightn't have heard," said the other. "It was a bad business for Pratt, and it bears, to a certain extent, upon what you've been telling us. Pratt heard a noise one night and padded down, dressed in a revolver and a suit of pyjamas, just in time to catch a burglar at work. He says the fellow attacked him. Anyhow, he shot him, and then went off and telephoned for the police. The phone was slow and the police weren't very quick, and it was over half an hour before they got there to find the burglar in the act of breathing his last, having bled to death on the drawing-room carpet for want of assistance. Pratt, of course, was acquitted at once."

Sir Nicholas stared, perceiving at last that he was being spoken to in parables.

"Of course," he said, and waited for the rest.

"Justifiable homicide," pursued the undersecretary. "An Englishman's house is his castle, and all the rest of it. And yet, strangely enough, there was a most horrible outcry about it. Poor burglar bleeding to death in the dark—that touched the great heart of the people. It came out that, after he had telephoned, Pratt had a whisky and soda to pull himself together. You'd think by the howl that went up that he'd had a bowl of blood. All rot of course; but,

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EARLY YEARS IN RUSSIA

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

GETTING to know people in St. Petersburg was an interesting experience. It was not like meeting a society when passing through some foreign city, with the idea that one would be moving on soon and that mutual impressions made were of casual importance. Some of these Russians were now my relatives; all of them potentially were my friends or enemies, according to the developments of introductions, and I knew I must live among them through the remainder of my days. They were different from any companions of my past. I had the feeling they were much simpler and more natural. Etiquette existed, a good deal of it, but its hand lay less heavily on one in St. Petersburg than in Vienna. More of my action seemed left to chance and my own choice.

As an instance of this: Peter the Great had established a bureaucratic grading of ranks, and the rule was that no army officer below the rank of colonel could go to court and take his wife to palace entertainments, unless she or he were attached to the person of some member of the imperial family. Then they went officially as part of their service. An inherited title did not change this court position at all. One could be head of a princely family, yet not have court rank, though every colonel all over the empire had a right to go to the big court ball and take his wife. Birth counted historically and socially, but not officially. While official bureaucratic rank, military and civil, gave one court rights. This was impressed on me at once by my mother-in-law, and as my husband at twenty-four was a lieutenant only, even with the prestige of his being in the Empress Dowager's own Chevaliers-gardes, and with all the pleasant family and social surroundings, he could not take me to court, nor go himself unless he should be ordered there on duty, as certain officers were with the guard each day. He did not want to leave his regimental service, so it looked as though we would be obliged to wait for years before I should have the right of being presented to the two Empresses, which was the first step to court existence.

A Birthday Party at the Grand Duke Wladimir's, Who is Seated Center, Front Row. At His Right Princess Obolensky; Behind Her, Standing, the Grand Duke Kyril; Princess Cantacuzene at the Grand Duke's Left; at the Extreme Right in Profile, Prince Cantacuzène

Meeting the Empresses

IN THE lives of several women this had been a handicap during all their youth; but I was more fortunate, and almost at once the difficulty was cleared away from my path. First, at a small ball at the palace of the Grand Duke Wladimir, the Grand Duchess Marie, our hostess, came and took me by the hand, saying: "Come, Joy, I have been talking to the Empress of you and she says I may present you to her"; so I was taken up to where the young Empress stood, and the grand duchess said a few kindly words and pushed me forward into the little empty space kept clear about the Sovereign. The latter was exceedingly quiet and timid. After two or three perfunctory questions, which I answered, she fell into her usual attitude of distraction, and I wandered off. However, I had actually talked with Her Majesty, which made everyone say that I was obliged to ask a formal audience according to court rules, not only of the Empresses, but of all the grand duchesses as well. Once one had curtsied to Her Majesty, to neglect these latter would be wrong.

Shortly after this came another pleasant surprise. Quite from a blue sky I received a letter from the senior lady in waiting of the Dowager Empress, who said the Duchess of Cumberland had written to her sister asking Her Majesty to receive me kindly as my parents had been her friends in Vienna. Consequently I found myself one morning called to an audience at the Anitchkoff Palace, residence of the Empress Mother, and the latter kept me some time and showed herself as kind as always.

The news of all this irregularity soon spread about. As the presentations had then been accomplished I received invitations to a number of court functions, and forever after had a perfectly ideal time. Of course my special situation raised a clamor, as a number of women similarly situated had waited about on the side lines for fate and years to bring them proper qualifications, while I danced about having fun at once.

I was fortunate, besides, in several other ways. Firstly, my husband had grown up on terms of constant companionship with several of the younger grand dukes. The Grand Duchess Marie had given us a little dinner so I should know all these. That evening the Duke of Edinburgh, brother of King Edward VII, had dropped in to the party and had been charming, telling everyone present my family's history and how he had met my grandfather. When he had finished I was firmly fixed with all my family background in the minds of those present.

Princess Cantacuzène and Her Children in 1908

An Object of Royal Criticism

ON TOP of this from another direction came the recommendation of the Duchess of Cumberland. So sponsored as I was, and being young, full of energy and with a great desire to please my new compatriots, I was able to take my place immediately among the gay young matrons of the imperial capital.

Another incident brought me forward with a rush. The younger Empress, after seeing me, had said to someone that my ball gown was cut in a deep square instead of the classic court décolleté—straight across and off the shoulders—and this little sentence was repeated and magnified till it was made into a severe criticism of me, American manners in general, and so on. It amounted to nothing after a week, but made me more prominent, and won sympathy for me. I forbore from complaining, naturally; but the fact that there were many women present with gowns like mine, since a grand ducal ball was counted a private ball, made the criticism toward a well-meaning, helpless stranger work in my favor. Afterward I discovered that a strained feeling existed between the women of St. Petersburg's aristocratic society and the young Empress, which had developed soon after Her Majesty's arrival, and which grew and grew,

encouraged by the wretched plotters, whose game it was to get their Empress into their own power. Already in 1900, after the incident of my gown, four or five young women deliberately wore square-cut gowns to the very next court ball, and when the Empress' severe remarks were repeated to the town the culprits defended themselves with energy. Gossip and bitterness followed, all of which seemed both amazing and unnecessary, but showed how the wind blew.

My husband's regimental comrades and their wives were a delightful cultivated group, many of them about our age, and they made room for me in their midst with a hospitable enthusiasm which went straight to my heart. As the first regiment of the empire the Chevaliers-gardes represented the pick of Russia's young sportsmen, and the *jeunesse dorée* of St. Petersburg's social life followed the lead of these crack officers. The Dowager Empress was our honorary commander, and came to the regiment fêtes in a charming uniform—dark-blue cloth skirt like the officers' trousers, white silver braided uniform coat fitting her still ideal figure to perfection. On her head instead of the officers' metal helmet she wore a charming little close white cap with a small tuft of pure white ostrich feathers. Her proud carriage made all this very becoming, and her manner with the officers and us women was perfection. She was always popular everywhere, it seemed, but in the regiment she was immensely admired. It was whispered about that the young Empress disliked the Chevaliers-gardes because it was her mother-in-law's regiment; also that she was jealous that her mother-in-law had the first of Russia's regiments; and that she always was ill-disposed toward members of our group, and so on, and so on. It sounded as if relations were much strained between the Emperor's mother and his wife; but though this may have been the case I must admit I never saw any indication of it and I put the rumors down to gossip.

Anitchkoff Palace

MY FIRST years in St. Petersburg, till the outbreak of the Japanese War, were the most brilliant socially I saw there. The Empress Mother did not appear often, but when she did so, she took first place at court and was a delightful personality. She wore black gowns to mark her widowhood, but usually covered them with jet which scintillated; and decorated as was the upper part of her dress with "orders" and splendid jewels, she did not suggest anything somber. Her conversation was as gay and agreeable as herself. She put everyone at his ease and seemed most human and womanly, an inspiration to do one's best, whether in the performance of duty or merely in telling some nonsensical tale which would make her and others laugh. She had kept about her a lot of intimate friends who felt and showed for her sincere affection, which she repaid in kind. Her manner was exactly that of her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, and I felt somehow I had always known her. She received me in a large red damask-hung and damask-furnished salon, with a quantity of flowers about her—potted plants as well as cut flowers. There was a double-sized bay window; so as much light as a winter day in St. Petersburg could offer came in and touched here and there the many pretty ornaments which covered the scattered tables. Most of these looked like souvenirs of the kind a woman gathers through life; and though nearly all the trifles were luxurious, they suggested intimacy and sentiment rather than money. An atmosphere of coziness and warmth was underscored by Her Majesty's cordial reception.

The Anitchkoff is a large, impressive palace of a bad period—1860 or thereabouts, it looked. The entrance hall was vastly high and overheavy in its decoration, the staircase long and wearisome to mount, but made attractive by a wonderful series of Hubert Robert's panels, I think the best I have ever seen. I traversed a number of severe, classic

A Stop in the Steppes

A Room at "Bouromka"

reception rooms, fitted with paintings, mirrors, bronzes and statues, and a little furniture stiffly arranged. This Anitchkoff Palace was last done over for the wedding of the present Empress Mother to the then heir to the throne, some fifty-odd years back. The couple had still remained at home there even when Alexander III inherited the crown. They went over to the Winter Palace only for functions, but continued entertaining their friends and bringing up their children in this frame to which they were used, which was their personal creation. Souvenirs of their travels and the small events of their unofficial life filled it.

In the largest reception room I found the grand mistress and grand master of the Empress Mother's court and two ladies in waiting with a master of ceremonies. Two or three other women who had had, or were to have, audiences were also there, and the small talk was conventional. I was the newest interest to the small circle, and evidently its members were very curious as to my past, and the reasons for my being presented to the Empresses when I had no official rights. They had heard from Her Majesty of the letter from Vienna, and all that, but were glad to have a few moments in which to put a certain number of questions. I had not quite finished answering when a huge negro, dressed in a multi-colored Venetian costume of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, opened the door to an inner room and let out a lady who had finished her audience.

The master of ceremonies escorted me to the door and the black, decorative, smiling doorkeeper threw it open in silence. When I had made my best curtsy at the door, and another as I kissed the Empress' small hand, all ceremony seemed at an end. The Empress wore but two rings, a great beautiful polished ruby and her wedding ring. Over her simple black gown she wore two fine strings of pearls. Afterward I was told these were some pearls Alexander III had personally given his wife, which she wore constantly in preference to the many strings of larger pearls she owned.

The Kindly Dowager

HER MAJESTY asked me to sit down. There were several comfortable chairs, with little tables near. The latter were covered with bits of old silver, tiny animals carved in precious stones by Faberger, or enamels of his making, a small clock among others—things such as anyone might have in a sitting room; and the Empress herself looked at home here, leading her own attractive life. She took a chair and pointed me to one just beyond. Then she asked me a lot of questions about my parents and home country, our Vienna life and my impressions of Russia. Incidentally I was able to tell her a little of her sister, and she gave me a few new points as to St. Petersburg. It was to me a very delightful half hour, one I always remembered with pleasure. I was much touched by the simple kindness this greatest lady in Russia took the pains to show a young stranger who still had her way to make in a new country. When the time came for me to go, the Empress Mother rose, and I again kissed her hand and made my curtsy. She said good-by and that she felt sure I would like Russia; also that she would see me often probably—all this with a gentle low voice and pretty smile. It was easy to realize why people were devoted to this womanly sovereign. Afterwards I saw the Empress Mother frequently—sometimes at a parade or carrousel in the regimental group or at a court ball or dinner, sometimes at a smaller and unofficial dinner party, at the Grand Duchess Marie's or again at the Grand Duchess Xenia's. Always a pleasant word and a sweet smile were my share of her attention, and always it was a pleasure to be near Her Majesty.

Once her kindly attitude and tact saved me in a very painful and false situation which I owed to the German Crown Prince. The latter—I think in the season of 1902—came to St. Petersburg for a week's visit. It was at a time

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The Princess' Troika

THE WRONG TWIN

Sharon Whipple Jocularly Asked Him What He Was Doing to Make a Man of Himself

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

CHAPTER VI

WILBUR COWAN went off to bed, only a little concerned by this new-found flaw in his ancestry. He would have thought it more important could he have known that this same Cowan ancestry was under analysis at the Whipple New Place. There the three existing male Whipples sat about a long, magazine-littered table in the library and smoked and thought and at long intervals favored one another with fragmentary speech. Gideon sat erect in his chair or stood before the fireplace, now banked with ferns; black-clad, tall and thin and straight in the comely pleasance of his sixty years, his face smoothly shaven, his cheek bones jutting above depressed cheeks that fell to his narrow, pointed chin, his blue eyes crackling far under the brow, high and narrow and shaded with ruffling gray hair, still plenteous. His ordinary aspect was severe, almost saturnine; but he was wont to destroy this effect with his thin-lipped smile that broke winningly over small white teeth and surprisingly hinted an alert young man behind these flickering shadows of age. When he sat he sat gracefully erect; when he stood to face the other two, he stood straight. He was smoking a cigar with fastidious relish, and seemed to commune more with it than with his son or his brother. Beside Sharon Whipple his dress seemed foppish.

Sharon, the round, stout man, two years younger than Gideon, had the same blue eyes, but they looked from a face plump, florid, vivacious. There was a hint of the choleric in his glance. His hair had been lighter than Gideon's and, though now not so plentiful, had grayed less noticeably. His fairer skin was bedizened with freckles; and when with a blunt thumb he pushed up the outer ends of his heavy eyebrows or cocked the thumb at a speaker whose views he did not share, it could be seen that he was the most aggressive of the three men. Sharon notoriously lost his temper. Gideon had never been known to lose his. Sharon smoked and lolled carelessly in a morris chair, one short stout arm laid along its side, the other carelessly wielding the cigar, heedless of falling ashes. Beside the careful Gideon he looked rustic.

Harvey D., son of Gideon, worriedly paced the length of the room. His eyes were large behind thick glasses. He smoked a cigarette gingerly, not inhaling its smoke, but ridding himself of it in little puffs of distaste. His brown beard was neatly trimmed, and above it shone his forehead, pale and beautifully modeled under the carefully parted, already thinning hair that was arranged in something almost like ringlets on either side. He was neat-faced. Of the three men he carried the Whipple nose most gracefully. His figure was slight, not so tall as his father's, and he was garbed in a more dapper fashion. He wore an expertly fitted frock coat of black, gray trousers faintly striped, a pearl-gray cravat skewered by a pear-headed pin, and his small feet were incased in shoes of patent leather. He was arrayed as befitted a Whipple who had become a banker.

Gideon, his father, achieved something of a dapper effect in an old-fashioned manner, but no observer would have read him for a banker; while Sharon, even on a Sunday evening, in loose tweeds and stout boots, was but a country gentleman who thought little about dress, so that one would not have guessed him a banker—rather the sort that makes banking a career of profit.

Careful Harvey D., holding a cigarette carefully between slender white fingers, dressed with studious attention, neatly bearded, with shining hair curled flatly above his pale wide forehead, was the one to look out from behind a grille and appraise credits. He never acted hastily, and was finding more worry in this moment than ever his years of banking had cost him. He walked now to an ash tray and fastidiously trimmed the end of his cigarette. With the look of worry he regarded his father, now before the fireplace after the manner of one enjoying its warmth, and his Uncle Sharon, who was brushing cigar ash from his rumpled waistcoat to the rug below.

"It's no light thing to do," said Harvey D.

The others smoked as if unhearing. Harvey D. walked to the opposite wall and straightened a picture, A Reading from Homer, shifting its frame precisely one-half an inch.

"It is overchancy." This from Gideon after a long silence.

Harvey D. paused from his walk, regarded the floor in front of him critically and stooped to pick up a tiny scrap of paper, which he brought to the table and laid ceremoniously in the ash tray.

"Overchancy," he repeated.

"Everything overchancy," said Sharon Whipple after another silence, waving his cigar largely at life. "She's a self-headed little tike," he added a moment later.

"Self-headed!"

Harvey D. here made loose-wristed gestures meaning despair, after which he detected and put in its proper place a burned match beside Sharon's chair.

"A bright boy enough!" said Gideon after another silence, during which Harvey D. had twice paced the length of the room, taking care to bring each of his patent-leather toes precisely across the repeated pattern in the carpet.

"Other one got the gumption though," said Sharon.

"Oh, gumption!" said Harvey D. as if this were no rare gift. All three smoked again for a pregnant interval.

"Has good points," offered Gideon. "Got all the points in fact. Good build, good skin, good teeth, good eyes and wide between; nice manners, polite, lively mind."

"Other one's got the gumption," mumbled Sharon stubbornly. They ignored him.

"Head on him for affairs too," said Harvey D. He went to a far corner of the room and changed the position of an immense upholstered chair so that it was equidistant from each wall. "Other one—hear he took all his silver and spent it foolishly—must have been eight or nine dollars—this one wanted to save it. Got some idea about the value of money."

"Don't like to see it show too young," submitted Sharon.

"Can't show too young," declared Harvey D.

"Can't it?" asked Sharon mildly.

"Bright little chap—no denying that," said Gideon. "Bright as a new penny, smart as a whip. Talks right. Other chap mumbles."

"Got the gumption though." Thus Sharon once more.

Long silences intervened after each speech in this dialogue.

"Head's good," said Harvey D. "One of those long heads like father's. Other one's head is round."

"My own head is round." This was Sharon. His tone was plaintive.

"Of course neither of them has a nose," said Gideon.

He meant that neither of the twins had a nose in the Whipple sense, but no comment on this lack seemed to be required. It would be unfair to expect a true nose in any but born Whipples.

Gideon Whipple from before the fireplace swayed forward on his toes and waved his half-smoked cigar.

"The long and short of it is—the Whipple stock has run low. We're dying out."

"Got to have new blood, that's sure," said Sharon.

"I'd often thought of adopting," said Harvey D., "in the last two years," he carefully added.

"This youngster," said Gideon; "of course we should never have heard of him but for Pat's mad adventure, starting off with God only knows what visions in her little head."

"She'd have gone too," said Sharon, dusting ashes from his waistcoat to the rug. "Self-headed!"

"She demands a brother," resumed Gideon; "and the family sorely needs she should have one, and this youngster seems eligible, and so——" he waved his cigar.

"There really doesn't seem any other way," said Harvey D. at the table, putting a disordered pile of magazines into neat alignment.

"What about pedigree?" demanded Sharon. "Anyone traced him back?"

"I believe *his* father is here," said Harvey D.

"I know him," said Sharon. "A mad, swearing, confident fellow, reckless, vagrantlike. A printer by trade. Looks healthy enough. Don't seem blemished. But what about his father?"

"Is the boy's mother known?" asked Harvey D

"Easy to find out," said Gideon. "Ask Sarah Marwick," and he went to the wall and pushed a button. "Sarah knows the history of everyone, scandalous and otherwise."

Sarah Marwick came presently to the door, an austere spinster in black gown and white apron. Her nose, though not Whipple in any degree, was still eminent in a way of its own, and her lips shut beneath it in a straight line. She waited.

"Sarah," said Gideon, "do you know a person named Cowan? David Cowan, I believe it is."

Sarah's mien of professional reserve melted.

"Do I know Dave Cowan?" she challenged. "Do I know him? I'd know his hide in a tanyard."

"That would seem sufficient," remarked Gideon.

"A harum-scarum good-for-nothing—no harm in him. A great talker—make you think black is white if you listen. Don't stay here much—in and out, no one knows where to. Says the Center is slow. What do you think of that? I guess we're fast enough for most folks."

"What about his father?" said the stock-breeding Sharon. "Know anything about who he was?"

"Lord, yes! Everybody round here used to know old Matthew Cowan. Lived up in Geneseo, where Dave was born, but used to come round here preaching. Queer old customer with a big head. He wasn't a regular preacher; he just took it up, being a carpenter by trade—like our Lord Jesus, he used to say in his preaching. He had some outlandish kind of religion that didn't take much. He said the world was coming to an end on a certain day and folks had better prepare for it, but it didn't end when he said it would; and he went back to carpentering week days and preaching on the Lord's Day; and one time he fell off a roof and hit on his head, and after that he was outlandisher than ever, and they had to look after him. He never did get right again. They said he died writing a telegram to our Lord on the wall of his room. This Dave Cowan, he argued about religion with the Reverend Mallett right up in the post office one day. He'll argue about anything! He's audacious!"

"But the father was all right till he had the fall?" asked Harvey D. "I mean he was healthy and all that?"

"Oh, healthy enough—big, strong old codger. He used to say he could cradle four acres of grain in a day when he was a boy on a farm, or split and lay up three hundred and fifty rails. Strong enough."

"And this David Cowan, his son—he married someone from here?"

"Her that was Effie Freeman and her mother was a Penniman, cousin to old Judge Penniman. A sweet, lovely little thing Effie was too, just as nice as you'd want to meet, and so——"

"Healthy?" demanded Sharon.

"Healthy enough till she had them twins. Always puny after that. Took to her bed and passed on when they was four. Dropped off the tree of life like an overfruited branch, you might say. Winona and Mis' Penniman been mothers to the twins ever since."

"The record seems to be fairly clear," said Gideon.

"If he hasn't inherited that queer streak for religion," said Harvey D., foreseeing a possible inharmony with what Rapp, Senior, would have called the interests.

"Thank you, Sarah—we were just asking," said Gideon.

"You're welcome," said Sarah, withdrawing. She threw them a last bit over her shoulder. "That Dave Cowan's an awful reader—reads library books and everything. Some say he knows more than the editor of the Advance himself."

They waited until they heard a door swing to upon Sarah.

"Other has the gumption," said Sharon. But this was going in a circle. Gideon and Harvey D. ignored it as having already been answered.

"Well," said Harvey D., "I suppose we should call it settled."

"Overchancy," said Gideon; "but so would any boy be. This one is an excellent prospect, sound as a nut, bright, well-mannered."

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"Do I Know Dave Cowan?" She Challenged. "Do I Know Him? I'd Know His Hide in a Tanyard"

MY SON

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

III

I NEED not have been so concerned about facing the old-fashioned saints on the backwoods circuits with Peter and his new-fangled ministry. You cannot keep an up-to-date preacher on a circuit far out in the hills where Providence measures the rain and the seasons according to his wisdom, not according to your particular needs, and where the people walk with a stoop as if they said with their very backs, "Thy will be done!" Their circuit rider must be a little run down intellectually from not being able to afford the latest books by the highest critics on the Scriptures. He must be sufficiently weather-beaten spiritually to prove how close kin he is to eternal things and just the word.

Peter was no such preacher. I do not say that the training he had fitted him for a closer walk with God, but it certainly did fit him for serving a different class of people altogether. It seemed that the Conference thought so, for he was sent to an up-and-doing church in an up-and-doing town the next year. Brasstown was the last glimpse we had of the backwoods gospel area in the Methodist itinerancy. And Suetally Chapel was the only out-and-out country church he ever served.

"Right Now There are Agitators in This Country Quoting the Same Men You Quoted and They are Working at the Very Foundations of Our Peace and Order"

We heard sad news from this church the following summer. The last of the fifty converts Peter had filched from the Hard-shell Baptists had got themselves properly immersed and gone back into the church of their fathers and of the streams and hills of that section! There are certain Scriptures, I have often thought, which should not be used except in extreme cases, as you resort to a dangerous and desperate remedy for a patient who is about to die, anyhow. Even then they ought not to be spoken at people from the pulpit, and you would be barely justified in recalling them secretly and sadly in your heart, that you may work the harder and pray the more earnestly that they do not apply in the case of this man or that woman whose spiritual condition is very bad. The twenty-second verse of the second chapter of Second Peter always seemed to me most awful and the least quotable. I doubt if anybody but an old fisherman disciple who had been accustomed all his life to ugly sights and disagreeable smells would have used such a figure of speech to convey a disastrous truth. But I have observed this—not to paraphrase what Saint Peter said at all—that a man with a Baptist-made mind will return to his doctrine every time. He will do it in his secret heart, even if you are able to keep his name on the roll of your Methodist church. You may wrestle in prayer for his immortal soul at your altar, and you may have the joy of seeing him converted there; but when it comes to signing up his membership contract to live and die in grace, our vows do not fit the awful strictness of his mind; the little water we pour on his head is not enough to satisfy the cleansing symbolism of a complete baptism. He wants to be dipped. This is not foolishness. Nothing is foolish which satisfies a man's conscience about assuming so great an obligation.

I warned Peter that there would be some backfiring in this church at Suetally when these recently redeemed Baptists whom he had taken into it realized how lightly and insufficiently they had been merely sprinkled in the name of the Lord. But he always left the dead to bury their dead on the work from which he had passed. His whole mind and attention was fixed on the church where he was the present pastor in charge. His only comment upon the disaster at Suetally was that probably the preacher who followed him had fallen under the influence of Brother Sparks and had stirred up the animus of the community by preaching doctrinal sermons.

His advancement in the Conference was remarkable when you consider the military system under which our church is governed, a system complicated with paternalism in a very literal sense. Thus a preacher may be sent to a certain church when he is not qualified to fill it, because he has a large family and must have an appointment that will support him. Peter was not married. I was the only family he had, and I was merely the relict of a former family, but he was given appointments that might easily have supported a preacher with a wife and five children.

The bishop of a Methodist Conference has a cabinet. The members of it are all "secretaries of interior," but they are called presiding elders. And like Higher Adams, they have dominion over three or four hundred preachers in this Conference. Some of them are holy men, some are not so holy but have great executive ability. Others, with no particular renown for either piety or ability, have that queer thing common to many men who never succeed at anything but politics. They wear velvet gloves on their spiritual fingers and have astounding influence in managing the affairs of our church. But nearly all of them have the horse-trading instinct. The difference is that they trade preachers with one another. And it is natural for a presiding elder to strive to get the best preachers in his district. I do not know that there is anything wrong in the practice, but it is sometimes hard on an old itinerant war-horse who has seen his best days and has grown stiff in his legs from so many years of hard service. His presiding elder swaps him off for anything he can get, maybe a youngster just entering ministry—a risk, but a better one than an old man who had failed in everything but his Psalms and prayers.

My belief is that Peter owed his rapid promotion to his reputation in the bishop's cabinet for building up every church he served. His reports at the Annual Conference always flattered him. He was like oil on troubled waters in a church row. He even managed to get his board of stewards to live in love and charity with him, though I still maintain that he could not have done it two years in succession in the same church, because by the end of the first year he had invariably driven them so hard that if he had been returned they would have shown him their heels, if I know Methodist stewards as well as I think I do. Anyhow, Peter was in demand with the presiding elders. He was the shooting star of his Conference. And he always landed with his light shining as pastor in one of the larger churches. This was bad for him, I thought. A preacher may think he has surrendered all for the sake of his Lord's service, but he never can be sure until he gets a poor little runt of a circuit somewhere when he was expecting a good appointment. Then if he can keep his heart from burning about the juggling and swapping among the elders that resulted in his getting this backset in the ministry, and if he "takes this work as from the Lord," in spite of what he knows went on in the cabinet, he is really qualified in grace and humility for a better place, in the next world at least.

Peter was sent to big country towns for two or three years. I went along, with William's old box of sermons and Kitto's Commentaries, you may say as a sort of maternal epilogue to my son. I did not have any active part in his work. I was merely present, not voting. It is my belief that I knew as much about the future as Peter and his dizzy congregations did; but I felt like an old gray-headed "Nay, Nay" whose face had been turned forcibly toward the past and made to sit that way while my son led his flocks joyfully through the pleasanter, greener pastures of the right-now period.

I have been tempted to write a book of meditations for elderly people's indignant comfort and gratification about the way we are removed from the order of things just when we know more than anybody else does about life, and have developed the instinct to teach and manage the world according to experience, not experiments.

I could say a few things that would knock the socks off of pretentious youth. If we in our years made the mistakes, did the foolhardy things and risked without testing the theories they try out, frequently at the whole world's expense, the last one of us would be put in the madhouse. Very few of us die of our years. We are dead while yet we live because they counsel us with the tenderest kindness. Peter had that way with me: "You are growing old, mother. You must not exert yourself too much. Don't worry. Just run round and visit and enjoy yourself. You have had a hard life. Now take things easy. I am getting on with my work. The people like my preaching. I have the largest congregations they ever had in this church, so they tell me."

He would say something like that.

And I would answer something like this: "But, Peter, you do not search the hearts of your people. You never mention their sins. Sin is a word you do not use. You do not exhort them to repent and believe. You do not seem to realize, my son, that the world has lost its faith. You preach salvation by prosperity."

Then I would tell him the things his prominent members were doing, things forbidden in the Christian life as well as in the discipline of our church. And he would retort by reminding me of the good they were also accomplishing—so much for charity, so much for missions, so much for general collections. He was an optimist, but not spiritual.

Then I'd get up and go into another room, sit down, fold my hands and think how queer it was to be like this. I recalled so many years when I was an up-and-doing woman in the church, whose opinion was regarded. I remembered how I used to tell Peter to go and say his prayers, and he went and said them. How I taught him what was right and what was wrong, and he believed me Now this church might as well be some kind of economic institution of learning in which I felt like an old dunce. And now I had lost my grip on Peter as if he were a wayward son.

It all comes to this—you must be meek at last. This is the fate of every man and of every woman when the years stretch farther and farther behind you, and you feel the cold east wind of another country blowing in your face. You may bluster about it, deny your age, vow that you feel as young as you ever did, keep your place in the world or the church and even in the conversation, but your bones tell no lies. They ache at night as if your flesh was a frost on them. And sometimes even in company you must reach down slyly to loosen a shoe string because your feet are tired and swollen from the long, long journey you have come, though you do not walk much now. If you keep your place in the world it is only through courtesy or through the prestige you acquired before you became what you are now. If no one interrupts you when you monopolize the conversation, if they listen respectfully and never contradict you nor oppose your opinions, that is a fatal sign. They do not believe a single thing you say. Your wisdom is like your old coat; it does not fit the arching back of their younger views. They are merely practicing good manners to the aged. They do not really hear what you are saying. They may be even attending your funeral, thinking of you in the terms of your obituary. What a fine woman you used to be in your prime?

I had this experience sometimes when we were asked out to tea. I was so often reminded by contrast of some other supper William and I had in a cabin by candlelight long ago with old Brother Rhuebottom and his wife. Or I would get off on the experiences we had during one of his best revivals, where sinners were converted and saints shouted. Then suddenly I would realize that everybody was being politely silent but not really listening. And probably my hostess would be regarding me with lifted brows and a small, thin smile, and I understood by the enticing way she said, "Yes," and "Weren't those grand old days?"—as if those days were now finely polished swords hanging on the wall for keepsakes—that she was sacrificing herself to my garrulity and trying to make herself my only victim so that the other guests might go on talking about what they had been talking about when I started off on this tangent that led backward into the past. I used to feel a little hurt, and withdrew as soon as possible into the proper silence of my years.

It is all very well to be dead to the world, but it is a queer and depressing sensation to discover that the world is dead to you. It is not so easy to take a back seat in your old age when in your prime you were a prominent person, even if you were only distinguished for your meekness and long-suffering. And there are moments to the last when you must spring to your feet from force of habit, wave your hand and say: "My dear brethren, I rise to a point of personal privilege. Everybody here is wrong but me!"

You may as well sit down and let the wrong go on. The brethren will not recognize you. You are out of order.

I have seen this trembling-kneed tragedy too many times not to recognize the symptoms of it in my own case. So I tried to be patient and wait for what would happen. I wanted to be somewhere round when the mountains fell on Peter. I have never claimed to be a very good woman, but I have noticed this, that there are two things that cannot be changed—the weather and the Word. We have changed everything else. We have made the earth over many times on top. We have built cities where rivers ran We sail a thousand ships where once was dry land. We have cut out the whole geography of the world half a dozen times. We have moved races as if they were baggage. We have produced new nations and new civilizations. Sometimes I have thought in a horrified moment that if God had not made this earth some man would have made it. Give him an anvil and an atom and he can do nearly anything that is a thing. But who by taking thought can change the wind from the east to the west, or cause one drop of rain to fall, or make a season fair when clouds steam up? That breath which the Lord breathed upon this earth when he said, "Let there be light," so that he could set up a firmament to divide the waters from the waters and establish the dry land, and started the grass to growing with the dew on it, is the same wind that blew up the first cloud from which the rain fell, and it is still blowing where it listeth according to his mind and his seasons. And we cannot do a thing about it except put on more clothes and build a fire; or take off some clothes and not build a fire

It is the same with the Word. We cannot change it. It is the weather of immortality. It is the very breath of God to the soul of man. Nothing we do or think can take its place. The fact remains that the pure in heart do see God, and they do it by faith. They are good by faith, they love and hope by faith, and they are the only peacemakers in this world who do make and keep the peace. They are the safe people. The Word is their law and their life. They are still the leaven that leaveneth what we call Christian civilization. They are yet the most powerful and most influential people among us without making a fuss about it. They hold things together in spite of wars and politics and the masses and classes who work and work in idleness and bitterness to achieve their greeds and purposes

What does it matter that the mere form of the Scriptures is blown down the windy ages to us out of songs and myths, as the mere body of a man comes up from the familiar dust? The truth is in them, as the spirit of Something not dust is in man. This truth cannot be changed without destroying man by the very perversity of man. Look at the witnesses against him! Every other living, leaping thing, every flying, crawling, creeping, walking thing, is instinctively afraid of him. They know that he is different, something more or worse than a mere animal.

I never had much learning, but I have accumulated considerable wisdom of the kind a wayfaring man, even if he is not very bright, gets, simply by going the way he ought to go. And I have observed that it does something to a man who substitutes his reason and his convenience for faith in God. Reason belongs to just our dust, and that part of us only belongs to the time of day in which we live. And if we do not believe beyond this dust that merely clothes us and this short day which is only a little spoolful of time, wound out of eternity and cannot be broken, but takes us again into it—well, you can look around and see what it does to people. A lot of them are snarled up in just this world's time of day. They are the halt, lame and blind among us, trying to prepare a revolution that will enable them to take what they will not earn, trying to destroy the Word which is the only law that cannot be repealed, amended or changed.

It will not happen. That revolution will not come off. It will not, even if it comes, because a revolution is by nature a mere blast of temper. It cannot go on. And when the dust of it clears and the dead of it are buried, nothing of any real importance will be changed. Everything will be ready, as it was in the beginning—the same weather, the same inviolate Word for those who shall have learned that the "perfect law of liberty" is work and obedience.

During these earlier years of Peter's ministry I was at a loss to discover the name of the thing he had so innocently and honestly substituted for the religion of his fathers. Finally I discovered that it was not God at all, merely the science of human duty.

Every preacher has his favorite bywords of the gospel. William's were: "Ye must be born again," "Believe in me and ye shall have eternal life," "Keep the faith," and a hundred similar phrases. But Peter was always quoting from some Ph. D. So-and-So, who was a scholar but not an apostle.

One must not object to these books as literature, and no doubt they are useful to people who desire to cultivate a sober dullness of mind and character. But for the priests of God there are the teachings of Jesus, the

(Continued on Page 34)

That Girl Would Get Up Every Time and Leave the Church Without Speaking to Him and Telling Him How Much She Enjoyed the Sermon

TONG

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID HENDRICKSON

From the Flaming Throat of the Automatic Crashed a Series of Explosions

SAN FRANCISCO Chinatown remembers that Sing Fang was a poet, and that his sister, Sing Toy, was the most beautiful girl in the colony. In the Chinese record section at police headquarters Sing Fang is written down as a gunman of the Ling Yip Tong. The record is not correct. In Sing Fang's sister Nature apologized for a million mistakes. Through what countless centuries ran the strands of heredity which joined in the fabric of her being no man can know, but to-day on Dupont Street her name is whispered where men seek to define all that feminine perfection can mean.

The poet and his sister lived in two narrow rooms above the Falling Tear Pawnshop in Ross Alley. Across the street from them was the malodorous establishment of Yut Gar, the fish merchant, who carried a side line of chickens and vegetables and Chinese intrigue. The loft above the Falling Tear Pawnshop had been divided down the center by a pine partition. This partition, brown with the coating smoke of years on the poet's side and papered with bright flowers on the other, reached to the ceiling. Except for a narrow door between the rooms the incense fumes curling above Sing Toy's shrine and the perfume of the lily blossoms on her window sill knew no avenue of egress. Gentle, adventurous vapors from the girl's room occasionally mingled with the stronger odors of food frying on the poet's cooking stove or with the strong smoke from his pipe.

The door in the pine partition was the battle line where burning greases and tobacco smoke met the perfume of lily blossoms and sweet incense, and just as the coarse odors fought a losing battle before the pervading sweetness, so did the beauty of Sing Toy's life soften the hard realities of the poet's days.

Poetry in Chinatown was not a commercial success, and Sing Fang augmented the income he derived from spiritual investments by perspiring in the calisthenics of composition at the type cases of a Chinese newspaper. The poet walked weary miles each day in the composing room of the newspaper, retrieving from the four thousand blocks such fantastic ideographs of the Cantonese dialect as were required to approximate the sense of the copy before him. Sing Fang had spent long years with the classics, and the characters of the Manchu and Mongol and Wen-li dialects had been graved deep in the tablets of his memory by the sharp acid of practice and the chisels of long hours of study.

Now and then the poet's income was augmented by a silver fee paid to him by some fat Cantonese for translating the guttural sentences of the South into the cackling phrases of North China. With the money thus derived the poet lightened his sister's menu with candy and little cakes. Sometimes he bought for her wardrobe some trifling gaudy thing of tinsel. Occasionally he cashed in on his education at some banquet, where for a recital of passages from the classics lasting through long hours of feasting he received a dollar. Now and then the dollar was counterfeit, but for that matter so was his performance, as far as the coarse ears of his audience could judge. Often while he intoned the delicate sentences from the Analects his hearers' ears were choked with the gurgling of thick soup or congested with great mouthfuls of broiled pork or bean cake fried with meat.

In beautiful monotony the poet would drone groups of the seven vowels and seventeen consonants of the Mongol tongue, and finally when his memory of preliminary clauses was glutted a verb would be tacked upon the long sentence. Then he would launch another orgy of phrases, searching meanwhile for another proper verb, and after ten thousand words had been sung he would receive his dollar and return to his home, where his sister awaited him.

Turning up Washington Street from Grant Avenue, his half-closed eyes would greet the three beacons that marked his home port in Ross Alley. These were a lamp-post, from which a thin jet of flaming gas fought its way into the fogs of night; a fire hydrant painted white and smirched with the flapping coats of pedestrians; and a cast-iron pillar which supported a corner of the balcony extending over the establishment of Yut Gar, the fish merchant.

Ross Alley was hard and iron was its symbol. The alley was twelve feet wide. The Falling Tear Pawnshop had two doors opening upon it—a little low door for entrance and a more pretentious glass-paneled exit through which a man could walk erect and face the world with the courage derived from the cash in his pocket.

Beyond the two pawnshop doors, deep in the shadows of the alley, was a third door, which opened upon a broken staircase leading to the loft above. At midnight, waiting for the poet's returning, a little green lamp burned at the head of the stairs. In his room the poet would find waiting a pot of tea poulticed in a thick cotton insulation against the chill of night. Beside the tea would be a bowl of rice. The poet would fall to on the rice and drink lustily of the warm tea. Then, with this detail of his ritual accomplished, he would indulge his soul in the more spiritual business of the verses whose columns trailed upon his tablets from the eloquent points of his brushes.

Poetry to Sing Fang was the fine breath of life, but it was not the deep-drawn profitable breath that strong men take from the air of a mountain top. The poet's verses were not very good, and all the hours spent with his tablets and his brushes had never brought him a penny of reward. The rice and the tea of his life and the delicate foods for his sister were bought with cash derived from the prosaic business of racing round a dusty wooden floor retrieving unintelligible type for the next issue of the Chinese newspaper.

For his work he received eight dollars a week. The poet's soul fed on dreams, but when rice went to nine dollars a sack his stomach was often empty, and finally he came to see that unless he could derive additional income which might be exchanged for food he would presently lose his soul in the labyrinth of some black grave to which his hunger might drive it. His employer was deaf to his demands for increased pay, and so he adopted a method of obtaining money common to his countrymen in the hours of their financial necessity. In his extremity he organized the Sing Fang Benevolent Loan Association, including in its membership seven of his reluctant acquaintances. He derived therefrom a total of seventy dollars, and with this money he bridged his existence for the eleven ensuing months.

On the first day of the First Moon he failed to repay the loan. The result was that he was immediately discredited in the colony, and for a week his sister ate coarse rice and drank a brew made of the sifted refuse dust of tea. Throughout the week the poet starved so that his sister might have food.

It was at this zero hour that Yut Gar, the fish merchant, came into the poet's life.

Yut Gar and his establishment could be seen and smelled and felt and heard at any hour of the day. The flat, limp products of the sea lined the tables of his shop. The sidewalk fronting his store was forever cluttered up with corded corpses of flabby yellow pigs. Along the high walls of the store, in their card-index pens, neurasthenic hens cackled a greeting to the hour of their doom under the falling cleavers of their executioners. Sheaves of lynched dried ducks swung in the inert air, adding to their sticky varnish additional air-born dirt.

Yut Gar shuffled about his place gurgling long Cantonese curses at the several thieves who were his salesmen. He was old, and the tissues of his body were tenanted by resident devils of pain with which the gods of fatigue had cursed him. With the curling smoke of good black gum bubbling from the pinhole crater of the porcelain holder of his opium pipe the shackles of his fatigue could be broken, and so at intervals throughout the day Yut Gar retired for a little while to the third back room in the basement of his store and applied himself to the technic of forgetting the sorry things of life.

In this back room there were usually three or four old men of Chinatown. These old men were Cantonese, for Yut Gar had been born in Canton and spoke no other of the forty languages of China. Garrulous speech was the avocation of these old men, and in their garrulous speeches were many words and few ideas. Now and then, two or three times a year perhaps, they would sit in silence for an hour, and then their words were freighted with some verdict of first importance to the victim of their discourse. More than one death sentence had been spoken by these babbling old men.

The tongs of Chinatown are as various as its people, and these old men were a blood tong. Whether it be the purchase of a suit of clothes or the destruction of an enemy, Chinatown invests with its faith the theory that strength derives from union. Lone-hand plays and one-man institutions are as rare along Grant Avenue as clean gutters in Ross Alley.

No man could know the multitude of interests to which Yut Gar had subscribed. Six times in twenty years his name was written in the testimony of slave girls whose successful attempts at gaining their freedom had given the newspapers half a column of Chink stuff. The various Christian missions maintained by the Chinatown churches knew Yut Gar's name on their subscription lists. South of Sacramento Street in Chinatown, where the stores are run by Japanese and where the tourists purchase the junk of Japan instead of the solid values of China, Yut Gar was represented in the councils of control when the annual surplus and profits were distributed. Without having evidence acceptable to the courts of the United States, the Federal inspectors who combed each ship from the Orient knew full well that now and then the cached opium which they found in the tanks and the bunkers of the incoming ships had been paid for with drafts remitted by Yut Gar and a half dozen men associated with him in the opium ring.

The income-tax men and one of the San Francisco banks learned that Yut Gar owned a downtown hotel, a ramshackle apartment house out toward the Presidio, which was rented to Japanese families, and that a pool room much frequented by the young men of Chinatown paid its monthly tribute to the cashier at the fish merchant's store.

A rat has fleas, and a rat can be caught; but the fleas escape, and thus with Yut Gar. He maintained his membership in a dozen business tongs and in the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, but no more than once a year did he attend any of the councils wherein were gathered the head men of the colony. The impatience of age had settled upon Yut Gar, and wherever his private affairs or personal interests demanded the elimination of any man who opposed him he accomplished his will through an agent of the Ling Yip Tong. The Ling Yip crew was a gun gang, and presently the undesirable would be dragged out of some black alley with his life sentence finally punctuated with a leaden period.

Yut Gar maintained his fish store for no other reason than that it gave the voyages and enterprises of his life some fixed point of departure and some safe port of return. Quite surely there was no sentiment of association which kept him throughout long days and nights hidden in the third back room with half a dozen old cronies as evil as himself. Perhaps with the habit of residence fixed upon him he avoided the inconveniences which forever attend a transfer of human habitation.

Yut Gar was not feared by Chinatown. He was accepted as one of the unpleasant things of life. A good many progressive Chinese disliked him, and he was honestly hated by a dozen or so of the better men of the colony.

Bow Lung was one who undoubtedly hated Yut Gar. In the apothecary's hatred there was nothing malignant or selfish, but Bow Lung was an educated gentleman who believed in work and in kindness. He found in his heart no excuse for the presence of Yut Gar and his breed on this earth, or any forgiveness for the evil things which characterized each enterprise wherein Yut Gar played his part.

By some twist of fate the poet and the fish merchant had their first meeting in front of the establishment of the apothecary. Bow Lung lived his life deep in the shadows of his shelves, beyond the ken of Chinatown and out of the vision of the tourists and sightseers whose feet led them through the sawdust and sand of the sidewalks of Dupont Street. From long years of approximate solitude wisdom had come to Bow Lung, and he knew that no good could come to the man marked by Yut Gar's evil attention.

In the midnight fog, through the windows of his apothecary shop, Bow Lung witnessed the encounter between Yut Gar and the poet. He saw Yut Gar hobbling along on his twisted old legs down Dupont Street. The poet, walking with the firmer step of youth, overtook Yut Gar in front of the apothecary's store. Yut Gar, freighted with his conscience and apprehensive of the hour, turned quickly to discover who might be following him. Though he had never spoken with the poet, he knew him, as he knew all of the ten thousand residents of the colony.

The apothecary saw Yut Gar reach out his hand and touch the poet's arm. Thereafter, until they faded into the drifting fog, he saw the poet and the fish merchant walking together.

The apothecary turned to a shrine set against the wall of his store. From a blue vase he took a stick of incense. He lighted the incense and set it in a burner. To his lips came the words of a Buddhist prayer which is offered for men about to die. Bow Lung, wise in the intrigue of Chinatown, knew that the touch of Yut Gar's hand upon the poet's arm marked him for misfortune.

Yut Gar conducted the poet along Dupont Street. The pair turned and walked up the inclined street from whence dived Ross Alley. Arrived at his store, Yut Gar knocked twice on the panels of the second door of his establishment. The door opened, disclosing a dimly lighted stairway leading to a cellar underneath the fish merchant's store. Yut Gar and the poet descended the stairway.

An hour later the poet marched again into the night. He walked quickly across the narrow alley to his own doorway. Lumped awkwardly in the right-hand pocket of his black coat, which was buttoned tightly about him, was a bull-nosed .45 automatic.

The Apothecary Saw Yut Gar Reach Out His Hand and Touch the Poet's Arm

His hunger and his poverty and the misery of his sister's life had converted Sing Fang to a new enterprise. He had passed his word, and over the spurting blood of three white chickens he had whispered the complicated oath which made him a member of the Ling Yip Tong. In the left-hand pocket of the black coat was a thousand dollars in currency. The money was a retaining fee paid to him by Yut Gar.

The life of an active member of the Ling Yips rarely exceeds twelve months. Their killers are a well-paid lot. Yut Gar had suggested to the poet that the mask of his reputation would protect him in his work for many years; but the apothecary's prayer for the man about to die was more appropriate than Yut Gar's babbling optimism.

Thereafter for many days the poet's sister ate food of first quality and dressed in gentle fabrics.

On his table in his room above the Falling Tear Pawnshop his brushes were abandoned. No longer from the brushes' silken ends flowed the liquid syllables of the classics. The brushes were caked with black ink, but the ink was not so black as the new enterprise to which the poet had subscribed.

The first months of Sing Fang's affiliation with the Ling Yip Tong were devoted to the business of learning his weapon. A gunman of the tongs is not born with the ability to create a three-bullet pattern six inches in diameter at a range of fifty yards. In police circles it is known that the Ling Yip killings are midnight affairs, and midnight marksmanship means long weeks of practice boiled down to where accuracy becomes instinct. Neither do the Ling Yips shoot straight-armed. In twelve years San Francisco's Chinatown has known a dozen Ling Yip killings. Witnesses to five of their killings testified that the operative's hand was not extended, and that he shot with his right arm close against his side.

In the second room of the cellar under Yut Gar's store Sing Fang spent long hours in practice with his weapon. Behind heavy-barred doors through which no sound escaped, and with a boy to reload the pistol clips as fast as he could fire them, the poet fired hundreds and thousands of cartridges. Now and then Yut Gar would inspect the results of his practice, but from the merchant's lips no compliment was spoken until a nine-shot pattern destroyed but a half-inch disk of the pine target.

When Sing Fang was capable of superimposing nine copper-sheathed bullets Yut Gar spoke his first word of approval, and then just as Sing Fang was ready for the work before him the gods of evil intervened. A winging empty shell, twisting from the ejector hook of his .45, stripped a corner of the upper lid from the poet's right eye. For an hour he bore his pain in silence, and then at the appointed time the door of the target room was opened.

The poet made his way to the street level and dived across the alley to his own door. On the table in his room his warm tea and his rice stood ready. With the slow-clotting blood dripping from his upper eyelid, he awakened his sister. With her gentle hands Sing Toy fixed soft bandages above the poet's injured eye, and then into the night she made her way to Dupont Street, pausing in her flight before the doorway of the apothecary shop kept by Bow Lung.

The apothecary, roused from his sleep, looked from his window with the precaution born of long experience. Then quickly he opened his door to admit the poet's sister.

"Enter my house, Luster of Moonlight."

Sing Toy spoke at once of her brother's wound.

"Blood drips from his eye."

"The eyes of his soul were blinded by the touch of Yut Gar's hand. What was the manner of his injury?"

Sing Toy explained as best she could the cause of the accident. Bow Lung busied himself for a little while with the powders and ointments in the bottles and jars about him, and presently Sing Toy departed, carrying with her half a dozen packages of healing herbs and dressings for the poet's eye. A less tangible but more absolute possession which had been given to the keeping of Sing Toy was the gift of love for the girl which had suddenly flamed in Bow Lung's heart.

In the poet's room Sing Toy set the new bandages upon her brother's wound, thinking meanwhile of the apothecary and the words which he had spoken. Presently she told her brother of her meeting with Bow Lung, and then to Sing Fang out of the void of night there came a song, and in the song he seemed to learn that all his sorry world was right.

At dawn he returned to his work in the composing room of the newspaper.

That night Yut Gar sent for him. Entering the fish merchant's establishment, he was accosted by Yut Gar, who conducted him to the third back room in the cellar beneath the store. There to Sing Fang's disgust the fish merchant told him of his love for Sing Toy.

"The gossip of the streets connects the name of your sister with that of the apothecary. Bow Lung is one of the high council of the Lee Ming Tong, and the Lee Mings are blood enemies of the association to which you have sworn allegiance. Say to your sister that she shall marry me, and take upon yourself the obligation of destroying Bow Lung."

(Concluded on Page 54)

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 18, 1920

Our National Press Agent

CHEAP staples are taken for granted. The moment they become dear all eyes focus upon them, all tongues join the clamor for explanation. Every increase of price makes users more critical of quality, more alert to see that full count and weight are delivered, more determined to know the reason why if they are not. Five-cent sugar was not a matter for discussion. When it sold at thirty cents or higher it was a first-page story and every newspaper reader suddenly became an earnest student of the economics of the great household sweetener.

What is true of sugar and other staple commodities is true of government. There was a time, and not so very long ago, when Federal government was so cheap in comparison with our ability to pay for it that most men discharged their taxes as a matter of routine, with little or no scrutiny of the items that went to make up the modest total. Burdensome and unscientific taxation has changed all that. National government, together with its fixed charges and upkeep, is now costing us something like twelve or fifteen million dollars a day for every working day in the year. The high cost of government is advertising that institution far more effectually than the still, small voice of civic conscience speaking with the tongues of those who plead for good citizenship for its own sake.

There is no press agent like the taxgatherer. He who can take toll out of the people's pockets to the tune of twelve or fifteen million dollars a day, who can inspect their books at will, review all their business transactions and order their strong boxes turned out for his examination, issues an invitation to scrutinize the power behind him that no man of affairs can afford to decline. The thin whisper of publicist and reformer usually went unheeded. Not so the Boanerges voice of the tax collector. In the past few years his thunder tones have fixed more eyes on Washington than all the utterances of press and forum in a whole generation.

Government thus advertised was bound to get itself studied—not with the mild eye of the humble learner, but with the cold and hostile gaze of the overcharged buyer who knows that he will continue to play that unhappy part until he has the bowels to effect some bold and steady assertion of his rights.

An overtaxed nation may pay with patience. An ineptly taxed people is alert and querulous. The air is charged with discontent and with demands for change of system; men hesitate to make future commitments until reasonable certitude shall supplant guesswork; uncertainty and apprehension dam the current of business; government is under fire. No ill-considered plan of tax levy can be so involved that the plainest people will not in time pierce its intricacy and point out its faults. The galled horse knows where the saddle bites.

As master press agent the taxgatherer's only lapse is that he advertises the weaknesses of our government in such spread-eagle type that he has no space left in which to celebrate its virtues. It is perhaps assumed that if vices are corrected virtues will take care of themselves. In the meantime there is probably not one well-informed American in three who believes we are getting as good government as we are paying for, or who is not convinced that the business of the nation could be much better handled at considerably less expense. Dissatisfaction with the administration of Federal finances is no party matter.

Regardless of political affiliations, those who have studied our ailing administrative system speak with praise of the report of the commission appointed by Mr. Taft to look into the internal mechanism of our government and to call attention to its weak points. They say that this careful survey, together with its recommendations so long held in abeyance, is by no means obsolete, and that it contains many solid foundation stones upon which to base new construction. Both political parties are in favor of budgetary legislation and it is only a question of time when it shall be formulated and adopted.

Of all remedial agents, the one that is most important is so hard to come by that the doctors feel a natural diffidence in even mentioning it. It is as if they had discovered an infallible cure requiring the use of a mass of radium greater than the whole world's existing supply. Treatment demanding conditions that are seemingly impossible to fulfill does not appeal to practical minds, and for that reason little is said of the healing virtues of public-spirited unselfishness in government service. If patriotism were put ahead of politics, if national spirit should supersede local spirit with legislators and constituencies, there is no doubt that miracles could be wrought, though plainly the great miracle of all would have been performed when the hearts of politicians and of their home folk underwent that magical transformation.

Taking the matter by and large, it looks as if the taxgatherer had not advertised in vain. Granting that he ignored the virtues of his employers and played up only one of their weaknesses, the country's attention was nevertheless drawn to all the rest. There is no doubt that he set on foot the nation-wide demand for wiser, sharper-sighted and less costly government. It is scarcely likely that one grave weakness will be remedied without some constructive thought being bestowed upon all the others. If these happy anticipations shall be realized the nation will be vastly indebted to the imperfections of the existing revenue act for what it has indirectly accomplished. Its unprecedented advertisement of the cost and quality of government may well herald the coming of a better day.

The Lid

NOT the easiest question which faces the new Administration is just how lightly or how heavily it should sit upon the lid. This is one issue upon which every government always has had and always must have a policy. The Pharaohs, the Czar, Lenine, Lloyd George and the soon-to-be President Harding—all these and thousands of other governments have been obliged to draw a line and say: "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go in undermining and destroying the institutions of your country. This much freedom of opinion you may have, but no more."

Just as in the great cities thousands of policemen never cease their only partly successful efforts to keep peaceful citizens from being robbed and murdered, so there must be similar vigilance on the part of governments to keep from being overthrown. We take a great deal for granted here in peaceful, prosperous America. We expect to go about our individual ways untroubled and unmolested. We expect some third party whose existence, duties and difficulties always remain vague to protect our lives and property, and we are aware in only an indifferent, impersonal sort of way that criminals and degenerates have no respect for life and property.

But how much vaguer, how much more indefinite is the general attitude toward those unbalanced, defective and vicious elements who would make an omelet of the government and institutions which have come to be regarded as distinctively American. We dismiss this question of freedom of speech versus repression and oppression far too easily and lightly. Mister Average Citizen prefers to leave this annoying subject to the Government. His opinion on the question of free speech is very hazy, or perhaps merely childishly passionate. It is rarely reached with anything like the degree of cold reasoning power that he applies to the errors in a baseball game or the blunders of a football quarterback.

To most American citizens "repression" is a hateful word. We detest the tyranny of censorship, and suspect those who favor repression of being bigots.

Criticism and reform are ingredients without which our national life would be a mockery. Repression of ideas and of free speech looks to most of us like a priority order straight for Hades. Coercion seems more like a stimulant than an antidote to wrong ideas. What government, what institutions are worth saving if they languish and perish in the dry sunlight of open discussion?

For a broad, general philosophy on freedom of speech this will do very well. It is just the stuff for the genial private citizen who lets George do it and is willing that "they" should worry, provided only his business is not disturbed and nothing prevents his Saturday and Sunday golf. But how about the mayors and aldermen who must grant or withhold permits for socialist street meetings? How about the expulsion of socialists from state legislatures? What of teachers who are suspected of fomenting the overthrow of the very government which employs them?

And even these are only the few outward references in conventional newspapers to that stirring, yeasty mess under the lid which government must daily take cognizance of, either to let alone or combat. For the average citizen never sees the great mass of frenzied, passionate, inflammatory and to a large extent actually falsifying literature which is served out to the ignorant and often unfortunate alien and diseased elements of our population. It is said that if you sit on the lid the mess will blow up. But how about the venomous, inflammatory and more or less professional instigators of disorder who deliberately lift the lid to throw in another yeast cake?

It is a waste of time to talk about educating or Americanizing that minority element which rocks the boat as an end in itself and for the fun and excitement of the thing. To the actual revolutionist there is nothing worth saving, there is nothing but evil in American institutions. To allow this group free scope is not a part of liberty or freedom, but springs from the sheer cowardice, moral degeneration and inexcusable laziness of public opinion.

It is a tremendously difficult task, of course, for any government, for any constituted authority to sift out of the natural and wholesome body of discontent and criticism the elements produced by sheer falsification, by outright venom or far more often by unbalanced mentality. Who can say where the hard-and-fast line shall be drawn? But that a line must be drawn somewhere is certain as long as we as individuals desire protection for our lives or any of our property. For a government to protect the lives and property of a man and at the same time permit any spreading by him of the doctrine that nothing is worth saving and that no loyalty is due to the fundamentals of government is a logical absurdity.

The men and women who feel that citizenship involves obligations as well as privileges must do more thinking on this subject, and seek to formulate in their own minds definite, reasoned-out views on the limits beyond which freedom of speech cannot be allowed. That would be a great deal more helpful than merely sneering at the Federal or local governments every time they make a decision or take action on this vexed question. Is there any need of saying that governmental policies in dealing with freedom of speech would be far wiser if backed up by an interested and alert rather than a somewhat bored public opinion?

THE WAY OF CAPITAL

With Washington—By George Kibbe Turner

DECORATIONS BY DOUGLAS RYAN

WE HAVE seen how capital secured its present mortgage on American corporations through its well-known relations with Wall Street—the street of bonds; we have observed how it grasped control of these corporations, past and present, through its relations with Broad Street—the street of stocks.

We shall now follow it as it moves on to its present relations with Washington, which came about, as all understand, through the circumstances of war.

It is only fair to Washington to state that at the outset nothing was further from its purposes than relations of this kind. In the period we will start considering, just previous to the recent war, the national administration, as is well known, was in the hands of the leaders of the great American agrarian movement which for more than a generation had been rolling up in the agricultural as distinct from the industrial sections of the country, and which, though often addressing corporate capital, did not habitually speak to it in friendly or even jesting terms.

This agrarian movement—as is familiar to all voters of more than forty—so far as capital was concerned, was interested first of all in the railroad corporations, as against all others, that being the one great branch of corporate capital with which it had practical and tangible business and political relations.

In the seventies it began in the Mississippi Valley the control of railroad rates by state railroad commissioners. In the late eighties it made this check on railroad capital national through the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington. Some fifteen years ago it forced the filing of uniform accounts of railroads with this commission and turned a much-needed light on the dark question of the relations of the railroads with Wall Street management.

Railroad-Baiting

THESE reforms proved very popular with all classes of shippers in the United States, and to them was due in no small part the fact that American freight rates were the lowest in the world; and where a century ago it would have cost a farmer one hundred dollars to get a ton of wheat from Buffalo to New York, now a ton of freight could be moved a mile for one cent or less.

In spite of this great national achievement, however, capital at the opening of, and almost a decade before, the World War gave warning in a thoroughly characteristic fashion that this situation could not indefinitely continue in the railroads. American railroads required, according to their close observers, a billion dollars of new investment a year to do their work properly. This sum capital obstinately refused to furnish on a number of grounds, chief of which was that American railroads were not now earning enough money to make this investment worth while, or in many cases not even enough to keep them out of bankruptcy.

The transportation system of the country, therefore, even at that early time gave signs of the situation which capital was later to force upon the country through this means. But it was not in this place that capital was to establish the first of its well-known relations with Washington during the recent war, but in another and an indirect way, through the familiar difficulties which were now being encountered by those other semipublic, semiprivate institutions, the banks.

The reform of the American banking system, which had been on its way for more than a decade, was finally, as all know, consummated by the agrarian administration at Washington just before the European war, and constituted one of the greatest of its achievements. Not only was it calculated to curb the power of Wall Street by a decentralization of the so-called money power but it gave the country at large a greater, stronger, more flexible banking system, without which it is doubtful whether the financial system of this country could have survived the terrible strain put upon it by war. It is therefore all the more striking to note that the first compulsion which capital placed upon Washington was through the medium of the national or commercial banks, whose position had been recently so much strengthened.

The banks and the insurance companies, as has been seen, represented the branch of American capital most early and deeply interested in railroad bonds, especially the now seventy-five million people or more interested through the eleven million individual deposits of old-age funds in the savings banks, and the more than forty million policies contributing the death-fund investment of the insurance companies. To these the railroad bonds had proved in many ways a disappointment.

Shrinkage of Capital

THE dogmatic views expressed by the great experts of Wall Street some fifteen years ago concerning the future returns of capital had not in the first place been entirely justified by events. The day of the two per cent interest rate, so confidently expected by the sellers of the three and a half per cent railroad bonds, had not and has not yet arrived; and the high railroad official who had put out three and a half per cent bonds for twenty-five instead of one hundred years in the expectation of getting money more cheaply than that in 1925 was doubtless wondering, and doubtless still is, concerning the rate which capital would impose upon his railroad at the approaching refunding of its three and a half per cent bonds upon that date.

The rising rate of interest, however, as is well known, was not an unmixed triumph for capital, especially the branch of capital represented by the banks and the insurance companies. Together they held at least a quarter of the twelve billion dollars of railroad bonds of the country—a great proportion of them, secured soon after the railroad reorganization period, paying very low rates of interest indeed; and the fall in market value of the safe, reliable three and a half per cent railroad bonds because of this now relatively low interest rate had already been so large that it was no longer feasible to charge them at their current prices and make both ends of the banks' statements meet properly. So more and more the custom grew, in state and state savings banks, of disregarding the current market value of bonds in the report required of them by law and relying on the apparently undeniable fact that these bonds would be good at their maturity. This, of course, was done with the consent and approval of law and authority in the various states.

It remained for the coming of war to bring the national banks into this situation. But when in 1914 all sorts of American securities were dumped by European capital upon the American market in the first excitement of Europe over war, the comptroller of the currency recognized the awkward situation into which capital was forcing this country, and instructed the national-bank examiners that national banks need not be required to charge down their bond holdings to current prices. The situation being forced by capital through the banks upon the states

and nation, it will be seen, was embarrassing in the extreme. The national banks held an investment almost equaling three-quarters of their capital stock in railroad and other public service bonds. To them, in company with the savings banks and the insurance companies, had come a total loss measured by current prices rising into hundreds of millions of dollars through the fall of the values of its sound, high-grade, low interest bearing bonds. They would be all essentially sound, it was believed, at maturity, and obviously it would not do to alarm the public through published statements of the figures at which banks' bondholdings could be liquidated at current prices, when there must be and was to be no liquidation of banks, especially now at the opening of the war.

This, then, was the first relation which corporate capital forced upon a reluctant Washington under the pressure of war or approaching war. The comptroller of the currency, in fact, interested through this unpleasant situation in the banks, went so far in his first report following the war's opening as to suggest some relaxation of Washington's severity upon the capital investment in the railroads.

"The average freight and passenger rates permitted to our railroads," he writes, "in the past year"—1917—"were about thirty per cent under the average rate of thirty years ago, while the wages paid in many instances have increased one hundred, and the cost of materials, in cases, to one hundred or in some cases to over one hundred per cent."

Many of the roads, he feared, following the conditions of the opening of war, without higher rates or some other relief would be unable to meet their fixed charges and maintain solvency.

Here was a new and arresting note of warning, a whisper of another possible period of general bankruptcy for railroads from the lips of a high Federal official who had had, it may be said incidentally, both a railroad and financial experience. The cost of railroad materials had risen, the cost of wages had gone up, with the approval and in fact the assistance of Washington; but the rates were inflexibly held down by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The New Relation With Capital

AND now the official railroad reports to the commission began to confirm the comptroller of the currency's fears. Minus signs appeared at the end of the operating account of railroads covering a large portion of the area of the United States. And again rose the ancient fear of capital, not only that the interest rate was too low on the one boasted safe corporate security yet secured in America, but that there was even danger that that rate would not be earned and the general financial chaos of the railroads in the nineties would be repeated. In that case, of course, as the comptroller of the currency foresaw, a still greater loss than had already accrued would take place in the banking institutions of the country.

It was at this time, as all know, that the national Government averted this crisis, together with others, by establishing its second relation with capital which was accomplished by the taking over of the railroads into its own operation under a guaranty of previous earnings. It was believed by many that in consenting to this arrangement capital committed a serious error in judgment. The Government, they felt, with its power of economy in operating the railroads as a whole, and its further ability of securing all the money it required at low interest rates, having once obtained the railroads would never hand back to private capital that master key to the economic situation on the continent.

However this might be, the second relation between capital and Washington had been definitely established; and now Washington, upon and following the opening of the war, was engaged upon new problems of finance to which the matter of railroad investment was as mental arithmetic to integral calculus.

The gross capital investment, as we have since been assured, represented in American railroads came somewhat short of twenty billion dollars. It had taken more than three-quarters of a century to raise this amount. But at the very opening of the war it was stated with some authority that this country, acting through Washington, would require not less than fifteen billion dollars to carry on this war, this sum to be provided by the American people in some way within two or three years. Not unnaturally Washington laid aside the railroad as a minor detail and devoted itself to this higher problem of finance, having on its hands what might be called in popular parlance the pulling off of a financial miracle. In doing this it found itself face to face again with capital, especially corporate capital, in the way which we are now about to describe.

It was the early avowed intention of Washington to finance the war so far as possible by the thrift and self-denial of the general population, which would create a great patriotic saving equal to a great emergency.

"Tighten the belt!" was the cry and national watchword. But thrift, it was soon seen, was not destined to win the war—for several reasons, the first of which, of course, was that thrift was not going to be practiced by the American public as a whole, as is now clear to all, not only by common observation but by the calculations of the statistical economists.

As Dr. David Friday, the one of these who has perhaps given most detailed consideration and most careful study to the problem, has remarked to his fellows in the American Economic Association, in the quaint speech of the statistical scientist: "The reason for increased national savings is to be found not in the expression of our indomitable spirit through self-negation, but in the incidence of the institution of war upon our industrial institutions and processes." In more common homespun English, our share in the war was about to be financed not by savings, but by war profits, especially those made just previous to our entering the war.

For the consumption of the American people did not decrease, compared with the period previous to the European War—it increased; as not only Doctor Friday, but other great statistical economists, such as, for example, Dr. W. I. King, agree in stating. The savings came through a burst of pecuniary fortune incident to war too large to be spent, which was to finance the war and in which Washington was again to find itself confronted by corporate capital, as shown most interestingly by Doctor Friday and others in various publications.

The so-called capital accumulations of the country, or the excess of production over consumption available for reinvestment in the processes or machinery of new production, are a difficult matter for exact calculation, but various estimates have been made of them, which are not far apart. We have seen a time—no longer ago than the middle nineties—when the amount was very small indeed in this country. It had grown already with great rapidity; and just previous to the World War it ran somewhere between six billion four hundred million dollars and seven billion five hundred million dollars a year, the former figure being that of Doctor Friday and the latter that of Mr. George E. Roberts, the well-known expert of the great National City Bank of New York; while Sir George Paish, the English expert, estimated it at a little less than seven billion dollars. This sum, of course, includes all types of increase in capital—in real-estate improvement, building, corporate capital and all else.

This sum appeared large, but it was a trifle compared to what came to this country following the outbreak of war in Europe in 1914. The profits, or saved excess of production over consumption, of this period in the United States, as reported to the United States Government tax gatherers, became like nothing in past history. Their calculations, worked out in Doctor Friday's statistics, make Golconda and the California gold discoveries look like the estimated receipts of a church social. In 1913 it is figured by Doctor Friday that these savings of the United States were six billion four hundred million dollars; in 1915 they had jumped to nine billion dollars; in 1916 they were fourteen billion five hundred million dollars; in 1917, eighteen billion dollars; and in 1918, twenty-two billion dollars.

Shining Targets for Taxation

THESE amounts were variously distributed in various years, Doctor Friday shows. Corporate capital, after payment of dividends and taxes, stored up in different years from a quarter to a little more than a third of this total accumulation. Other business enterprises averaged about one-fifth, the farmers a little more than a quarter, while all other savings averaged more than a quarter more.

Of this a great share disappeared in the unrecorded smaller holdings of individuals. One share alone remained tangible and concrete—that accumulated by corporate capital. This, with some additions invested from outside, Doctor Friday calculates, increased the corporate capital investment, mostly in so-called industrial plants in this country, in three or four years somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen billion dollars, a sum nearly equal to all the accumulations of three-quarters of a century in American railroads, and suggestively identical with the at first expected expense of the United States in the World War.

The power of suggestion, however, was in no way required to bring the corporation and corporate capital in general to the attention of Washington in connection with taxation. The railroads of the country, being the largest and most accessible of corporations, had been heavily and increasingly taxed by all political bodies, national, state and local, especially in the previous twenty years. They were taxed, in fact, much more heavily than was corporate capital in other industries. But now the accumulation of new profits and capital investment coming into the so-called industrial enterprises, it was these which were principally to establish the next well-known relation of capital to Washington, the details of which follow.

The income tax, as opposed to the tariff or customs tax, was one of the first of the important measures of the incoming agrarian administration at Washington, as contrasted with the industrial administration which had preceded it.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

The World Coal Problem

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE world is no longer a place where any race of men can live an isolated existence and still rank in the forefront of civilized peoples. The oceans have been spanned for transport and communication, so that all modern nations are now closely related. When the population of one country suffers from poverty and a lack of food the vitality of the people is lowered and the disease germs that prey on human bodies find an opportunity to increase and grow strong, finally crossing into other lands, spreading pestilence broadcast. In similar fashion all nations must suffer when an industrial or financial disaster occurs in any one.

One subject that always seems to be troubling the people of the United States is the fuel problem. Though we produce approximately one-half of the world's coal, we seldom can feel sure that the coal situation in coming months will be satisfactory as to the adequacy of supplies and the prices asked. One year follows another, and still the citizens of the United States continue to worry and grow gray fretting over the purchase of a sufficient amount of a leading necessity of life which can easily be stored away in the season of plenty for use when the need is urgent. A nation's supply of food may be affected seriously by unfavorable climatic conditions; but our output of fuel can be maintained day in and day out with very little hindrance from winter's storms or summer's heat.

After passing through many trying months of unreasonable coal prices and moderate coal shortage we had just crossed the high peak of all our coal troubles and started on the down grade to a better fuel day when the British miners decided to lay down their tools and entirely stop the production of coal in the second largest coal-producing nation in the world. Europe has been supplied with fuel from British collieries for decades, and the natural question rises as to what Europe will do for coal this winter if the British miners fail to make up the deficit created by the strike of the workers. Will America be called upon to help relieve the situation; and if so, what shall we be able to do and how will our action affect the prices of coal here in the United States?

Before the foreign coal situation can be discussed intelligently it is necessary to review certain facts relating to fuel prices and conditions here in the United States at the present time. Ten or fifteen years ago soft coal could be mined and put on railroad cars in many parts of this country for seventy or eighty cents a ton. Up until the commencement of the war the average cost of producing coal at the mines amounted to but little more than a dollar a ton. Wages and materials advanced in price, and to-day the average cost of producing coal here in America is in the neighborhood of three dollars a ton. Not so long ago the cost of hauling a ton of coal by rail from Eastern mines to tidewater was about one dollar and ten cents. To-day this rate is about two dollars and eighty-eight cents, which includes the war tax. Some years ago the water rate for carrying a ton of coal from Hampton Roads to New England was sixty cents a ton. To-day this charge for ocean transportation is about two dollars and seventy-five cents a ton. Allowing for the dealer's profit, and adding hauling and handling charges from the hold of the ship to the coal bin of the consumer, it is evident that bituminous coal in New England should retail for about ten dollars a ton.

So long as mining, hauling and handling costs remain at present levels there is little hope that soft coal can be sold in New England or at points distant from coal-producing regions for less than ten dollars a ton. However, most of the coal distributed this year has brought twelve dollars or more a ton. It is now commonly known that the majority of the producers of bituminous coal have grabbed every penny the market would allow. Not even old friends of the coal industry can longer deny that the business of producing coal in 1920 has been conducted with small regard for high standards of morality and business ethics. Federal rulings with reference to the distribution and use of railroad cars have been freely taken advantage of to advance selfish interests, with very little consideration given to the nation's welfare. Generally speaking, the members of the coal-producing fraternity have exhibited none too much patriotism this year in supplying the nation with fuel, and this short-sighted policy has been followed notwithstanding the fact that all are aware the present time is a critical period in the history of the country.

When the true story of the present reconstruction era is written it will be mostly a tale of a time when humanity at large adopted the rule "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Very few industries will emerge with lily-white reputations; and when it comes to character, the majority of the labor unions will find theirs no less spotted. A minority of citizens have persecuted a majority. The interesting question is, Will the majority remember the why and wherefore of its sufferings in the inevitable day of reckoning that industries must face? In Indiana the legislature has already enacted a law fixing the price at which coal may be sold within that state. If the law stands the test in the courts other states will likely follow the Indiana program, and slowly but surely the business of producing and selling fuel will come under state and Federal control.

There is no possible doubt but that the next Congress will disclose that many honest, earnest and thoughtful legislators are sincere advocates of strict Federal control of the coal industry. These men will strengthen their arguments by reciting true stories of flagrant coal profiteering carried on by all classes from big operators down the line to small-town retailers. Fly-by-night speculators from outside the industry also have taken a hand in the game; but their activities could not have extended far or amounted to much if they had not found large coal men willing to cooperate with them.

When the coal industry goes wrong the results are worse than when most other businesses transgress. An unreasonable price for coal means higher everything else. All the members of the coal industry know this, and yet those in control of this basic business have failed to take advantage of the greatest opportunity ever presented to industrial leaders to work for the public good and set an example for lesser industries to follow.

Perhaps it would not be pleasant for a group of far-seeing members of an industry to condemn the methods of their wayward, dollar-chasing brothers; but it would be a mighty healthy sign to a patient public who are asking for some indication that the conduct of primary businesses can be left to the independent judgment of individuals engaged in the business. Actions speak louder than arguments, which is only another way of saying that some of our captains of industry have done more to further the cause of government control of basic businesses than all the statements emanating in recent times from the most radical of our socialistic citizens.

So much for one man's opinion of present coal prices and practices. Let me now touch on the question of the British coal strike and the problem of supplying the world with fuel this winter.

Coal strikes such as the one in Great Britain cannot last long, for if they did the whole British nation, as well as other countries dependent on English and Welsh coal, would be completely prostrated. Here in America, when we have a bituminous strike, the mines of the country still continue to produce thirty or forty per cent of the normal output. In other words, we have a lot of non-union mines which go on working when the organized men walk out. A strike in Great Britain means the closing down of practically every colliery and a complete cessation of all coal production. Therefore, the very seriousness of such a situation was certain to prevent the shutdown from continuing for long.

Just as the British strike commenced the outlook for lower coal prices in the United States was becoming very bright. The rate of weekly consumption was falling off rather than increasing, while output was growing and stocks of coal throughout the country were becoming larger each day. According to one of my friends who has just returned from a trip of investigation abroad, there were ten cargoes of American coal that had been sent abroad on pure speculation which could not be sold at the prices asked.

In other words the European market had finally become well supplied with fuel, and American coal at abnormal prices could no longer be disposed of and was not urgently needed.

When the British miners walked out, Great Britain had a good stock of coal on hand, and practically all the available railroad cars were likewise filled. France had prewar supplies on hand, and Italy was in the best shape in respect to coal stocks she had been in in recent times. All of this augured well for Europe in case the British trouble was quickly settled.

Now, as for America, at the time the British strike started we were exporting coal at the rate of sixty-five million tons a year. This is practically every pound of coal that can be loaded into ships at our Atlantic ports. Therefore, if the British strike had lasted for months it would have had no more effect on our production and distribution of coal than was the case in recent weeks prior to the British shutdown.

If all of Europe were crying for American coal we could not furnish that part of the world much more than we have sent them this year unless we built new coal docks or enlarged the ones we have. Such new developments could not be completed quickly.

The other side of the story is that whereas the market for American coal in Europe had largely petered out, the British strike will likely cause a renewed demand, and this will tend to keep up prices and thereby affect domestic consumers. New England still needs a large quantity of coal, according to reports from various chambers of commerce, and unless there is some curb placed on exports to foreign countries this section of the United States may be adversely affected in the matter of its coal supply by the European situation. But taking it by

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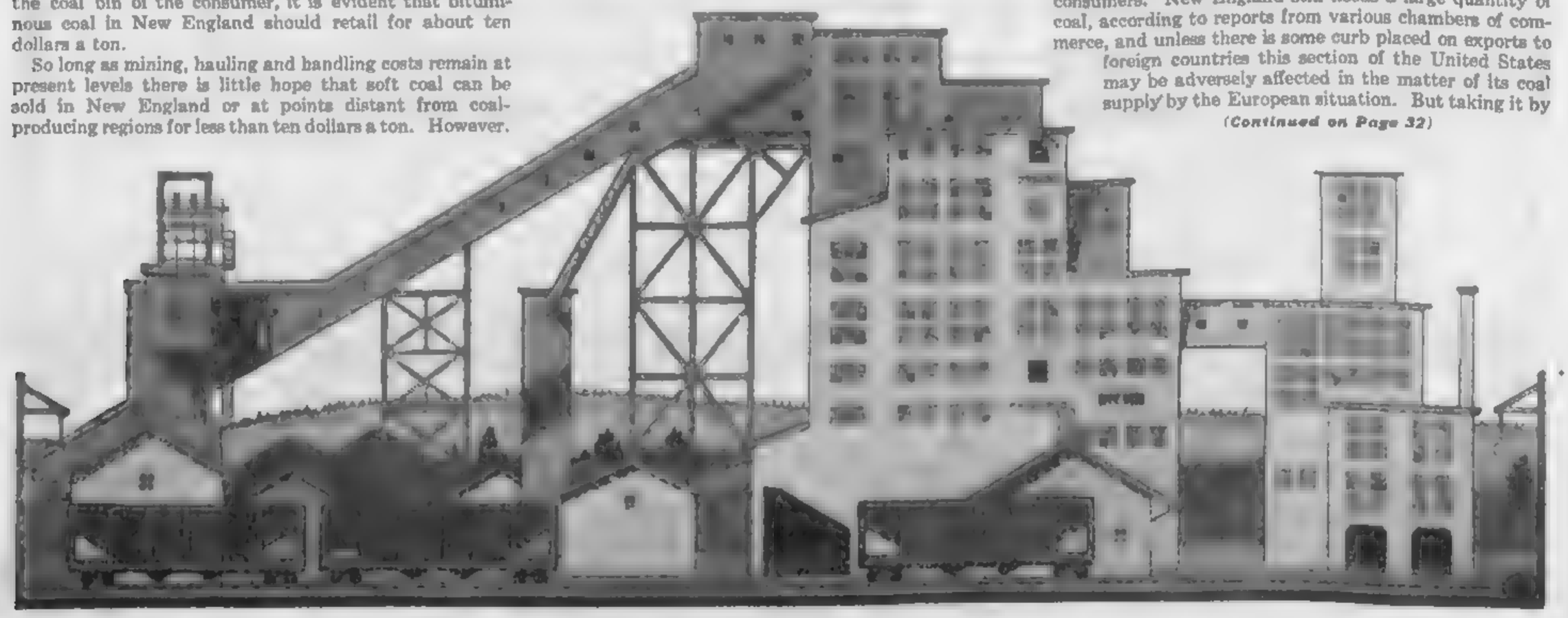

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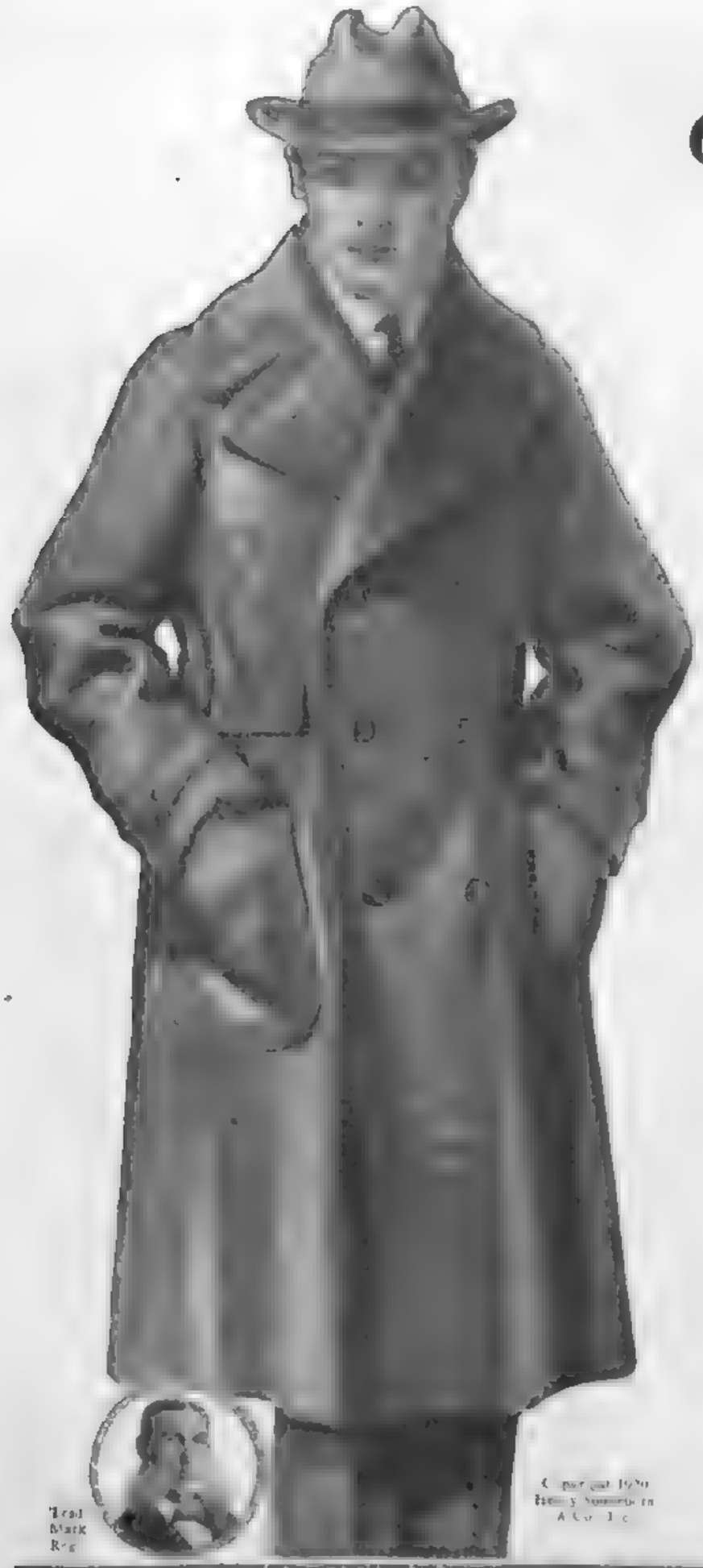

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and large, the effect of a coal strike in Europe should not hurt our domestic fuel situation materially, and will not injure us at all if our own transportation systems function efficiently.

As I have stated frequently, there is practically no limit to our ability to produce coal, even with present equipment. In the greatest year on record we worked our mines only two hundred and fifty-eight days, and in this time of abnormal industrial activity we produced thirty million more tons of coal than the nation could consume and export. We will not work nearly that many days this year, and our producing capacity is considerably larger than it was in the year of record production just mentioned. It is evident, therefore, that even if we had some way to load coal into ships for European consumption the capacity of our mines would not be taxed to supply the additional tonnage.

Every well-wisher of America should be glad to see our exports of coal grow to large figures, for we have resources that are practically inexhaustible, and a productive capacity which if properly utilized is far beyond our domestic needs. The more days we work our mines the better the earnings of American miners and the more moderate will be their wage demands. One of the principal reasons for high wages in our collieries is because the men work so few days each year.

But let no one jump at the conclusion that America is going to capture the European coal markets or even the South American markets right away. Great Britain will present the world with the spectacle of how a nation that knows the game and plays in accordance with wise, recognized principles can effect a comeback when conditions are once again propitious and take the trade away from opportunists who have failed signally in turning a temporary, accidental advantage into a permanent gain. One of the first rules the Britishers learned was to live up to all contracts scrupulously. Undisputed stories from the foreign markets fail to indicate very strict American observance of this first and fundamental business rule. Much of our foreign business in coal has been conducted in such a way that it is difficult to know whether to get mad or just laugh.

Whether the British mines remained idle one week or ten, the crisis created should furnish food for thought on the part of all people in every country who appreciate the closeness of the economic bonds that now tie the great nations of the world together. The fundamental facts to consider are these: Great Britain's world power has been built chiefly on its production and trade in coal. Not many years ago the British produced more coal than any other nation in the world. Up until the commencement of the war coal was the foundation of British foreign trade. Great Britain has no local oil fields, and must count on coal now and in the future as the nation's natural source of heat and power. The British also recognize better than any other people that coal is now and will continue to be the world's principal fuel. The total production of coal in the world to-day is about one billion four hundred million tons per annum, while the corresponding output of petroleum is less than eighty million tons.

Now, with these thoughts in mind, let us examine the British coal situation from another angle. In 1913 the mines of Great Britain produced two hundred and eighty-eight million tons of coal. This year, even if there had been no strike, the British collieries would have produced less than two hundred and forty million tons. This decrease in itself is not significant until we take into account that nearly one hundred thousand more men were employed in the mines in 1920 than in 1913. In other words, the British miners are deliberately pursuing the policy of curtailing the output of each worker. In 1913 the average annual earnings of all classes of British mine workers, including boys, was three hundred and ninety-four dollars. In 1920 the estimated average annual earnings would have been one thousand and fifty-six dollars if the men had not gone on strike. Prior to the war the miners worked eight hours, while the present working day is only seven.

Next, let us note the British miner's record of production over a period of years. The output of coal averaged four hundred and nineteen tons for each underground employee in 1906. From that year until the present time there has been a steady decline in the individual output of British miners, until to-day the production by each underground worker amounts to only about three hundred and twenty tons a year. Now compare this with coal mining in the United States. In 1906 the American miner produced approximately seven hundred and fifty tons a man per annum. From that time up to the present day the output of the American miner has steadily increased, until he is now producing about eleven hundred and twenty-five tons a year. More than eighty-five per cent of the American coal is mined by machines, while more than eighty-eight per cent of the British coal is mined by hand.

Therefore, let no one mistake the lesson of the British strike. It is a plain example of what a small minority of organized workers can do to a great, proud nation, if the men are willing to follow leaders who prefer a small local victory to the prosperity and future world position of their native country. The British strike followed soon after the International Congress of Miners, which was held at Geneva, Switzerland, last August. This world convention of mine workers affirmed in principle the nationalization of the coal industry in every country. The method of realizing the objective was left undefined. Perhaps the tragedy in Great Britain indicates in a general way the plan to be followed.

Anyone in the United States who views the British coal situation only in the light of its effect on our coal exports is in a class with the fellow who jumped into the river to get out of the rain. We are living in an age when a proper understanding of world events can be obtained only by a careful reading between the lines.

Building a Concrete Road With Modern Machinery

Roads—Past and Present

THE history of road building is a detailed record of the progress of civilization. It might be hard to prove, but it would be even more difficult to deny, that the success of the greatest of all ancient empires was based on the superior ability of the nation in the art of road building. The chief result of the wars of the Romans with the Carthaginians was that the former acquired an interest in as well as knowledge of the work of highway construction.

Once the seed of the good-roads idea was planted in the minds of the followers of Cæsar the thought was quickly brought to fruition. In its career of conquest Rome built twenty-nine great highways, which, from a central milestone in the Eternal City, radiated out into the different provinces. At the present time Washington is following the example of the famous Old World capital by establishing such a starting point known as the Zero Milestone, for the roads leading to various parts of the United States. This action has been authorized by Congress, and in the future all the great national highways of America will be regarded as commencing at this basic point located immediately back of the White House. Thus history repeats itself.

The road builders to-day are engaged in one of the oldest of all industries. Nearly six thousand years ago ancient engineers constructed a highway to permit the passage of stones for the erection of the Pyramids. The completion of the road required the work of one hundred thousand men for a period of ten years. The road was constructed of stone blocks, some of which are ten feet thick, as is revealed by ruins recently uncovered. Two thousand years later a road was built between Babylon and Nineveh. It was a broad, well-graded highway and was paved with brick set in a mortar of asphalt.

The principal purpose of the roads of the ancients was to permit the rapid movement of armies and the transportation of munitions of war. Later these highways became channels of commerce. They were substitutes for the railways and telegraph of modern times and eventually became important factors in the intellectual and industrial development of the Old World.

Toll roads flourished in the days of Syria and Babylon, and, notwithstanding the centuries that have passed, the tollhouse with its gate still survives in a few parts of our country. Only a few years ago the oldest broken-stone road in the United States, which was located in Pennsylvania and built from funds supplied by private capital, still collected toll from those who passed over the highway, though this road was the chief avenue of entrance to a busy city of nearly forty thousand people.

No story concerning roads would be complete without mention of the Appian Way of the Roman Empire, begun by Appius Claudius about 312 B. C. This highway, like all those constructed by the Romans, was built in the most substantial manner and had a length of three hundred and sixty miles. In this connection it is interesting to note that highways constructed according to the same standards in the United States now would cost more than two hundred and sixty thousand dollars per mile. The present average capital investment in roads in the United States is only about five thousand dollars per mile of highway.

Not only were the Romans competent road builders but they were experts in the construction of bridges. In the slang of the present moment Cæsar pulled some fake hero stuff when he crossed the River Rubicon and burned his bridges behind him. The great Roman general had the world's champion corps of bridge-building engineers in his army, and it is certain that if circumstances had rendered it necessary the Romans would have been able to get back to the other side of the river in record time. Examples showing the excellence of the Roman bridges are still visible in those parts of Europe that were once overrun by the hosts of Cæsar.

When road building ceased the Dark Ages commenced. Feuds started and warring factions locked themselves into

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We have the happy feeling that the same influences are constantly at work among those who own Cadillac motor cars and those who do not.

It seems to us that the plain simple facts of the case must appeal with almost equal force to both of them.

The chief difference is that the Cadillac owner arrives at certain conclusions through experience, while the non-owner reaches the same conclusion by observation and hearsay.

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C A D I L L A C

MY SON

(Continued from Page 23)

I Took the Old Box of Sermons Up Into the Attic. My Faith in Them Had Not Failed

first and second Epistles of the Apostles, the Acts to guide him in practical service. And if he ought to touch up his congregation with a little harshness he can always find it in the Old Testament. I never thought much of Solomon as a Christian man, but he had a dolorous wisdom of life that suits the taste of the bitterer saints. And if there is some transgressor in his congregation who he knows ought to be searched out and attended to, it is not necessary to call him by name and hurt his feelings. The preacher has only to take his text from the right Psalm, because David has prepared all the rituals of penitence any kind of sinner needs. If he wants eloquence to inspire him there is Isaiah, the most nobly eloquent man, living or dead, without one strain of Promethean impotence in the torrential splendors of his great spirit.

One Sunday Peter read the Ten Commandments, and then preached, you may say, at random on the moral law. He did not take these commandments one by one and test his people with them. He did not quote from Moses or any other Scripture. But he said a good deal in this sermon, which I believe was quoted, more than you could prove, because you could not tell exactly when he passed from Hegel to Hobbes, except that now and then he seemed to strike a sort of intellectual air pocket when he dropped in plain view of the humbler intelligences in his congregation. I watched him, and I was bound to conclude that these descents were the only parts of that discourse which he had got from his own thinking, and all of it was seventh cousin removed from the Scriptures, which are always addressed personally to "you" and may always be recognized by that.

Finally he passed entirely out of sight in a sort of passive-verb obscurity though he was mounted on what he called Kant's "categorical imperative."

I remember an old man named Glass who lived years ago in one of our college towns. He was distinguished for his simplicity and for the fact that he was almost stone-deaf. He had not attended religious services for thirty years on this account. But having learned that a celebrated doctor of divinity would preach on the psychology of Saint Paul he dusted his coat, combed his long white beard and went to church that day. He sat on the front bench, leaning far forward, his doddering old head cocked to one side, his hand cupped back of his best ear, and his eyes fixed in a sort of rheumy astonishment on the great man, who read what he had to say about the vertebra of Saint Paul's spiritual nature in a moderate speaking voice, no animation, no gestures to hearten up this wasteful use of good English, dully assembled.

Peter's congregation regarded him much in the same manner on this occasion. They were plain people out of an enterprising country town, well dressed, comfortable, but not furbished up mentally, accustomed all their church lives to doctrines and amens and evangelistic preaching. They backslid right there. I saw them do it. They listened with a concentrated attention which they would never have given to a plain gospel sermon. Peter had them on their mettle. They were determined to understand him if it were humanly possible. This was the height of their ambition, to skin the cat intellectually whenever he did.

The modern preachers seem to me to be divided into at least two classes—those who really do preach the gospel but without any vital faith in its power to move the people, and those who preach just ethics, which is not preaching at all. It is offering a set of fashionable people or unfashionable people who have not been regenerated his own favorite butternut pattern of morals. Maybe he tells them from which firm of writers he gets it, maybe he does not. It comes to the same thing. What he says does not carry with it the power of conviction.

You cannot go on being meek all the time, not even if you are old and everybody has passed you in the dust of the road. There comes a day when you get a vision through a rift in this dust, you see the mountains shaking. You know something is going to happen, and you get up for one brief moment to bar the way and stop this foolishness. You do not succeed. Nobody sees you, but you have the indignant consolation of having had your say.

I waited that day until Peter had taken his Sabbath-afternoon rest, but when he came out in the cool of the evening to sit behind the vines on the porch I was there.

He made some remark about what a pleasant day this had been, and seeing that he did not refer entirely to the admirable autumn weather, but to some feeling of personal satisfaction he had in it, I replied briefly in the affirmative just wide enough to cover the day. He asked me if I noticed what a large congregation he had at the morning service. I admitted that a great many people were there.

"I never preached to a more attentive audience!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, they listened as if they were deaf," I answered.

He glanced at me inquiringly.

"What was that you quoted, toward the last of your sermon?" I asked.

He was pleased. When you are young and do not know how simple real wisdom is, and have just preached a learned discourse, you do crave the humbler admiration of your fellow men, even if it is only your old gray-haired mother.

"Oh, yes," he answered; "I hope they all got that. It sums up the whole business of living: 'Act only on the maxim which thou canst at the same time will to become the universal law,'" he repeated sonorously.

"Why didn't you quote Matthew, seventh chapter and twelfth verse, then, without calling it somebody's categorical imperative?" I demanded.

He flirted his head round and caught the look I was giving him over the top of my glasses.

"It was a plagiarism of the Golden Rule, but I doubt if your congregation recognized it, fussed up in that egotistical thunder of words," I said.

Peter was regarding me as you do a member of your family who shows the impudence of invincible ignorance.

"Mother!" he exclaimed. "You are referring to one of the greatest thinkers of the age."

"And I am reminding you of the greatest Teacher of all ages, who said the same thing so simply that a wayfaring man could understand it and do it without puffing himself up by willing it on the rest of us as universal law. That man didn't think it, Peter; he learned it, and then hid it in philosophical terms, as doctors and lawyers conceal the plain meaning of medicines and laws in Latin words and big phrases," I told him.

He was silent, not from regret but from filial repression. I took the advantage of him that Nature gave me and went on speaking.

"You are whitewashing your people, Peter. You are not teaching them to live by faith and to do the will of God. You are teaching them how to choose a convenient pattern of morals for this present world. You read the Ten Commandments this morning; then you quoted, but you scarcely mentioned Moses, who led an undisciplined people through lands and wildernesses for forty years, not because he taught them that these were the principles of moral law but because he taught them to believe that they were literally from the Lord Almighty. Could a single man you quoted this morning lead a people by reading them his own essays on morals? They could not. They lack that authority of true prophets—'Thus saith the Lord'"

I got up heavily out of my chair, feeling very much moved because I had not moved Peter. I was about to pass into the house through the door behind him when I had another thought. Sometimes I fear that this will happen to me after my last breath is gone, that I may have a thought without being able to speak it, and that I shall lie uneasily in my very grave with it sticking up out of the dust of my mortal mind like a flame.

"My objection to just ethics, Peter," I said, addressing the back of his head, "is that they have too many parents, both heathen and pagan, and that these parents borrow from each other and taint their systems with this commerce of ideas, and that they are coldly impersonal, and that you cannot tell by the noble language they use whether they are Christians or atheists. Right now there are agitators in this country quoting the same men you quoted this morning, and they are working at the very foundations of our peace and order."

Then I went in, wiped my eyes and said tearfully, "Oh, William, William!" and "Lord be merciful to Peter, a fool, but my son, and an honest man!" Then I prepared our evening meal, which is a light one on Sunday, and told Peter I was not very well, and would not go to church that night, because I was fearful of what I had done to him, and that I might quench whatever spirit he had to preach with.

In 1917 Peter had his first city church, at Drumhead, which is a fashionable suburb of the capital of this state. It was separated from the city by the country club and golf links. It was a small but very handsome church. The membership was also small but composed entirely of rich and fashionable people. There were no publicans and sinners in this church, and no poor people in Drumhead. If you wanted to do something charitable you must get into your limousine and be driven five miles in the opposite direction to find the perpetually poor. A good deal of this went on in Drumhead.

I have noticed that rich people like to have their good deeds and pay high for them, as they like to have fine rugs on their floors and do not mind the price. I doubt if they enjoy any luxury their wealth affords more than they do this elegant Samaritanism. But sometimes when I saw Mrs. Buckhart go by in her big car on her way to do her alms in the city I used to think of Sister Sally Tears, an old "widow indeed" that William and I knew years ago. She lived in a little house that looked like a gray eyebrow on the side of the mountain. She was herself an object of charity. The county contributed something to her support, and the church did the rest. Whenever the collection for the poor was taken we always knew we were wasting our nickels and dimes on Sister Sally Tears, because she was disgracefully extravagant with her charities. She was always dividing her measure of meal with somebody, or getting her feet wet and being laid up with rheumatism for us to nurse her, because she had gone off in bad weather to nurse somebody else. Finally she capped the climax by adopting an orphan, and not a serviceable orphan at that, but a crippled boy who was about to be sent to the poorhouse.

The only explanation she ever gave was that she was "tired of being a childless widow."

I used to feel sorry for Mrs. Buckhart sometimes. She was very rich, and she was charitable, but she did not know how to administer her funds. She was autocratic. She snatched the poor whom she adopted bodily out of the ways that fitted their minds and spirits. She rebuked them. She wanted to scrub them and make them over in her own image. She would tell them what she thought of them, which was nothing good, then she would come back and tell us what she told them and what she did to them. They took her money, but the poor things did not love her. She was a damnable providence who fed them and reigned over them with a trained nurse and a manual on sanitation.

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PATHÉ IS SUPREME

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S 22

(Continued from Page 34)

It is easier to give all your goods to feed the poor, or not to have any goods—only your virtues, to boast of—than it is to judge the rich with charity. I was probably unjust to Mrs. Buckhart, who could not help being imperative about her good deeds, when I compared her with Sally Tears, who was a perverse old woman never conscious for one moment of her charities. But I thought of her, because she also was an autocrat, like this rich woman. When she took on that orphan she made us support him. She did not beg, she went out and took up a collection of what she needed and would have for that child. She would not keep him clean, but she made the good and bad people of that community contribute funds to get him through school, and the last I heard of him he was a telegraph operator anxious to remove Sally Tears, then a very old woman, from being a charge on the community. He could not do it. She went on mulcting the church and the sinners for funds which she applied according to her notions for the relief of other people. She was the most autocratic philanthropist I ever saw except Mrs. Buckhart. But I always thought she had more genius for this business, because she used the community as her treasury, and Mrs. Buckhart depended upon her own pocket. I do not know how charitable she would have been if she had had no pocket.

There was no amen corner in this church at Drumhead, and this was hard on me, being obliged to sit with my whole back to the congregation, with no polite way of seeing what was going on behind me. But nothing went on. These people had their pews. They rustled in softly and sat there for an hour on Sunday mornings. It was a sort of elegant acknowledgment of the Lord they made in his absence. The immortal soul was the skeleton in the closet among them. I had not been there a week before I discovered that it was indelicate to mention even my own soul, or to say anything about temptation or holiness. I had to learn not to mention the Lord at tea parties. I reckon there was an element of decency and reverence in this spiritual reserve—if only I could have believed it was spiritual. Maybe it is all in the way you are raised. Now I was never embarrassed by a reference to the will of God anywhere, but never in my life have I mentioned my own legs to a human being. If I had rheumatism and was obliged to tell the doctor where, I mentioned my right limb, which had been long afflicted this way, but even the young girls in this church at Drumhead talked as freely of their legs, and showed them in a way that made me ashamed to go out on the street with Peter. Maybe it is really more modest to be entirely unconscious of your limbs, even if they attract much public attention, and at the same time to be so conscious of the sacredness of your immortal soul that you shrink from any social reference to it. I am saying that it felt queer to me, not judging them at all.

Peter was punctilious about his ritual and the forms of his service. This is gratifying to fashionable people. They are disposed to reduce everything to a mode, and their sensibilities are very delicate. I knew a good preacher once who was not acceptable to a city congregation because he used agricultural illustrations in his sermons, even going so far as to mention by its given name that barnyard product with which land is fertilized. The poor man had preached for twenty years on the country circuits, where the odor of fertilizers pervaded the church itself when farmers came in hurriedly from the fields to attend a quarterly meeting on Saturday. Peter made no such mistake. He was not given to gestures, as you do not cross your legs in company or show much animation if you are extremely well bred. And if he used an illustration he took it from astronomy or the poets or some source implying his recognition of the culture which this congregation exhaled.

I used to sit in this church at Drumhead on Sunday morning and think about those first churches, at Antioch, and Ephesus, and Corinth, and of Timothy, the young pastor whom Paul left in charge. I doubt if they had churches at all. Maybe at first they held services in a back room somewhere or in the home of one of the dutiful widows. They must have had a very real sort of worship. No ritual, no hymns. Maybe they hummed a Psalm or two, and prayed, gathered close together as sheep do in very bad weather. I could see Timothy, pale and worn with anxiety for their safety and the burden of these souls committed to his care. I reckon it was a great occasion when he had a letter from Paul, a prisoner in Rome. When he drew it forth and showed it to them maybe they clapped their hands for joy to know that Paul was still living and remembering them; and nobody called it "shouting." Shouting in my opinion is a very gross word in this connection, probably used by some person on the back bench who knew nothing of the experience he made it cover. Then I could see the stir among the little company. The "widows indeed" keep their seats a little back in the shadows with their heads properly covered, but the others crowd round Timothy, who is about to read what Paul says; not all of the letter, but extracts from it. They crane their necks and look over one another's shoulders and listen. And the widows begin to weep softly, even if the instructions Timothy got concerning them were a bit harsh. For some reason or another widows were partial to Paul, maybe because he kept them safe and humble before the Lord. And maybe those closer about Timothy had tears in their eyes as he read what Paul said about enduring all things and if we suffer we shall also reign with him. And how God had not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. Then would follow messages to this one and that one who "oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain." Also warnings against this man or that one who had not been true to the faith.

I do not question Paul's divine inspiration, but there is no doubt in my mind that he had the overbearing nature and the irascible temper of a great man. But that which has always touched me most was his concern for the people in these little churches. The anguished sweetness of his love for them, his fatherly concern for Timothy, even telling him what to do for his indigestion, and no fear for himself about to be slain. Twelve preachers like this one, my masters, set the world on fire with a new faith. Now half a million of them cannot move this same world trained in the doctrines of the Christian religion. There is just one reason—they do not believe in the gospel they preach. They are beginning to "divide the word of truth." There is only one way to test the Scriptures. That is to believe them.

I used to sit and listen to Peter's sermons and think on the side about these things which were not in his sermons. He was a good preacher in a way. I doubt if the average person in this congregation missed the thing that was lacking in his ministry. As a pastor he ardently believed in his fellow man. This was one of his limitations. It is written in the Scriptures that you shall love your fellow man with all charity and sacrifices, but watch him, keep your eye on him, warn him, rebuke him, be his keeper and his brother; but it does not say anywhere that you shall be such a fool as to believe in him. It says believe in God and put your whole trust in him and his word if you hope to be justified.

Peter was so popular with the women in this church that they invited him to deliver some lectures before the women's clubs. Now modern women must have lectures, of course, because they must obey somebody, and they no longer keep the domestic laws of obedience and service. I do not reproach them for that, though I have never known one who could justify her escape from these bonds. But it made me nervous when these clubwomen spotted Peter as being easy enough or vague enough to satisfy their cultural cravings. I have never heard of a woman's club inviting a plain old-fashioned circuit rider to address them. They want novelists, dramatists, poets and psychics to teach them. They hate the naked, unvarnished truth as if it were an indecency. They live in their imaginations. You cannot tell now from looking at a woman even in church if she is an honest Christian. She may have taken to just her aura or to free thought. She may be bedridden on a theory of mysticism; or a spiritist holding communications with the dead over a ouija board. Give me a picketing suffragist every time; not that I could bear one, but she may be arrested and removed, but there is no law for disciplining the innocuously cultured woman. Even if she is not a spiritist she is the medium through which sickly stuff is spread.

By this time Peter's hair was a trifle thin in front. He had a gray lock on each temple, as if the gravity of a thought had touched his youth there. He was a very handsome man. He had escaped the pallor of the ministry, retaining his rich coloring. And he was still unmarried. So far he had escaped romantic complications, either from celibate reserve or shrewdness. I could never be sure. He had no spiritual blind side from which some preachers suffer in their relations to women. It was impossible to slip up on him through the Scriptures. Women were shy of confessing their sins to him, I suppose because he so rarely stirred up the seat of sin in his preaching. My belief is that they all felt the merciless sanity of his relations to them as a pastor, and they fought shy of him. But I could not tell what would happen to Peter now in this houri atmosphere of veiled mysticism which pervaded the Drumhead Women's Club, and I was very uneasy about him. It is bad enough when some prayer-meeting lady saint wants to read Second Samuel with your husband if he is her pastor; but you know what to do with her. It is much worse when a beautiful young woman wishes to consult your son, who is her pastor, on the monism of Parmenides, because if you are a Christian woman you do not know who this Parmenides is, and you do not know what to say to her.

Isobel Sangster was a member of Peter's congregation, though it turned out that she was not a member of any church. She attended services regularly and sat always in the same place, against the wall between the two windows on the right-hand side. She dressed with elegant simplicity, no ornaments of any kind except her brilliant red hair, her brown eyes and her exquisite skin. She always wore the same colors, pale green with the frost of whiteness on it like sage leaves. It was as if she had had a portrait painted of herself and stuck to it. I remember thinking the first time I saw her what a beautiful corpse she would make, she was that pale and still, you understand.

Then I began to notice her a good deal because her eyes clung to Peter with a sort of hypnotic intensity when he would be preaching. I saw that she was not well in her mind. And I did not think she was under conviction for sin, because Peter did not say anything to convict people of their sins. The next thing I observed was that Peter faced oftener toward the right in the pulpit, and devoted most of his ministry to that side of the house. But that girl would get up every time and leave the church without speaking to him and telling him how much she enjoyed the sermon. It is a mystery to me yet how she met him and where, but she did. She was only a stranger in church on Sunday morning. She used to pass the parsonage in her electric and bow to Peter on the porch. Then she stopped one day and had a long talk with him about this Parmenides.

There was no place for me in this conversation, but I remained present. She gracefully relaxed and talked like a dream. Peter conducted himself like a normal man with a beam in his eye. Apparently nothing she said could convince him that she was not a beautiful woman with brown eyes and red hair. His manner meant that. Otherwise he disregarded her, the point of view she held, as if this was too absurd to consider, and as if her complexion was the main thing that interested him. She could not fail to feel this, but she held her note languidly, like a sad squeak in the dark. I heard her tell Peter as she was leaving that the mystical spirit would never be satisfied, if fully developed and fearless, with anything short of absolute nothing! I heard Peter laugh as you do when a pretty woman flirts with you under cover.

He accompanied her to her car, bestowed her in it, and returned, still flushed, smiling and running his fingers through his hair, which is a man's way of kicking his wings when his spirit crows.

After this he saw a good deal of Isobel Sangster, and I think he would have married her if she had been of disposing mind toward him. But Peter was only one of those experiments she made in the mysticism of love along her adventurous way. Looking backward I can see that she was good for him, like having the measles and whooping cough when he was a little boy, because she was one of those modern women who disease society, and Peter had to deal with them so constantly from this time that it was just as well he had sufficient knowledge of the type to recognize them. But at the time I was very uneasy. I thought he ought to marry, and I frequently told him so; but no mother really wants her son to marry, and I knew it was not in me to bear with such a woman as my son's wife.

This was the situation early in March of 1917. Peter was preaching essays on the gospels and lecturing at the Women's Club and courting Isobel Sangster. I was crimping my front hair, dressing for dinner and keeping a cook for the first time in my life I felt wickedly prosperous and could not help myself, because Peter insisted that we ought to live up to the social standing of the people in his church in order not to embarrass them or seem mean.

Since 1914 the war had been going on in Europe. We discussed this war as neutrals should. Peter prayed for the war-stricken nations every Sunday. And we had bazaars to get funds for them. Charity was no longer religious, it became fashionable.

Our bounties fell alike on the just and the unjust in this conflict. We sent hospital supplies, food and funds to all the belligerents. We sent a Christmas ship in 1914 that left units of dolls at Havre, Liverpool and Rotterdam. Even in 1915 we allowed that flivver dove, Oskar II, to sail as a missionary ship of peace, though we were never neutrals. No nation can be, in a world flaming with war. It may not take up arms, but it is bound to take sides in the conflict.

Everyone knows what happened in April, 1917. We joined the Allies, and this whole nation went into the war, not simply the great armies we transported, but every man, woman and child in it served.

It is not for an old circuit rider's wife to describe the transfiguration through which we passed during this period. I have always carried side arms as a Christian soldier, but this was another matter altogether. I was not equal to the situation. All I could do was to spin round and round in a circle somewhere inside and watch the world lay hold of Almighty God—when I had thought this world was dead in its trespasses and sins.

The members of Peter's church swarmed like bees into a state of violent activity. Mrs. Buckhart dropped her browbeaten poor people and went in for Red Cross service. She organized a chapter at Drumhead and worked us as if that was a sweatshop. Isobel Sangster took one look round and sailed out of it all for France to join a canteen. Peter was at last a preacher. He was exalted and he was sublime. He inspired his people with the wrath of the gospel against our enemies. He prayed with furious passion for the success of our arms. My son became a spiritual man imbued with a declamatory soul. And at last it seemed that we were not only permitted to hate our enemies, it was our duty to do so. This felt very queer to me, but I did it. All along I had allowed myself a little latitude secretly for compassion toward all men who fell in battle, and toward all women who lost their husbands and sons; but now I felt obliged to quench my spirit and leave our enemies to the awful mercies of God.

This record has nothing to do with the war, however, except as this war affected my son and his church. He was now not only a preacher but an executive of so much ability that his services were constantly in demand for organizing war work and helping with the various drives for bonds and other funds. I began to entertain a fearful respect for Peter, and I sometimes interrupted the stream of battle prayers flowing into heaven, with a little petition that the Lord would forgive me for misjudging my own son. No one, I suppose, could conceive then what the effects of the war would be on our religious life. We only knew that everybody had been converted and believed in God, and our Armies in France. We sent the Almighty with them in our prayer. We had no revivals in the churches for the duration of the war, not one. We did not say it in so many words, but the idea was: "Lord, dismiss us from thy tender mercies, but be with our sons in France! Save them if thou canst, but give them the strength and courage to win this war." This was our faith, that the victory would settle everything. And it transfigured this nation. We literally fulfilled the Scriptures. We were ready to spend everything, sacrifice everything. We lived as original men, in our deeds and emotions. We required a braver language. Fine old words like golden spears buried in the dust of

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centuries dark and deep must be found and set to martial music. We trod the measures of an epic.

Three hundred thousand of our young men fell in France. Nearly a hundred thousand died of their wounds. But there was no such thing as death. Nothing remained to be chosen but immortality. They made haste to choose it. They gave their lives as you offer a toast, joyfully, smiling over the brim of the cup that was to be broken presently.

We obtained the victory as much by faith in an ideal as by the force of our arms. But we did not win the kingdom of heaven, nor peace on earth, nor even the League of Nations to enforce it. This League of Nations turns out to be a sublime figment of the human imagination, too expensive to finance unless we continue to give all our goods to our poor relations in this league, and to be subject to the common devil of discord in all men.

Sometimes I feel sorry for Mr. Woodrow Wilson in my narrow way and strictly according to the Old Testament part of my faith in the Lord. He reminds me of a clean-shaven Moses who added fourteen fine points to the Ten Commandments and actually did lead one people and was by way of leading several other peoples with all the fervor of an evangelist and the brimstone anathemas of a prophet through the blazing wilderness of this world. But, like Moses, he only came in sight of the promised land. Because he had done something or other that he should not have done, the Lord permitted him just to have a glimpse of it from a high place as a sort of rebuke for not having behaved well enough to inherit it. I reckon that happens in a small way to all of us. We never do set foot on our promised lands. We just see them from afar, and die before we get there.

I am just a woman, gray and tired out and laid away a trifle uneasily in my Scriptures, but comfortable enough to feel that I can get along very well without changing my scenes to a new and strange promised land, even if it does flow with milk and honey. I never saw a land yet that produced only milk and honey just flowing. I doubt if Paradise does. We shall probably be obliged even there to keep on earning our eternal livelihood by dealing in stars or something to keep us occupied and out of mischief.

So, though I believed in this League of Nations as I believe in salvation, not that I ever felt entirely saved, I had my doubts about whether we could afford that much salvation in this present world. And I never did believe we could produce that much harmony. I have not lived all my life in the Methodist itinerancy without learning that Christian people with different creeds cannot pray and worship the Lord together in the same church. The very seat of perversity in a man is that place in his soul where he keeps his particular spiritual doctrine by which he will be saved, and no other. This household of nations contemplated by the league covenant seemed to me dangerously impractical.

It is the same idea that Ham, Shem and Japheth had of keeping house together for mutual protection and to cut down expenses. It will not work because either Ham, Shem or Japheth will not work, and becomes a dead expense with his whole family. And because even if they do work, they will not agree about the domestic details of this hodgepodge establishment. Some day, and very soon after they have shaken hands and said how glad they are to see each other and be fixed up so well for living happy ever after, there will be a family row, and one of the poor relations will get kicked out or one of the rich ones will strut out and found a house just close enough by to keep up the row.

I did my Red Cross duties and all my other duties very quietly during the war because I suffered much from this secret sin of unbelief in what it would accomplish.

Sometimes I went to a mass meeting where Peter was the chief speaker. He had a gift for public speaking that you would never suspect from the sermons he preached. He was a perfect aëroplane of eloquence when it came to exciting the patriotic enthusiasm of a crowd. He made gestures, he stepped like a warhorse scenting battle And he would let out something like this in the sonorous tones of a man who has a tempest in his breast: "The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution we have are not simply the creed of American liberty, but they belong to the New Testament of the liberties of mankind, and if these Scriptures are violated the salvation of the world is in danger!"

Then the crowd would shout and Peter would pause to mop his face with his handkerchief. And I would feel my chin quiver and my countenance breaking up and the tears in my eyes, so that I would be obliged to take off my glasses and wipe them before I could see my son clearly. All that—yes; but at the same time the quiet, plain, bareheaded woman that I am in secret was sitting in the back door of my mind, doubting if it was so, what Peter said, what the people meant when they shouted, even the quality of the tears I was drying off my spectacles.

I used to go away by myself sometimes as you do when you are about to pray in secret—and not pray at all, but just sit and think the thoughts I wanted to think. When you have lived a long time under the impression that the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, and that his providences are not determined by the flurries in the minds and affairs of men, it feels queer to realize suddenly that we have a religion for the duration of the war, which was not the kind we had before, nor of a nature to steady men's souls in the long siege of living in what we call peace because it is not war.

That phrase, "for the duration of the war," troubled me. If you change the laws, life and even religion of a nation to meet a great emergency, what I wanted to know was how we should change back again. Peter said that we should never be the same people again, and the world would never be the same world. It might not be better, but it certainly would be different. The individual man had disappeared off the face of the earth. If you saw one you only saw a digit of the great multiple of mankind. The terms we used were collective—peoples and nations. It was a hundred thousand of this and two hundred thousand of that, even if it was a matter of socks and sweaters. You might have only a dollar in your pocket, but you were obliged to think about so many million dollars' worth of canteen supplies or so many billion dollars' worth of bonds. We lost the strong sense of personal affections, and hate became an international term of inspiration. We were collected, organized, down to the last thought. My attributes would be your attributes, and yours would be everybody's. Our souls would be like black-eyed peas, all alike.

Now I never hoped to be better than other people, but we have the inalienable right to be different, at least as one man's nose differs from another man's nose. I stuck to that and to the prayers that fitted my own bowed head, merely mentioning this war to the Lord in the larger sentences at the end of my prayer, as I formerly reminded him of the heathens in the uttermost parts of the earth.

At last, and quite unexpectedly, the war ended and a great many of our best people were suddenly thrown out of employment. I have often wondered why in all the agitation that followed about providing employment for the millions of real workers turned out of the Army, shipyards and building branches, there was no agitation at all about providing something to do for these workless people who had worked so hard during the war and had thus acquired for the first time habits of service. Millions of idle fashionable women were suddenly released and allowed to drift back into the innocuous and vicious diversions of their class, but with their minds stretched by big terms and big notions current for the duration of the war.

Two weeks after the armistice was signed the Annual Conference of our church met.

There were some queer doings at this Conference. The young Methodist preachers who had felt the call to go overseas with our troops as chaplains had been allowed to go. No one interfered with their consciences in this matter. But when some of them returned in time to take work again at this Conference they had the same experience that the railroad strikers faced in New York recently when they decided to go back to work, and discovered that they had lost their seniority.

It was not Jesus but Paul who recommended the office of elders and bishops. I have always thought this was a very significant circumstance; not that you cannot be a Christian and walk softly before the Lord if you are a bishop, but it must be very hard to do it, and the temptation to swat a young preacher over the head sometimes for getting a call to leave the circuit you put him on to serve must be very strong.

Peter was sent to the First Church in this city. This is the best appointment in the Conference. And certainly Peter was better qualified to fill it than a young circuit rider who had done battlefield drudgery for the Lord succoring the wounded, comforting the despondent and praying for the dying, and writing their last letters home that their hearts might rest easy beneath the little white crosses of honor and sacrifice. That is emergency work, and does not fit a man to become the pastor of a big congregation nor to manage the affairs of a rich church.

Peter had the right experience. He was a smart young preacher to begin with. He had proved acceptable to the exacting and fashionable congregation at Drumhead. His war work had given him a practical course in financing on a large scale. He knew all the latest methods of organizing. He had studied the psychology of propaganda as his father studied the power of God unto salvation. He was now familiar with all classes of men, not as a pastor but as a promoter of bonds, patriotism and service. He had been obliged to use the policies of business men and he already had an intellectual man's tolerance. Finally, he had a recent and notable record as a popular speaker. This is the best preacher to choose for a big church with an enormous membership, representing all classes, from millionaires to laborers and paupers. Such a church is remarkably democratic. I do not know any other organization in the world that anybody can join with the same impunity.

I will not go so far as to say that I had given Peter up by this time, but I was confused. The world did not appear to me to be safe, but it might be. If the churches were spiritual it was on such a large scale I could not comprehend it, but they might be. If Peter had any communion with the Holy Spirit, if he wrestled in prayer for the souls of his people, he did not show the signs William used to have of the struggle. But I had to admit that he assumed the duties of this terrific pastorate with soberness and courage. It required more than usual firmness on my part to unpack Kitto's Commentaries and place them in the handsome library we had now, because the stewards of Peter's church frequently called on him there. Well, let him explain the best way he could. At least they were not Balzac's novels.

But I took the old box of sermons up into the attic. My faith in them had not failed, but my hope that Peter would read and study them had failed at last. So I just sat the old box up there under the window, sat down beside it for a little while and thought of William. How different his ministry had been, how hard his life had been, how little success he had, measured by these new church standards; and how different everything had been with Peter, who could not hold a light to his father when it came to preaching the gospel and telling men the truth with courage about their sins.

I always became a little heated and resentful when I compared Peter with his father. So now I took off my glasses, wiped the widow's tears from them, snapped them back on and went downstairs, stepping strong, with my head up.

As it happened, I passed Peter in the hall, and I passed him as if he were not there, which is not my custom. I usually call him "my son" or give him the blessing of a mother's look, but this time I did not turn my head, and I made my skirts swish the way a woman will when her sails are set against the weather.

"Mother!" I heard him exclaim.

"Yes, Peter," I answered as if Peter was the gnat on the bull's horn.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded, overtaking me.

"I am thinking of your father, my son," I answered coldly. "He was a great preacher and he was sent to be the pastor of the poor. He suffered everything. You are not a great preacher, and you are sent to be the pastor of the prosperous. And you do not suffer, but you have everything. You are like a rich man, Peter!"

He laughed; he would do that, turn my point against him on his smile. He stepped close to me and drew my head to his breast.

"There is nobody like you left in this world, mother," he began, still laughing. "You are still jealous for father."

"No, not that ——"

"Yes," he interrupted. "You are not father's widow. You are still the ark and covenant of his faith, his way and his preaching. Spare me a little of your confidence."

"You have my confidence, and I wish you had your father's faith," I answered.

"Sometimes, just lately, I wish that too, mother," he said soberly.

He must have had some premonition of what this coming year held for him. Your Gethsemane can be anywhere.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Pala Bell Tower

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

When the *Rob't E. Lee* Stopped at Aunt Jemima's Cabin

For twenty long years he had remembered

This, they say, is how her pancakes became famous

HIGBEE'S Landing! To most of the passengers on the Rob't E. Lee it meant simply a stop. To the old Confederate General aboard, it meant the goal of a twenty-year purpose.

The low whistle of the old side-wheeler broke into the stillness of the morning—and into the reverie of the former soldier. It seemed to be a signal for his story, and a group of fellow travelers gathered close as he spoke.

"Back in '64 when things wuh hot in this section, Ah happened heah," he said.

"In one of those sudden tuhns in the tide of battle Ah found mahself separated from mah men. Just mah awderly was with me. An' we sho' wuh in a fix.

"Theah was one chance—to play possum on the enemy. Rolling into the thicket of a gully right neah, we lay still as death. An' luck was with us. When night came 'twas faiahly peaceful thah 'bouts and we reckoned we'd bettah move. Must have made a couple o' miles or so that night though we kept right close to the ground, not taking any moah chances than we could help. And all next day we lay quiet 'mong some bushes right close to the rivah.

"'Long toahrd evening it seemed like ouah men wuh gaining back, judgin' by the noise. But we knew we wuh back of the enemy line. Things wuh pretty 'blue.'

"That second night, keeping close to the rivah, we made bettah progress; got along right well. But we did have a couple o' narrow ones—a sentry, Ah recollect, took a whack at us. Good guessah, he was, too; just a trifle high on his elevation. An' once we wuh headed right fo' a group of 'em asleep, when one of 'em coughed. That sho' was fo'tunate.

"WELL, mawnin' was comin' again, and the lack of food was tellin' on ouah strength. Just at the break o' day when we thought we'd drop from diahrdness, we came across

a little path from the rivah. It led to that cabin, gentlemen." He pointed it out on the Louisiana shore.

"Fine place for a sco' of guerillas to be stoppin', Ah thought. But mah awderly reckoned we'd find friends in the old cabin if anyone was theah. So we crep' close on yondah side an' hid.

"Gentlemen, Ah can't express mah feelings of that mawnin' when out o' that cabin came the sound of a mammy's voice and we heahd 'er say somethin' about huh 'chilluns havin' an evahlastin' appetite fo' pancakes.' We could hahdly believe ouah eahrs; it seemed too good to be true. But we wuh no time at all in gettin' to that doahway.

"The mammy seemed to guess ouah story and hahdly before we knew it she had us down at the table with big stacks o' pancakes in front of us. Just pancakes—that's all she had—but such pancakes they wuh! Nevah befoah had I tasted their equal—and nevah since.

"We leahrned aftahwards that the mammy was Aunt Jemima; befoah the wah cook in the family of one Cun'l Higbee, who owned a fine plantation heah, and that she was, in those old days, known all ovah the South fo' huh cookin' skill, specially fo' huh pancakes.

"Gentlemen, Ah've always wanted to pay mah respects to that kind mammy and Ah took this boat puhposely, fo' it stops heah. It may be that she's still alive. Ah'm goin' to see."

WHEN the boat was tied to the landing, the old General and his newly made acquaintance were first off.

Sure enough, Aunt Jemima was still living in the little old cabin and she willingly, at the old General's request, whisked up a batch of her pancakes.

With bright pieces of gold coin he expressed, in a way, his appreciation of her kindness—and the visit was ended all too soon by the summoning bell of the Rob't E. Lee.

Later, so the story goes, one of the party, a representative of a large Missouri flour mill, returned. He persuaded the mammy to sell him the recipe, and it was agreed that she should go to the mill and oversee its preparation in a ready-mixed form.

THUS, according to the records, were Aunt Jemima's Pancakes made known to the North.

Today they're America's favorite breakfast! So easy to make—you just add water to the Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour you can get in any grocery. And they're so fine-flavored, so rich, so wholesome and good—*always* that.

Try them tomorrow—and you'll know why the old General remembered them all those years.

Aunt Jemima *Buckwheat* Flour is ready mixed, too. Makes fine breakfasts for these winter mornings!

"It's in town, Honey!"

How to get the Funny Rag Dolls

Look on the top of any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour to find out how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls

Copyright 1920, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

THE WHIP HAND

(Continued from Page 13)

and arrangement, so that Jimmy's smile brought as much joy to the beholder as it expressed of the soul of its exhibitor.

As for freckles, but for the subdued shadow of his clean-shaven chin, any girl would have frankly envied Jimmy's complexion; and—oh, ravishment! Jimmy had a dimple just sou'west of the corner of his mouth that was to his smile just the perfecting touch. And to offset the dimple, Jimmy's jaw was admirably square and strongly hinged on both sides, so that when his blue eyes said to you that a thing was so, the jaw indorsed the statement without interpretations or reservations. Yes, you've guessed it! Jimmy McQuade was one handsome wretch.

All day in the busy, noisy shipping department, whence flowed the never-ending stream of books to the alleged million Cutie students, Jimmy, clad in a long and soiled brown denim duster, did his effective best to make it noisier and busier. He whistled, he sang, he executed little fancy shuffles in the old time-battered shoes into which he shifted every morning on arrival at business.

He nailed with cheery gusto and a glittering claw hammer upon a hundred wooden cases. He rattled vast, engulfing sheets of tough brown wrapping paper. He hurled the receipt books at the clamoring expressmen who came for their grist of boxes and bundles, destined to the four slightly rounded corners of an earth which at this writing is not quite sure of its own shape.

Jimmy swung a mean marking brush, as the vernacular would have it. His H's and G's were especially gorgeous. He riffled his stacks of shipping requisitions and classified them upon a half score of spindles with a careless precision. Then with a fellow clerk, and in a voice purposely made raucously monotonous, he checked off shipments and intoned destinations as the announcer in a railway terminal bawls stations. There were four other boys in Caslow's shipping room, and if you were a nervous person you would depart hastily from thence and hunt for a nice, quiet lumber mill with six buzz planers and a gang saw in full operation.

Jimmy had a job. He knew it was with Caslows, but he would have been as well pleased, or as indifferent, had it been with Jones, Brown, Smith or Green. Once a week there came a pay envelope, the contents of which enabled this young man to array himself niftily in, say, a shepherd-plaid suit, with knife-edge trousers; a silk shirt whose stripes dizzied the spectrum; a cocky green Kelly with a bow at the back—or the side or the front, wherever the season's bows were supposed to perch; and a pair of large, flat-heeled Oxfords that threw back the slant rays of the sun with a trifle of unearned increment.

When Jimmy went on the warpath—evenings and Sundays—hearts fluttered. Among the famous fair sex Jimmy had been long known as a swift worker—that is, until he met Lu. Lu was the third on your right, second row—no, not in the chorus; in the second row of typists' desks in the personal criticism division of Cutie. Lu, with the model answers before her, had personally criticized lesson sheets on every subject, from Use of Bone Fertilizer to Graphic Statics of Link Work, in her two years with Cutie. Of course you had to keep your wits about you, and not get the Form 3007-J answers mixed with the 4872-X's, thereby informing some would-be machinist in Frenzied Ford that his reply to Question Six, Lesson Four on Designing the Evening Costume called for too much Georgette crêpe.

Lu was a little girl whom it was a great relief to look at after seeing too many Folly choruses. She did not possess any of the things which Mr. Ziegfeld has so painstakingly standardized for the edification of the tired business man, yet somehow she did rest the eye. She had that pleasant neutral quality which enabled her to harmonize with her surroundings. This isn't saying that Lu lacked individuality, because if she had she never would have attracted Jimmy.

"Good looks in a Jane," said Mr. McQuade judicially, "have got to be somethin' more'n the frostin' on the cake. If the frostin' cracks off an' the cake's on the bum you haven't got much nourishment."

From this you would infer that Jimmy possessed a passable working knowledge of the ladies. Still you never would have rated him as especially profound. He was energetic and lively, gave one the impression of commendable industry, and always had his hands washed, his soiled duster hung up and his neatly brushed hat set firmly on his head when the bell rang to close business at five-thirty. Likewise it required nearly as much time after eight-thirty in the morning for him to array himself for work as it did for the vainest steno in the office to powder her nose and fix her little pinned-up paper cuffs before attacking the serious business of the day.

In other words, in spite of his good looks, his nifty clothes, his debonair and cheerful manner, his snatches of song, his dexterity with marking brush and wrapping paper, Jimmy was—I regret to say it—just everyday, ordinary, cheap help. The kind of service he rendered Caslows was no better and no worse than the kind of service Caslows got from ninety-seven out of every hundred of the rank and file of its employees. The demand for shipping clerks being what it was, the name Caslow meant nothing out of the common to him; in fact putting the shoe on the other foot, as it were, Caslow was—I regret to say it—just an everyday, ordinary, cheap employer.

This brings us to the point where Jimmy McQuade became possessed of Boone's ten shares of Caslow Book Corporation stock. Boone didn't give it to him; he simply placed it in his hands and told Jimmy to pay him for it as he liked and when he liked. The dividends applied on the purchase price would help a lot. At par, one hundred dollars a share, the stock was the kind of investment shrewd men fall over themselves to get.

Jimmy didn't at first blush particularly care about the stock. Still if it wasn't really going to be easy to pay for—if, as Boone said, the earnings would go a long way—why, to please Mr. Boone—— But say, what did Mr. Boone want to let him, Jimmy McQuade, have it for anyhow?

"Jimmy," said Boone, "it's deep and it's subtle, my reason for letting you become a partner with Mr. Rogers Caslow and Mr. Theodore and the rest of the aristocrats. I hope you're going to like it."

"Partner!" repeated Jimmy vaguely. "What d'ye mean, partner?"

"Certainly, partner. You have a vote at corporation meetings for every share of stock you hold; and you share the profits, don't you?"

"Gee!" remarked Mr. McQuade. "Linkin' arms with Old Man Capital, I guess. But, Mr. Boone, aren't there any strings tied to this proposition—besides all those aristocratic partners?"

"Only such strings as I propose to tie, Jimmy. The first of these is your promise not to sell your stock to anyone without my consent."

"That goes, Mr. Boone."

"The second is that you are to come to me for advice regarding any problems that rise as a result of your holding the stock."

"That's a cinch too," agreed Jimmy. Then, "Only that wouldn't require me to do anythin' that wasn't on the level with these here partners, would it?" He grinned.

Boone returned the grin.

"You'll learn some amusing things about those partners of yours," he said. "That's why I'm letting you have the stock. It's an experiment I'm making that I wanted made long ago. By and by you'll understand."

"Guess I'm lucky to be the subject," said Jimmy. "What made you pick on me especially, Mr. Boone?"

"Two things—that square jaw of yours and your grin."

Jimmy McQuade's reactions upon becoming a stockholder in the Caslow Book Corporation may or may not have been the same as those of any other normal young shipping clerk. They are given for what they are worth.

On the morning after getting the stock from Boone he woke as usual, got up quite as reluctantly and made his morning toilet with feelings of equal protest. But suddenly in the midst of shaving he stopped; he looked at his watch, rubbed his chin thoughtfully and then speeded up the motions of the lather brush the merest trifle. If anything were possible, he took exceptional pains with his shine.

Standing before the small mirror of his two-by-twice bedroom he viewed himself critically. He wondered if that suit of shepherd plaid wasn't, after all, a bit loud—and wondered why he wondered. He ran for a car. Ordinarily he would have told you the best car owned by the aggregate traction systems of all greater New York wasn't worth running for—perhaps with perfect truth. Consequently he beat the bell ten minutes.

Going up in the freight elevator of the Caslow Building, already vibrant with the motion of great presses, Jimmy remarked to the elevator man, "Har' yah, Bill?"

"Har' y', Jim? Sick?"

"Huh?"

"You'll git docked, landin' here too early. Head shipper might can you fer fear you was dippy or somethin'."

Mr. McQuade did not reply to this. Bill couldn't know, but an elevator man doesn't ordinarily address one of his employers in that manner.

"Six out," he said.

"Well, do you think I'd be luggin' you all the way to the top after freightin' you up an' down these two long years?"

It was Bill's turn to feel aggrieved. He slammed over the controller.

"Step up," he cautioned sourly. Jimmy had to lift a foot fully four inches to make the landing.

"That the best stop you can make?" he demanded.

"You ain't runnin' on no rollers, m'boy. Use your legs—use your legs."

Mr. McQuade emerged upon the sixth floor with a degree of hauteur in his manner quite foreign to habit. Looking through a glass door into the extensive room where nearly a couple of hundred typists worked, he observed Lu already at her desk—Lu and a dozen others. Lu was busily thumping her keys. Her companions were engaged in various ways—tucking up odd strands of hair, adjusting cuffs, exchanging morning banter, or going over their typewriters with dingy bits of cheesecloth.

"Funny, dames don't seem to think time has any value a-tall," he mused righteously. He was already wrapping a bundle when the bell rang.

Throughout the forenoon, as he worked, he glanced about him at the shipping room and its furnishings. It wasn't a very orderly place. The floor had been swept, but there was an accumulation of dust and rubbish under the benches. There were lots of nondescript she'ves, some of them not seeming overly secure and many unpainted. Piles of imperfect, damaged or returned books stood round undisposed of.

"We don't look so thrifty," thought Jimmy McQuade.

The boss, Oscar Mensch, came in. Oscar was big and able and something of a driver. He was considered a success as a head shipper, and bore himself as if conscious of the importance of his job. He had a way of bawling out the boys when things didn't go just to suit him. Now he began taking Dan Mayberry to task for some delinquency.

"If youse owned this business," said Oscar Mensch, "youse'd take a little pains, kid, see? 'S easy enough to leave some other guy's dollars slip through your fingers, the wasteful way you wrap them parcels. Paper too long at the ends, and you don't need so much when you got that corrigated on 'em too. Say, have a heart with the firm's money, will you?"

"Damaged books costs more than wrappin' paper," persisted Dan.

"Well, everythin' in reason. Use some judgment. I always says I believes in conductin' my job just like I owned the business."

"Oh, I get you, Oscar. That explains why you thought it was all right to lug home a coupla big balls o' that Manila twine and about a half a ream o' craft paper the other night. I see!"

"Aw, can that! Ain't I worked enough overtime for this bunch o' eggs to entitle me to a little paper and string? I'll say I have!"

"Eggs!" said Dan. "First he feels like he owns the business, then he's on the outside lookin' in and callin' the real owners a bunch o' eggs. Did you get that, Jimmy?"

"I got it," said Jimmy. "Sure I got it!"

Bunch of eggs! When had it been—surely not more than a week before—that he had applied practically the same chaste term to the proprietors of the publishing house. Well, maybe they were eggs, some of them—but not all. Not all—since the night before.

During the noon hour Mr. McQuade went downstairs to the treasurer's office, following directions given him by Boone, and asked to have his stock transferred and duly recorded. Mr. Theodore Caslow, treasurer, viewed Jimmy with an eye of fishy blue.

"What's this—what's all this?" he demanded.

"Stock—ten shares of stock. Mr. Boone said I could get you to transfer it."

"Oh, Boone's returning it to us? He's decided to ——"

"It's mine," said Jimmy. "Mr. Boone sold it to me. I'd like a new certificate in my own name, if it's all the same to you, Mr. Caslow."

"H'm!" returned Mr. Theodore noncommittally. "I'll have to speak to my associates about this. Most unusual, most unusual; quite preposterous, I should say."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy. "When will I come back for the new certificate?"

"Why—er—I'll let you know, young man. Where are you employed?"

"Shipping."

"How long have you been with us?"

"Nearly two years, Mr. Caslow."

"H'm! Well, I'll let you know—I'll let you know."

There were several reasons why the discovery that Jimmy McQuade of the shipping room had become a shareholder in Caslows shocked Mr. Theodore. Of these, one of the most important was the social hiatus which existed between the old stockholders and the upstart Jimmy. That was important enough in itself to have barred him. But there were other reasons. Let us see how they reacted.

At the end of three or four days Mr. McQuade decided he had waited long enough for his certificate, so he called on Mr. Theodore. As before, the latter received him coldly.

"I have consulted my associates," said Theodore, "and we are unanimously of the opinion that the best interests of the house do not justify your becoming a stockholder, young man."

Jimmy shifted his weight from one foot to the other and sighed patiently, but he said nothing. This made Theodore nervous.

"We have decided to take the stock off your hands."

"How?" asked Jimmy respectfully.

"We will purchase it from you at the same price per share you paid Mr. Boone."

"Aw, no," said Jimmy, still respectful. "I wasn't aiming to sell it. This is a grand business, Mr. Caslow. I got a lot of pride in being a—er—part owner. I wouldn't want to sell."

"But the policy of the business makes it quite out of the question that shares should be so held. It establishes a bad precedent. This business has been in the Caslow family for three generations, and ——"

"Maybe a little new blood's a good thing for it," suggested the naïve shipping clerk.

"That should be left to our discretion. This stock has fallen into your hands quite by accident, as it were. Therefore you ought not to fail to see where your duty to your employers lies."

"Me being a stockholder ought to make me even loyaler," argued James, smiling his friendliest smile.

"My partners would, I feel sure, consent to my paying you a reasonable profit over what the stock cost you; that ought to satisfy you that you had made a good investment."

"That would be speculatin'," observed Jimmy virtuously. "I wouldn't do that. Investin' is different. Something that brings in an income is an investment; at least so I read in a stray copy of Lesson Nine of Caslow's Course in Elementary Banking and Finance. No, Mr. Caslow, I wouldn't sell you that stock at any price."

The treasurer became irritated.

"Unless you consent to sell, I shall be inclined to instruct Mr. Mensch to dismiss you."

"Good shippers aren't such a drug on the market, Mr. Caslow. I shouldn't think you'd want one of your stockholders workin' for Scribner's or Harping's."

As a matter of fact, Theodore Caslow hadn't the least intention of having Jimmy fired.

"Go back to your work," he said. "I must think the matter over a while longer."

"While you're thinking, would you please make out that certificate?"

Theodore looked helplessly at the handsome young man, whose graces of person were not fully concealed by the folds of the soiled duster. The level eyes and the strongly hinged jaw had a convincing look.

"Yes," said Caslow reluctantly. "Yes, I'll make out your certificate. Come round at noon to-morrow."

"I was readin' some literature," said Mr. James McQuade that evening during a call at the home of Miss Lulu Cliff.

"Did it strain you anywhere?" asked Lu.

"It was a novel," went on Jimmy. "It told about a beautiful steno in a publishing house that rose in her profession through industry and thrift and fin'ly married one of her employers."

"Who wrote it? Vincent E. Barniss, or some other Spaniard? If a person wants to be up to date these days they have to read those ripe-olive novels, I s'pose."

"No it's a to-be-continued-in-our-next. I have got as far as where the dashing young publisher is getting ready to propose."

"You better stick to real life, Jimmy; and speaking of real life, weren't you feeling out of order or something? I noticed you getting in early two or three mornings."

"I saw you, Lu. You never were late in your life, were you? Well, I thought you looked sort of lonesome. That bunch doesn't break many necks beating the old hurry-up bell. I was figuring out the other day how much it would amount to if every five minutes' wasted time in the morning was all added up and multiplied by the average cost to the house of each min——"

"Jimmy! You worry me! That book must have gone to your head. Tell me some more about it."

"It wasn't the novel. There was a damaged copy of our One Hundred Five-Minute Essays for the Busy Executive I got hold of. It's full of good dope about business; I'm going to read it all."

"I've read it," said Lu. "But how about that other—the one about the lady typist and the wealthy but nearsighted employer?"

"I said it wasn't finished. But the dashing young publisher—say, Lu, let's you and me get married."

"Oh, Jimmy, who ever heard—I didn't know—I thought ——"

Lu turned very pink and for the moment forgot the bantering attitude she generally maintained toward the good-looking Mr. McQuade.

"I mean it," said Jimmy earnestly. "It's in the book; you know."

"Five-Minute Essays for the Busy Executive?" asked Lu, recovering her poise.

"Aw, no, Lu—the novel—the one where the girl marries her—one of her—bosses. See?"

"Well, how long since?" began Lu. "How long since you were one of my ——"

"Look!" said Mr. McQuade; and laid in her grasp the conservative certificate, made out in his own name, for ten shares of the Caslow Book Corporation.

"Mercy!" cried Lu. "Wherever did you get that? Strikes me you're the author of that novel, aren't you?"

Jimmy explained the situation from beginning to end. When he came to the place where Mr. Theodore had voiced his protest Lu's eyes shone with amusement.

"Just imagine!" she said. "Nothing ever happened like that to the Caslows in all their lives."

"Now," said Jimmy, "what do you think about the poor but honest type lady and the printing-press prince? How about real life—it does happen, doesn't it?"

"That stock will do you a lot of good."

"It's already done me a lot of good," said Jimmy. "You ought to see the shipping room—clean as a whistle. Mensch thinks I'm crazy—of course he doesn't know yet that I'm one of his bosses."

"He naturally would think you were a little crazy if he caught you doing extra work."

"He may think I'm still crazier if he doesn't stop grafting our supplies. Stuff he lugs off—corrugated board, paper, wood cases—and the other boys in the shipping room don't seem to think it's anything wrong. I didn't myself, I'm afraid. My point of view's changed. It's my property he's getting gay with, see?"

"Ours," said Lu correctively. "That is, if you still want me to be a publisher's bride."

"You expressed something!" said Jimmy.

Mr. Rogers Caslow overtook Jimmy McQuade one evening just as Jimmy, fifteen minutes after closing, stepped out of the freight-elevator entrance giving on a side street. It seemed odd that Mr. Rogers should be so far off his beat.

"Good evening, McQuade," he said with something which he fondly imagined to be cordiality.

"Oh," returned Jimmy, "good evening, Mr. Caslow. Tour of inspection?"

"No, I just—er—happened to be passing. By the way, if you've no engagement for this evening, you might like these theater seats; they were given me by a friend, and I'm afraid I shan't be able to use them."

Jimmy thought instantly of Lu.

"Why, that's awfully good of you, Mr. Caslow."

"Not at all, not at all. In fact, now that I think of it, you are in a position to do me something of a favor."

"Anything to oblige, Mr. Caslow."

"Could you manage to find time to dine with me? Afterward, if you wish, you will be free to use your tickets. I should say we might pass an hour or two together very pleasantly and—er—profitably."

Mr. Rogers Caslow surveyed the young man critically, at the same time wondering just where to take him for dinner. The result of his scrutiny did not disclose any obvious reason why Mr. Caslow should not introduce Mr. McQuade at one of his clubs or a hotel of the better class. Barring a slight tendency to exuberance, Jimmy's apparel was in good taste, quite comparable in this respect with that of many of Mr. Rogers Caslow's acquaintances.

Mr. McQuade, on the other hand, was viewing the elder man with swift speculation. How come? Say, what d'ye know—it couldn't be that Mr. Caslow was letting down the bars between partners and offering him a formal welcome into the sacred Caslow fellowship!

"Well now, Mr. Caslow, the truth is I was planning to—I don't know—are you sure you want me? It'd be very nice, I'm sure—only if I might have a minute or two to get my—to call up a certain party ——"

"Oh, by all means—by all means!" assented Mr. Rogers.

Jimmy dashed for the public pay booth round the corner, got Lu's mother on the telephone and told her to tell Lu to get into her proud scenery for seven-thirty, because a certain well-known and successful publisher had some swell seats for a show and would be round at the hour mentioned to get her. Yes'm, be sure to tell her, and thanks very much. G'-by.

The mystery of Mr. Rogers Caslow's hospitality did not remain long a mystery. Mr. Rogers believed himself to be possessed of persuasive powers superior to those of his cousin Theodore, and these powers he put to the test during an excellent dinner at a club known for excellent dinners.

Jimmy listened respectfully, the while engulfing politely a series of items in the line of nutriment such as he had never thought within the scope of mere human cooks. Afterward he told Lu as much as he could accurately remember and that he remembered as much as he did was remarkable, considering how well calculated were events to dizzy the unaccustomed bean of even the handsomest shipping clerk in New York City.

"Here's the idea," he explained between the acts of one of the season's acknowledged successes. "The Caslow family is divided into two factions, and both of 'em would like to get control of the business. No one can quite explain it, but the outstanding shares are equally divided, and so there's a deadlock. Old Rogers didn't tell me that in so many words, but it's plain enough. Boone didn't tell me either; I just put two and two together.

"When Mr. Rogers had about made up his mind it wasn't any use trying any longer to buy my stock he suddenly switched his tactics. Ten votes at a corporation meeting are ten votes—and it happens my ten votes are ten awful big ones. Now what do you know about that? I fall into a little piece of paper that practically gives me the whip hand of one of the biggest publishing concerns in the whole country. Kind of scares a fellow."

"It shouldn't," said Lu coolly. "It gives you a big opportunity."

"Maybe; but am I big enough to swing it?"

"You can grow to it. Well, what did Uncle Rogers say?"

"He didn't say—he hinted. It seems the stockholders' meeting is about six weeks off, and I'm supposed to have been more or less hog-tied by this dinner he bought me—oh, say, I forgot to tell you how they had those French artichokes fixed. When we're keeping house we're going to have 'em that way for breakfast if we like. What's the good of being a prominent publisher if you don't grab all the delicacies of the season?"

"But, Jimmy, what did Mr. Rogers say?"

"Nothin'; it was what he didn't say that I was supposed to get the meaning of. One dinner and two theater seats would be pretty low pay for what he wants me to do, and don't dare to come right out with it. There's to be a shift in the board of directors made at the annual stockholders' meeting, and Rogers is fretted for fear I won't vote for the right candidates."

"Oh, Jimmy, isn't it great? So kind of intriguey and everything."

"Yep; but don't you think the situation calls for more than one pair of seats and one dinner? Looks to me like a graft I could work to what you might call a very noticeable extent."

"That's not a nice way to talk, Jimmy."

"No; and I don't really mean it quite the way it sounds. I want to do what's right for Caslows. If I vote wrong and we get a bum director or two, what becomes of our company? Say, Lu, I don't much like this family stuff anyhow. We ought to have a lot more stockholders. Big concern controlled by a little group of old fossils. Any time they pull a boner it hurts business. And believe me, I was looking over some of our books, and they're not so terrible up to date as ——"

"Sh! There go the footlights."

At more favorable times Jimmy and Lu discussed at greater length the interesting developments of the interfactional contest.

"They could settle it easy enough," said Jimmy, "if they could get some old-maid aunt with a block of stock to switch her vote. But that's the rub; if your name's Caslow it's a foregone conclusion you're as set as the General Post Office Building. Of course the whole row is about that big block of treasury stock. Theodore's crowd wants to vote it out and distribute it among the family in exchange for enough money to build a new addition. Rogers and his bunch are opposed. Now, if you had the say, what would you think?"

"What do you think?"

"I think they don't need any new building, with materials and labor costing what they do. I think with better efficiency methods they could utilize the old building and get fifty per cent more value out of every foot of floor space. Why, in a damaged copy of our Industrial Efficiency Engineering, Lessons I to XXVII, I've discovered enough modern dope about arranging machinery and desks and help and all that to reorganize Caslows from top to bottom. Say, it's funny they wouldn't take a dose of their own medicine. They've been teaching that stuff for years and years—and look at the shop! About the worst systematized dump in town."

"Then why don't you vote against issuing the stock?"

"Well, I might; and then again, there's a lot of things more important. I'd like to see it issued—but not for the Caslows. I'd like to see the help get it."

"Oh, Jimmy! The Caslows would faint in a bunch at such an idea."

"Well, they'll have to come to it some day. Look at what owning a little piece of stock's done for me! I say the thing to do is to make an owner and partner out of every employee that wants to be one. Morale is what we need."

"Elucidate, James, elucidate! You're getting used to some very stylish language since you took up with the Caslow family."

"Aw, kid, you know what morale means!"

"I was wondering if you knew."

Jimmy shot his fiancée a look of deep reproach.

"Morale is what guys like Oscar Mensch haven't got; and by the way, that same Oscar is getting through this week. Little James, the talented bundle bouncer and string jerker, becomes what you might call twine chief of the world-famous Cutie. When a feller helps himself to everything in sight from stamps to tenpenny nails, and believes the firm owes it to him; and when the rest of the gang stand round and grin while he does it, I guess you know what I mean by morale. You recognize it by its not being among those present."

"A noble attempt, Jimmy."

"There's been some morale trickle into the shipping department since I got to be a stockholder, believe me, even if the push doesn't know yet that I am one of those things. And Oscar gets the blue envelope as a distinct concession to the bird with the ten doubtful shares. Say, those shares look like a Mexican jumping bean to the Caslows; they're darned if they know which way she's going to hop, but they aren't taking any chances. Old Theo thinks he's placed me under undying obligations by firing Oscar and giving me his job and four dollars more in my envelope. If the poor fish would only stop to think, it isn't me he's doing a favor; it's the whole works—and especially the Caslow family. But I guess they've made up their minds I'm out to hold 'em up, and they're just weak-spined enough to let me get away with it.

"And, listen Lu! What do you think? I've actually got a bid to Theodore's house to dinner next Friday night! What do you know about that?"

"I know Martha Caslow is considered one of the prettiest girls in town," said Lu, giving Jimmy an oblique glance.

"Honest? I never heard of her. Well, she won't look very good to me, kid; so don't you worry. I never look at 'em—any more."

"Any more!"

Maybe not; but as Lu surveyed the undoubtedly striking personality that was James McQuade she wondered if Martha Caslow had left off looking at 'em.

To permit any suspicion that James McQuade wasn't absolutely capable of getting away even with a formal dinner in the home of so respectable and conventional a family as that of Theodore Caslow would be doing the boy a rank injustice. He possessed assurance, even if he was a trifle shy in experience. He was watchful, alert, cautious. If anyone thought he was going to tuck his napkin into his collar or test the musical tones of his soup they needed seriously to think again. Jimmy sat next Martha Caslow, and did himself proud.

Martha found in him a freshness of viewpoint and a freedom of verbal expression that amused her exceedingly. Jimmy was distinctly of the pee-pul; but he wasn't patterned after Martha's previously formed idea of the lower classes. He was self-respecting and, above all things, clean. Martha had always felt like drawing back from the sons and daughters of toil when she encountered them in public; but here was a mere shipping clerk who radiated the conviction that he enjoyed bathing—not alone during the swimming season.

She sounded him for his views on economics. Perhaps he concealed beneath that speckless piqué shirt bosom a heart filled with animosities toward his superiors, the capitalists. To her amusement, she found that Jimmy in his own estimation was a capitalist of the capitalists.

"But I'll tell you one thing, Miss Caslow," he said. "We ginks—pardon—folks that control industry have got to remember that we are not exactly the whole cheese at that."

Miss Caslow blinked and waited for more.

"I was reading in one of our books, Elementary Economics for Hurried Business Men, that you've got to give more if you want to get more. It seems the guy—the man that wrote the book—has figured it out that at a certain place where you are buying labor as cheap as it can be bought you stop getting it at a profit. Of course he's what you call an—alchemist—no, altruist, or something—but I think he's right. Now there's the matter of morale in a big plant like ours. When I first went to work for Caslows ——"

Jimmy checked himself.

"Excuse me," he said, "I forgot. I hadn't any business dragging shop into your house and parading it at your dinner table. I didn't mean not to be polite."

He smiled ravishingly, and Martha Caslow made up her mind Jimmy couldn't be impolite if he tried. She urged him to go on, but he persisted in talking about Babe Ruth and other subjects widely divorced from commerce.

"Came near giving myself away," he mused on his way home. "That girl certainly would like to have me vote Papa Theodore's way; but she can't pull any Delilah stuff on me. Some swell little queen at that!"

Perhaps the sagacious Mr. Theodore sensed in his daughter Martha an ally of possible power, for the first invitation was followed by two others. It ought not to be inferred that the successor of Oscar Mensch became a regular frequenter of the Caslow home. He had little wish to make the Caslows a habit outside business hours.

(Concluded on Page 44)

Now—unruly power has a ring in its nose!

WITHIN the maze of pipes, pumps, boilers and valves, which you may have seen in a power plant, are vast streams of energy, coursing in every direction.

This power, so essential to production, is constantly trying to escape through every joint in the armor which man has devised to curb it.

For years it has been the function of packing to prevent such escape.

Steel plungers and piston rods slide through sleeves or washers of hide-tough fabric—through a ring-like wall of packing which holds back great steam and water pressures, while the steel shaft passes back and forth—constantly.

But until Johns-Manville introduced the patented Sea Ring Packing, this unruly power often did escape and such costly leaks could be stopped only at great price, for the braking action of the old-fashioned packing set up tremendous friction—wear and tear and loss of power.

So much so in some cases that the leakage was preferable to the cure.

It is impossible to estimate how much coal, steam, power, or equipment has been conserved by the introduction of the Sea Ring—but surely a great deal. Thousands of horsepower, which once would have been dissipated either in useless frictional heat or direct leakage, are now saved and doing useful work in plants everywhere. The other Johns-Manville Packings listed here, in their respective uses have as vital a relation to conservation as the Johns-Manville Sea Ring, in keeping power from running amuck.

Johns-Manville Packing

Sarvice Sheet, Seigelite Sheet, Kearsarge Rod Packing, Kearsarge Boiler Manhole and Handhole Packing, Duplex Rod and Plunger Packing, Mogul Coil Packing, Universal Piston Packing, Universal Ammonia Combination Packing, Vulcabeston Pump Valves.

What Sea Ring Packing Is

THE Sea Ring is designed for packing rods and outside packed plungers against steam, water, air, brine and practically any other fluid. Its operation is absolutely automatic.

The lips of this packing grip the rod in proportion to the pressure and tendency to leakage. As the pressure falls the grip of the packing lessens proportionally, thus reducing friction, renewals and shutdowns to a minimum

The Sea Ring has broken down a precedent in packing practice, over two decades old, and it typifies perfectly the individual work Johns-Manville is doing in serving industry for greater conservation

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that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Concluded from Page 42)

But he did not mind for the present being shuttlecock for the battledore of Caslow family dissension. He was learning a great deal all the time; and he was also studying a great deal.

Jimmy was not selfish. The possession of an ownership interest in the big publishing house did not rouse in him any ambition to be the whole thing. It did create in his bosom a great loyalty to "our company." The news that he was one of the owners shortly leaked about among his fellow employees, with results that varied with individuals. There was some slight feeling—this he readily sensed. Why should he, a mere shipper, cheap help, have been given this opportunity denied all the rest? Mere accident and all bull luck, to be sure, they opined; and Jimmy would have been the first to agree with them. Still he didn't propose to let the opportunity slip—provided he could see for himself just what the opportunity really was.

He saw Boone occasionally, but Boone displayed good taste enough not to ask too intimate questions.

"Some day, Jimmy," he said, "when the smoke of battle is blown away, and you won't be violating any confidences, you can tell me the whole story. It must be a wonder."

Jimmy grinned his characteristic grin.

"You said it, Mr. Boone. But tell me—did you ever read our book, Industrial Profit Sharing?"

"Sure!" said Boone. "Did you?"

"I ate it. And I lent a copy to a young lady."

"Your little friend Lu?"

"Oh, she'd read it long ago! No, I lent it to Martha Caslow."

"Suffering catfish!" was Boone's comment.

"I guess she'll be the only member of the whole darned Caslow family that ever read it, judging by the width of their heads from ear to ear."

"Jimmy, I take off my hat to you, that's all."

"Martha's a stockholder, quite a big one—inherited some shares from an uncle."

"Really?"

"And I'm wondering if maybe she wouldn't make a good director."

"Mr. McQuade, I always heard you were a very fast worker; but if you can put anything over like that ——"

"Funnier things have happened, Mr. Boone. Stockholders' meeting's only two weeks off."

"I'm sorry I didn't hold on to enough shares to entitle me to be present."

"For an engaged young lady," complained Lu, "I should say I'm hardly what you'd call overwhelmed with attentions. Where were you last night?"

"Motoring with Bill Caslow, old Rogers' son. Went over to Jersey to a prize fight."

"Nice, refined occupation, when you might have been taking me to the movies. And the night before—up at Theodore's. How's Martha Caslow?"

"Oh, she's all right—I guess. She's reading the book I lent her."

"She probably tells you she is. Has she really got brains enough to understand a real book?"

"Sure she has," defended Jimmy. "She's about the brainiest member of the whole Caslow family—and they're afraid of her too. Leave it to her!"

"Sounds like something confidential," said Lu pointedly.

"Aw, now, come, Lulu. Don't get sore!"

"Remember the novel you faked up—brilliant but homely young steno wins wealthy publisher husband? You better rewrite some chapters of that literary masterpiece. Show people how easy it is for even mediocre men to fool the women if they have a grin and a dimple. My land!"

Lu was in no amenable temper, it was plain. Poor Jimmy wandered off disconsolately to his lodgings. His Caslow stock had paid a nice dividend that day, and he had made haste to cash the check for the benefit of Mr. Boone.

"When this stock's all paid for I make a present of it to the little old kid," he had told Boone. Now he wasn't so sure the little old kid wouldn't tear the precious certificate in pieces.

Still—darn it, Jimmy had a feeling that everything was coming out all right. The stockholders' meeting was only three days off now, and—well, some of the Caslows were due for the shock of their lives, as if they hadn't already had shocks enough.

Yes, they were shocked all right. Jimmy was telling Lulu about it.

"And when she got up and made 'em that little speech you should have seen her! I told you they're scared of her. She's a snappy one. She waved the profit-sharing book at 'em and dared any one of the bunch to prove they'd ever read it. One dried-up old maid, a sister of Mr. Rogers Caslow, said she'd read a little of it, but she really didn't take up with those new-fashioned ideas.

"Then Miss Caslow went on and explained what they already knew—that they were in a dickens of a fix. She said they'd allowed themselves to fall into a trap, so that they were actually in the power of one of their minor employees."

"I suppose you cheered heartily."

"And then she said that, thanks to having had her eyes opened to the true facts regarding the business, she had formulated a plan, and this plan had the approval of the said humble employee; and she, for one, proposed to step out of the old rut that the Caslow family had followed for so many years and catch hold of the band wagon of modern thought—or words to that effect.

"That is, she was now in favor of voting a good-sized block of stock out of the treasury and distributing it among the help on such a basis that hereafter those who carried the burdens would participate in the profits. It was all in the book, Industrial Profit Sharing, which they themselves published and indorsed and taught the young idea all over the world to shoot with. How would they like to have some of those young ideas make a tour of inspection of their musty old manufacturing plant and see how out of date and old-fashioned and inefficiently managed it was? Well, a little new blood was a good thing. As it happened, new blood had the whip hand just now, and if either faction wanted Mr. McQuade's vote on some of their pet schemes for the betterment of the business they'd better fall right in line on this profit-sharing thing or they'd be sitting on his doorstep a year from now looking just as hungry as ever.

"And she proposed Mr. McQuade as one of the new directors; and Mr. McQuade got up and said that as a director he felt that he was well qualified for a head shipper. But he'd like very much to see Miss Martha Caslow elected to the board, and would gladly vote his stock for her if she was duly nominated."

"And was she?"

"She was—and elected."

"And you?"

"I'm still head shipper—that's all I want just now. But the deadlock is busted, and about five hundred people know to-night that they're to have a vote in the affairs of the company, and a share of the profits."

"All very nice," said Lu quietly. "I wonder how you did it? People always said you were a swift worker, Jimmy; and I know it. Now you can write the concluding chapter of your novel, entitled Winning the Boss' Daughter. Come Jimmy, let's have the rest of the story."

Now of course it is easy to see that Lu was only feminine and human. It was a trying place for a girl who regarded herself as of no more than average good looks and intellect; and there was the debonair and dashing Mr. McQuade—McQuade the irresistible—and this Martha Caslow, one of the prettiest girls in New York. Lu would have liked to share Jimmy's pride, but something held her back.

"Oh," said Mr. McQuade easily, "there is another chapter I hadn't touched on. I didn't write it either. It's in to-night's Breeze. Lookit!"

He held the clipping out for Lu to see, and she scanned it curiously in the light of the living-room incandescent.

YOUNG BRITISH OFFICER
BETROTHED TO NEW YORK BEAUTY

ENGAGEMENT SOON TO BE ANNOUNCED OF PUBLISHER'S DAUGHTER AND CAPT. ROBT. SKILLEN

There was a picture of Martha arrayed in riding clothes.

A slow smile overspread the classic features of Miss Lulu Cliff. Truth compels the admission that it was a smile of immense relief. She looked up happily at Jimmy.

"She is pretty, isn't she?" she conceded generously. "I don't wonder she made the rest of her family take notice. But—it wasn't all her brains that turned the trick, was it, Jimmy?"

"We-e-ell," began Jimmy with becoming modesty, "of course she had what amounted to a handful of trumps in a bridge game. But there's a good deal in how you play your hand."

"And you're not such a poor player yourself, Jimmy. Still—I rather think I like you better as a ——"

"Shipping clerk?"

"No, novelist," said Lu.

DOES BUSINESS RENDER SERVICE?

(Continued from Page 11)

the pottery industry or the leather-manufacturing industry or the railroad industry is pernicious.

Does it follow, then, that we are dealing with a perfect instrument beyond the need of amendment or improvement? Of course not! But it is highly desirable always to sense the relative importance of things. An automobile may become overheated; now and then a wire becomes worn or a tire is punctured. These are very annoying—they give considerable trouble; but if you have a trip to make you are more likely to reach your destination with such a vehicle, despite its faults, than with none at all. The net result is what counts.

If our discussion of automobiles hinged entirely upon the defects in the machine and neglected the service which it affords we obviously would have a warped perspective. The truth contained in the indictment would be nullified by the truth it neglected. That is no reason why the automobile should not be greatly improved over its present form, but there is exceedingly good reason for not getting so angry at the present obvious defects of the gasoline motor that we discard it altogether before we have a better system of locomotion.

The question which this article set out to answer is whether business renders service. How can it, ask the believers in newer revolutionary medicines, in view of the fact that business men are mere money grabbers, working for profits? The idea seems to be that profits not only prevent the rendering of service, but are somehow filched from the laboring man and his wages. If we could only make short shrift with the business man and his profits we would all be not only much happier, but most of us would have that much additional to spend, runs their reasoning.

But does not this idea overlook the fact that society cannot develop or progress unless there is a surplus from all business operations? Perhaps it is desirable to have very low railroad rates and high wages for railroad workers. In that case the Government might meet the deficit, as it has, in fact, been doing, out of taxation upon other industries. The same might be true of street railways, of the post office, the express, of gas and electric light and power companies. The next stage would be coal; then would come oil, and then probably copper and steel. It sounds all right, and for a while it works well enough. But it is a policy which if kept up leads straight, of course, into an economic vacuum.

Somehow, somewhere there must be saving. There must be profits, in the sense of a surplus of capital, of wealth to be used in producing more wealth. Extreme indeed are the revolutionists who fail to recognize this fact.

It penetrates all but those addled brains whose brilliant idea is to seize the fortunes of the rich and then stop working. The necessity for an industrial surplus is apparent to all except those giant intellects who conceived the wonderful scheme of first destroying the industries and then taking them over for the benefit of the workers. There are always a few clever persons who are willing to saw off the branch of any tree upon which they happen to be sitting.

"It all comes down to this," declared a prominent hotel proprietor in a recent discussion of the problems of his business: "Without a fair profit you cannot pay dividends; without dividends you cannot command new capital; without new capital you cannot expand and improve your business—in other words, you cannot succeed" and he might have added that without these requisites a hotel cannot give good service.

That is the typically simple way the business man looks at the problem. But is it oversimple? Is it wrong? Let us see what becomes of profits.

If the profits have been filched from labor, if the ideal of business for profit has been a drag upon the heart and brain of labor, then the years of the war and those since the war have exemplified these truths as never before. And if they be truths they must apply with telling force to the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the profitableness of whose operations and whose identification with massed wealth and power needs no explanation on my part.

In the years 1917, 1918, 1919 the Standard Oil Company paid $82,100,000 in taxes to the Federal Government out of its profits, retaining $217,553,000, of which $157,000,000 was reinvested in the property and $60,553,000 paid out in dividends.

For a period of eight years, during most of which the corporations had no Federal taxes to pay, the Standard Oil Company reinvested in its property $302,500,000 of its profits as compared with $158,353,000 paid in dividends. In addition, the company has sold for cash to investors at $100 or more a share something like $200,000,000 of preferred stock and reinvested the proceeds in the business. These figures and the operations they indicate explain to a considerable extent why the oil industry has been able to supply the unprecedented demand for petroleum. They also show what becomes of profits.

Standard Oil merely illustrates on a somewhat unusually large scale what is true of corporations in general. Prof. David Friday estimates that of the corporate profits during even the most profitable years of the war the stockholders spent only one-fourth or one-fifth, the other seventy-five or eighty per cent going for taxes, war loans and industrial expansion. In a recent exhaustive study of profits, wages and prices during the war period and after, Professor Friday shows that between 1916 and 1919, which was the most profitable period, less than forty-five per cent of the net income of all corporations went to stockholders in the form of dividends. Before paying dividends the corporations of course had been paying taxes, having contributed about ten billion dollars during this period.

But how about the profits which do actually reach the shareholder in dividends? Two-thirds of all such dividends go to persons with incomes of twenty thousand dollars or more a year, and these persons are the very ones who are subject to high supertaxes on their incomes. Finally, of what remains to them after they have paid supertaxes, as high as seventy per cent, it is well known that a large part is reinvested in other industries.

Now it is perfectly obvious that whatever the defects of this system may be, it does provide remarkably well for necessary development and progress. In other words, here is a scheme which in the main works out in practice by producing on an enormous scale the goods and services which mankind must have. That is all very true, admit the socialist critics, but your system is wasteful, because it makes some people very rich.

It may be remarked in passing that, great as were corporate profits during the war, there is more than a fair chance of a tremendous reduction in swollen profits in the next year or two. Indeed the problem now is that of the deficiteer instead of the profiteer. Professor Friday maintains that only in 1916 and 1917 did the individual stockholder receive dividends in proportion to the increase in prices or cost of living. By 1918 and 1919 the increase in wages and Federal taxes and the decrease in output had pushed the stockholder back to a position little if any better than he held before the war.

Indeed, this authority maintains that industry as a whole was no more profitable in

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Among the joys of Yuletide
nowadays is the gift that is
useful as well as pleasing

Give him a box of

Interwoven

REG U S PAT OFF

TOE AND HEEL Socks

Their fine texture, snug fit, brilliant lustre and their wonderful wear-resisting Interwoven toe and heel have made them famous the world over.

Pure Silks Sport Wools
Fine Mercerized Lisles

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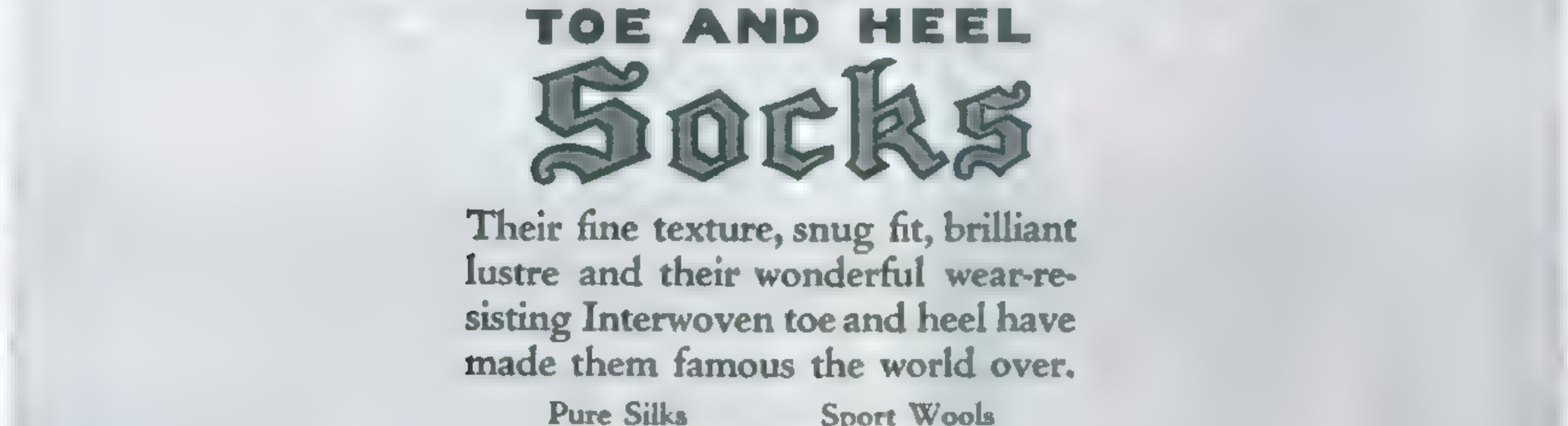

KANTLEEK

A Rexall PRODUCT

It *Can't* Leak Because it's Made in One Piece

—that's why we guarantee satisfaction or your money back

FROM top to bottom the Kantleek Hot Water Bag is all one piece. There are no seams—no patches—no binding—no splices. The entire bag, stopper socket included, is moulded into one continuous piece of soft, pliable rubber. It is an absolutely dependable hot water bag—one that ***can't*** leak. You can use it safely anywhere.

We *say* it can't leak—we prove it. For every Kantleek Hot Water Bag is guaranteed against leakage for *two years*. Any Rexall Store in this country, regardless of where the purchase was made, will give you a new bottle free if your Kantleek leaks within two years.

If you want this *sure protection* from leaking hot water bags get a Kantleek. Ask for it *only* at a Rexall Store. It is obtainable nowhere else.

The Rexall Stores

are an organization of 10,000 progressive retail drug stores throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain, united for a worldwide Service.

UNITED DRUG COMPANY
Boston Toronto Liverpool Paris

You can depend on all Kantleek Rubber Goods. The line includes Syringes, Ice Caps, Face Bottles, Bulb Syringes, Breast Pumps, etc. Prices from 40c. to $4.75. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

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1919 than before the war, nor did corporate securities in the aggregate sell any higher in the markets. He points out what is obvious enough, that the railroads and public utilities offset by their losses the gains in other lines.

Any comprehensive study of the course of profits in the last few years brings out the striking unevenness and variation of these rewards. Indeed Professor Friday's studies seem to show conclusively that the total body of profits is never great, constant or dependable enough to warrant its surgical removal without so dislocating industrial institutions that the reduction in output would be more than the total amount which now goes into profits.

But persons with socialistic inclinations do not stop to bother with unevenness or variations. The mere word "profit" is a red rag to them. If anyone at any time makes profits that is quite enough to confirm them in their belief in the iniquity of the system.

As a result of this belief there have sprung up recently any number of halfway socialistic schemes, the best advertised of which was the Plumb Plan for the railroads, which proposed to do away with all so-called profits and yet pay the investor a fixed rate of interest on the capital he actually contributes. Some of these schemes have quite a highbrow origin, but all are alike in lacking the courage of outright old-fashioned state socialism, which boldly advertises its intention to abolish not only profits but all interest on capital as well. The result is that when these proposals are analyzed curious inconsistencies develop.

Stockholders are commonly spoken of as receiving profits, and such is the idea not only in the minds of those who urged the Plumb Plan but it is the commonly expressed viewpoint of finance and accounting. But, as a matter of fact, an enormous proportion of stockholders in the largest industrial corporations and in nearly all the railroads do not receive profits at all.

Harebrained Fallacies

Where dividends of from five per cent to eight per cent are paid, which is the case with most of the largest corporations, such as the railroads and the General Electric, Swift & Co., United States Steel, American Telephone, and the like, the stockholder is really receiving nothing but interest. The idea that he is a profit taker is more due to mistaken accounting nomenclature than to the actual facts of the case.

But suppose the dividends are, say, fifteen per cent instead of six per cent or seven per cent. In many cases this is nothing more than interest, because of undercapitalization. There are many concerns which have never increased their capital stock beyond a mere nominal figure, with the result that the dividend rate appears very large, though if the capital stock had been increased in accordance with prevailing custom the result would appear wholly different.

Finally, there are the concerns which pay large dividends on capital-stock issues of more normal and generous size. What shall we say of those companies that pay perhaps fifteen or twenty per cent on a capital which is not in any sense undercapitalized? The chances are—not in all cases of course, but in many instances—that such concerns are the most efficient in their line, and are performing a greater service than their competitors. They are often the pace setters—the low-cost producers. Making unusually large profits, they attempt to take advantage of their situation by producing all the goods they can.

Thus they are the ones that produce the most goods, which, though not the only test of service, is certainly a tremendously important one. Moreover, these producers often take orders at lower prices than their competitors who are less efficient and are making smaller profits.

One of the suggestions made by those who regard the present system of profit taking as pernicious is that capital should be accumulated by the state, or by an entire industry acting as a unit, thus doing away with private or individual profits. Let us illustrate by means of three steel companies. The first reinvests perhaps fifty million dollars and pays ten per cent dividends. The second, whose management is less efficient and whose financial structure is less sound, puts one million five hundred thousand dollars of profits back into the business and pays three per cent dividends. The third, of almost equal size and importance, is so poorly organized and managed that it puts nothing back and pays no dividend.

It is becoming quite popular in certain circles to suggest that these three companies and scores of others be pooled into a single industry, probably to be controlled by the workers and technical experts rather than by stockholders. Investors would be paid a fixed, moderate rate of interest. The industry as a whole would appropriate from its earnings a sufficient sum to make improvements and extensions. There would no longer be the enormous differences in profits and dividends that are illustrated by the three companies referred to, and which are so common in real life. Some kind of a supreme workers' and people's commissary would iron out the wrinkles. Such is the general idea.

But is there not an assumption back of all such schemes that industrial development is at an end and that all risk in business is over with? Of course, if industry is a complete, finished product we no longer need the fertilizing possibilities of money-making or the inducement of profits.

Then, too, in all such projects to do away with profits there lies another assumption, that surplus capital is a mere matter of decision upon the part of committees, a product of bookkeeping. But in actual fact surplus capital is the result only of slow improvement and painful experiment. Surplus capital comes from seeking new ways of doing things, from trial and error and failure rather than by means of automatic, perfunctory book entries, which at bottom all socialistic, communistic and syndicalist schemes seem to involve. Of course, it goes without saying that you won't get slow improvement, experiment and trial and error unless there are motive forces strong enough, inducements great enough, to drive men on.

The socialistic idea that industry is somehow a finished tool or an automatic machine that goes of itself by the mere pressure of a button is contrary to the facts. We do not hear the idea expressed very often, but the truth is that industry has to be motivated fresh every morning. You can't write a scheme on paper to make either men or machines work on indefinitely. You have got to give both of them fresh, new propulsion every day.

The system can't be taken as it is, held there and in that way made to supply human needs. Just as long as population increases, the wants of men grow and the possibility of supplying them exists, industrial processes will remain anything but constant and dependable. Unless the world absolutely stops growing and developing there is bound to be uncertainty in regard to both supply and demand under any conceivable system, the most socialistic as well as the most individualistic. As long as that is true, the greatest liability of any business is to stay in business and grow up to the demands upon it. That is sometimes enough to break the back of any concern.

Reputation More Than Money

But let us leave the dry field of economics for a moment and consider human beings. Does any person whose knowledge of life is not solely gained from books really imagine that our industrial leaders are interested only in making profits? Are not the great manufacturers and other captains of industry concerned with the types of industries they build up, with the kinds of reputation they are able to construct, no less than with the money they make out of it?

Even manufacturers who sell out and retire from active affairs are still jealous of the good name and reputation of their former concern. After all, it is their only memorial. Mr. William J. Bryan makes speeches and I write articles. He is jealous of his reputation for eloquent speechmaking; I for the reputation of my articles. But the business man's reputation must be built upon the good name of his business. I cannot conceive of a more false, distorted view of human nature than the idea that business men alone among human beings are not jealous of their good names and reputations.

But if each steel maker must get the consent of a committee of tired, blasé, overworked bureaucrats at the head of the entire industry to every improvement he wants to make, to every idea he wishes to try out, is he going to have the same eager pride in the good name and credit he is building up?

Suppose the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST commissions me to write an article on a certain subject. It is a very difficult theme, and may take a long time to do, but I am intensely interested in working it out. But suppose I have to go to Washington to get permission from the Supreme Council of the Authors' Industry to take four instead of three weeks to write the article, to buy six instead of four new books, to travel to Chicago instead of to Pittsburgh for information. Of course there will be seventy-six other authors ahead of me waiting to have their claims passed upon. Of course the members of the Supreme Council will be tired and overworked and much more anxious and interested in going out to Chevy Chase to play golf than in passing upon my petition. Why should they be interested in the activities which are so important to me but seem petty to them?

The socialist may laugh at what probably seems to him a far-fetched analogy. But is it really far-fetched? Do not the same narrowing, limiting, cramping conditions apply to the steel industry, only on a larger scale? That is, will not the same conditions work toward restricting the energies and initiative of those who must make the steel mills a success, if anybody does, when they have to go before a supreme council or soviet to get permission to spend eight million dollars for a certain purpose instead of six million, as last year?

Service That Brings Profits

To fling the whole scheme of profit making overboard, to make short shrift of it, is one thing. But to object to the profit motive when directed in a too narrow and shortsighted manner, in disregard of the interest of customers, employees, competitors and the public, is quite another and different matter. The old orthodox belief that self-interest, or profit, is practically the sole motive power behind production, and which conceived of industry as solely a money-making machine, may easily be pushed so far as to contain the seeds of its own destruction and that of the institutions which have grown up about it.

But the comforting, the wholesome, fact is that within the business system itself changes have already begun, designed to prevent the profit motive from defeating itself. As one business man said to me:

"A broader viewpoint, a long-time purpose, a sensitiveness to the interests of the other fellow and appreciation of the value of good-will as a business asset, have proved to be more efficacious in profit making than a greedy and unenlightened policy. Under limitations, the boundaries of which are not yet definitely charted, the service motive is found to coincide with the profit motive; that is, certain policies, such as one price, welfare work, collective bargaining, money back if not satisfied, pay dividends even though they are expensive."

Of course, it is easy to sneer at these tendencies in American business, and to say they are merely money grabbing in another form. It is true, no doubt, that many business men have seized upon the word "service" in a spirit of sham holiness, and that an element of cant has got into its use at business conventions. Certain business clubs have been criticized for their emotional worship of success, for their lack of interest in anyone who is not successful, for a spirit said to be similar to that of the military-officer caste of other countries.

But this, after all, is merely superficial. The fact of far deeper significance to all except those who approach the subject in a supercilious or frankly destructive attitude is the evidence of a larger, broader and more progressive business conception. This includes the relation of industry to the workers who make it up, as well as to the customers who purchase the goods. The evidences of progressive enlightenment in business relations seem to me to be of profound meaning, of the nature almost of an unseen revolution.

"Enlightened self-interest" is not a new phrase. Whole philosophies have been built round it. It is not my purpose, nor am I competent to wander off into the fields of metaphysics and religion which the idea opens up. The point is simply that a growing class of liberal-minded—not soft-headed—business men have faith that in time a progressive enlightenment of self-interest will come much nearer than now to coinciding with public interest.

In a sort of connected symposium consisting of three parts I want to bring together the replies of a number of men to

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LONDON DUPLEX

PELTERS

Reversible Leather Coats

Down the chimney, helter-skelter,
Comes old Santa, in a Pelter!

Wise old bird, he keeps his form
Clothed against the polar storm

In the shelter
Of a Pelter.

Take the tip from Santa Claus:
Get a Pelter Coat, because

It's the best for every weather.
One side's built of finest leather,
Which resists the coldest blow;
T'other side is gabardine
Proofed against the sleet and snow
And the blizzard's raging spleen.

Thus the Pelter
Is a shelter
That will keep you warm as toast.
Built for duty,
Yet its beauty
Is a thing of which you'll boast.
For it's smart and trig and trim
With a lot of youth and vim.

Even Santa Claus, you'll note,
In his handsome Pelter Coat
Looks a whole lot slimmer, svelter,
—Take his tip and
Get a Pelter!

Of course you want a Pelter. "Which styles and What colors" are the things you need to know now. Our Style Booklet tells you. Many handsome Pelter models are pictured, some with Fur Collars, all in harmonious colors. Send for this booklet today and we'll also tell you the name of the store nearest you that sells Pelters.

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every "Pelter."

International Duplex Coat Co.

Pioneer Makers of Leather Coats

114–116 Fifth Avenue New York City

IN giving cigars, nothing is more important than the assurance that they are *good* ones, fairly priced. The national brands of the General Cigar Co., Inc., listed here include the names of America's largest-selling cigars:

Owl Brand	Box of 50	$3.75
Little Bobbie	Box of 50	$3.50
White Owl	Box of 50	$4.75
Van Dyck—		
Victorias	Box of 50	$6.00
Bankers	Box of 25	$3.65
	Box of 50	$7.25
Presidents	Box of 25	$4.00
	Box of 50	$8.00
Robt. Burns—		
Invincibles	Box of 25	$3.65
	Box of 50	$7.25
Longfellows (foil wrapped)	Box of 25	$4.00
	Box of 50	$8.00

These national brands are sold everywhere—from New York to San Francisco. They are recognized everywhere for their quality. The nearest dealer has them or will gladly get them for you.

General Cigar Co., INC.

NATIONAL BRANDS

NEW YORK CITY

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questions put to them regarding enlightened self-interest. Among those who were approached were two engineers, the manager of a relatively small manufacturing plant, a trained economist in the employ of a great corporation, the secretary of two important trade associations, the manager of a large department store, a bank officer, a man engaged in training salesmen, and the head of a department of a large manufacturing company. Here is a fair synopsis of what they said:

PART I. "If you ask the average business man why he is in business, the reply will come as quick as greased lightning, 'Why, to make money.' But is it not sloppy thinking to suppose because people are looking after their own interests they are not looking after the public interest in the great majority of cases? The fundamental idea, as I see it, is not to abolish the gain spirit, but to make it necessary for a man to render service in order to profit. Unrest should begin where it is known that profits are going to those whose public service is invisible."

PART II. "Service is playing a larger part in business to-day than ever before, but it is because of competition. The department store tries to make shopping as easy as possible for the women customers. The bank will go to unlimited ends to do you service, but it all simmers down to the fact that they do it to get your dollars through encouraging your patronage.

"Men strive to fulfill their own personal desires, and in so doing they build up large plants, large stores and businesses that benefit the world. Everyone in this institution knows that his first business is to give the public service, and yet what each is working for is his own personal advancement. He knows that he will get it by increasing the service he and the company are able to give."

The Personal Motive

"Each man has his own views of why he starts out in a business. He never starts out with the idea of giving service. Many a man has decided that he could get more business if he could sell his goods just a little cheaper than the other fellow. He does not always realize it, but he is rendering a real service to the community.

"Most men render their service without knowing it. A young man will meet a young woman. She is attractive and intelligent. She appeals to him. He starts out to make a living. He marries and has children. He makes a better living. He may even make what men call a big success. But his service was not in that success. It was in the fulfilling of his duty to society, his building up of a family. His primary purpose was to make money; his intentions were to use the money for himself and his family. It may be that in the course of his business he rendered service, but he expected a living for what he did. His purpose was not to render service to man. Nature gave him a purpose and hid it from him, and that was to serve by means of his family.

"When we try to induce a salesman to give more service so he will make more sales we always appeal to him from a selfish standpoint, and that is the only way to get results.

"We attract his attention by telling him that he will make more money by increasing his sales, and then we try to show him how he can do it by making every sale a repeat order. We attempt to put the salesman in the class with the professional man.

"Men will serve others as long as they know that in so doing they are serving first themselves. Service to the community comes through their efforts to satisfy some of their desires.

"Under the present system there is some inducement for a man to strive to build up a big business. He wants to leave it to his children perhaps. He is not content with staying in a small town. As the result, he works and strives and makes progress by which the entire country and the world is benefited, but back of it all is the selfish motive.

"Take myself, for example. In the past fifteen years, so I could get all the experience possible in my line, I have moved with my family from town to town, always working for something better, and never content. Perhaps I have taught thousands of salesmen in the larger concerns of the country to give better service, but back of it all has been the selfish motive. I wanted to get ahead in the world myself, and if I have done any service it is for this reason.

I do not mean to say that there are no men working entirely for service, because that is not true; but they are so few that they can hardly be compared with the vast mass who are working from a selfish motive."

PART III. "I don't believe that what the great mass demands when they ask for more service is the socialist ideal. They simply clamor for more than they are getting to-day. The cry is for an extra touch of human warmth, of friendliness and personal interest.

"Business too often builds up about itself a cold, impersonal stereotyped wall that can't help but anger those whose labor helped build that wall against themselves. The really pitiful thing is the way men who enter business with a genuine desire to do good become swallowed up in the great glittering reward of money rather than service, which would bring the money without the worry.

"You and I are just like all the rest of the hundred and five million people in this country, ready and even anxious to go out of our way for any man or any company willing to give us just a little special attention, just another ounce more than we usually get.

"More attention paid to individual wants, operating at the lowest possible profit, with a greater turnover and larger sales, and a sincere endeavor on the part of those in control to surround their acts with the warmth and magnetism of consideration, sympathy and understanding, will bring about a better type of service without revolution.

"The interesting part of the whole thing lies in the fact that the more business men and institutions tend toward rendering service as an end in itself rather than as a means to an end -with profits as an incidental factor—the more service will they be able to render, and thereby the greater will be their profits—also their happiness. I really know of nothing more provocative of lasting pleasure than to be able and willing to serve for the joy of serving, with the realization in the background that that joy has, in spite of its own great reward, other more concrete ones expressed in dollars—to-day's token of accomplishment.

"In America, with people so thoroughly satisfied, in spite of temporary mutterings and grumblings, there can be a greater amount of service rendered with an ultimate gain in the long run, without revolution, if our business men will only bear in mind that the relatively small sacrifice of profits is good business, and that the constant bearing in mind of the higher motives of social justice will bring them, in addition to their money profits, a great soul satisfaction and a lasting happiness."

Vocational Reputation

But cannot we approach the subject less abstractly? Do not the broader conceptions of business show themselves in some definite everyday manner? I think these questions will find a suggestive answer in the statement made to me by a man who for ten years has been engaged in cleaning up advertising. He has prosecuted any number of concerns which printed false or misleading advertisements; he has persuaded a far larger number to alter their copy in the interest of truth; and he has discussed the subject with hundreds of gatherings of business men in scores of different industries. He was asked whether self-interest is being pushed to the same ruthless extremes in business as formerly, and replied:

"When I started this work about ten years ago you could not get men to view their industry as a whole. Each would say, 'My advertising is clean. Why should I be interested in the other fellow's? I admit he is pretty bad, and if he goes on using that type of copy it will reflect upon him and he will lose the public's confidence, which is what he deserves.' But now they realize that confidence must be in all advertising, not merely in one piece. They understand that the public must have confidence in merchandising as a whole, not in just one store.

"The day has passed when a few big individuals in any line can stand by themselves. It was not long ago when trade associations could not live because of mutual jealousies. That is no longer the case. Now business men are coming to look upon their industry as a whole. They have discovered

"Take it from Father!"

A Durham-Duplex Razor! Handsomely finished—durable—useful! No gift from a father to a son could be more sensible.

Father is thoroughly familiar with the wonderful shaving qualities of the oil-tempered, hollow-ground, double-edged Durham-Duplex blades.

"Take it from him" that when he gives you a Durham-Duplex, he gives you not only a nifty Christmas present but a lifelong guarantee of shaving comfort.

DURHAM-DUPLEX

A Real Razor-made Safe

Standard Set One Dollar Complete. *Made and Sold in Canada at Same Price.* Razor with attractive American ivory handle, safety guard and package of three Durham-Duplex blades (6 shaving edges) all in handsome American ivory case.

Christmas Model Two Dollars. Same as above but with gold plated blade holder and safety guard.

Other sets up to $12

Additional blades 50c for a package of 5

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Jersey City, N. J.
FACTORIES
Jersey City, U. S. A. — Sheffield, Eng
Paris, France — Toronto, Can.
Sales Representatives in all Countries

BOYCE
MOTO METER

"I purchased a *useful* gift for you this Christmas, Dad—a genuine Boyce Moto-Meter for your car.

"You attach it to the radiator cap and every time you look at it, think of me and—your motor.

"All our friends now have a Boyce Moto-Meter on their cars, and from what they tell me, you will find it both extremely useful as well as ornamental. It prevents overheating, and they say you can't use a radiator cover properly without one."

The BOYCE MOTO-METER is an ideal Christmas gift and is sold by all automobile accessory dealers.

Your choice of six models — ranging from $2.50 to $15. In Canada, $3.75 to $22.50.

BOYCE MOTO-METER can easily be attached to *any* car in ten minutes.

THE MOTO-METER COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK, U. S. A.

that they don't live alone. Individuals are learning that being clean is not enough, for they cannot succeed in the long run unless the entire industry is clean enough to command public confidence.

"About the time I started this work a well-known concern was being lambasted by one of the newspapers for alleged unfair practices. I remembered that many of the leaders in that line of business told me it was a popular move; that the concern in question was disliked and deserved to be attacked. A few months ago this same company was made the target in a campaign the Government had been carrying on. Several of the officers were fined or arrested. I happened about this time to see three of their keenest competitors. All expressed their deep regret at the action of the Government.

"'It's too bad,' said one of them. 'It will tear down confidence in business at a time when the country needs such confidence.' Another competitor, the one who has the most personal reason for disliking these people, said, 'That affects me and my business.'

"Business men are beginning to realize that to have their competitors humiliated is not going to help them in the long run. They know, too, that if their competitors are misrepresented their turn will come next. They know that the bulk of public feeling toward an industry will take the direction either of confidence or lack of it.

"You would be amazed at a complete list of the industries which are cleaning up their merchandising and advertising methods. Many are coming to us because we are impartial intermediaries, unconnected with any particular industry and receiving our financial support from concerns in many different lines. Other industries are forming their own bureaus.

"Of course you may say that such a cleaning-up process succeeds only because a concern will point out its competitors' sins. Thus it may be said that all are selfish, and it is true that when John Jones stops his objectionable advertising or his misleading bargain sales, John Smith nearly always says with a broad smile, 'I knew Jones would come round to my way of thinking.' But the net result is that all benefit from the improvement, the public included.

"Besides, running all through these activities is the spirit of protecting the whole industry, a realization, unconscious perhaps, that in the last analysis each man must rely upon the others. I tell you most of these men do not themselves know what a tremendous change is taking place or what a great force for good they are lining themselves up with, though in most cases each man probably still has the same selfish motives as before."

Speeding Up Retail Selling

"I want to make this thing quite real to you. One of the most expensive items in operating a large retail store is the time of the clerks taken up by customers in merely looking over the goods on sale. Much of this is necessary, of course, but a great amount of time could be saved if customers were always sure that an article was precisely as represented. If customers had such complete confidence in the representations of department stores, both through advertising and the clerks themselves, that they purchased an article the moment the clerk told them what it consisted of, without further examination to detect the joker, just think of the time that would be saved!

"The idea, in simple language, of course, is to raise the standards to a point where the clerk will be trained to say, 'Yes, it looks something like linen, but it's mostly cotton.' If that happened often enough customers would lose their doubts and suspicions and make their purchases in a far shorter period of time. They would come to rely upon the merchant and his clerks, and act accordingly. It is not inconceivable that such a policy might be carried to a point which would reduce the number of clerks in the largest department stores by several hundred.

"Do not misunderstand me. This new spirit which is leading men to take an interest in their industry as a whole does not weaken their own ambition or initiative. No matter how anxious they are to have their competitors succeed, each one is just as eager as ever to be the shining star in the firmament by going his competitor one better.

"This whole movement seems to me to be merely an effort to insure the future rather than the more immediate profit. Whether under former or present conditions, all these men were trying to improve their own lot. But I feel that in the days when no man cared what happened to his competitor men were destroying their own future opportunities."

I recently ran through a series of bulletins of one of the big trade associations in the oil industry to see just what topics and subjects were being covered. First came an article on the world situation. Then appeared a careful analysis of the tax situation. This was followed by a discussion of standard specifications, which, though of benefit no doubt to the members of the industry, might prove of even greater value to its customers.

The next discussion concerned the slowness of tank-car movement and the lack of sufficient cars. There being no way suddenly to increase the number of cars, the only thing left was to expedite their movement, and judging from the article a special bureau had evidently been formed for that purpose. This may have fitted in with a selfish interest of oil producers, but the discussion was carried on in terms of the supply required by farmers, manufacturers and others. An entire bulletin was devoted to the conservation of gas fuel and another to the improvement of the automobile engine in order to prevent the present waste of oil.

There is nothing so very exceptional about this program. There are no doubt numerous trade associations with narrower ideas, but there are many with equally broad conceptions of their functions. The very fact that this layout of subjects seems neither exceptional nor remarkable shows how far we have progressed in recent years away from a narrow conception of self-interest.

A Significant Experiment

Indeed, if business falls far short in the ideal of rendering service it is, I insist, chiefly because men have not pushed their group organization and activities with enough intelligence and intensity. To be specific, the most pernicious feature of the business system is what might be called the irregularity of production, which in simple language means the closing down of mills, throwing workers out of employment and possibly reducing to zero the returns upon capital invested. Nothing is more disturbing to the country in general and to labor in particular than the closing for even a few weeks of a large number of manufacturing plants of the first magnitude.

Lack of regularity and continuity in production means a floating population of workers who cannot become citizens in any true sense of the word, and a general state of unrest. No industry has had this problem to face in a more acute form than the book-printing trade. School boards and superintendents have usually made their decisions in June regarding the choice of textbooks for the following school year. This means that the printing industry is rushed to the limit in the summer and obliged to take on extra help. Not only are many of these workers let out in the fall, but the work of necessity is hasty and imperfect.

Henry P. Kendall, a Boston employer identified with the printing trades, conceived the idea a few years ago of inducing school boards to reach their decisions in February, thus spreading the work over a much longer period. The effect would be not only to stabilize employment but to produce better books and turn them out more promptly. Mr. Kendall addressed great numbers of gatherings of school superintendents, urging the change, but the mass of men he had to deal with was so great and the importance of the subject bulked so little to any one school board that the results have not been what was hoped for.

Now this illustration might seem a poor one, because the experiment has not succeeded. But the mere fact that a man with Kendall's reputation for successful business operations should devote so much time and effort to the undertaking is important, for as a director in one of the largest banks in New England, the president of another bank, the head of an important trade association, the president and manager of several manufacturing companies and the guiding spirit in the current reorganization of two great industrial enterprises, Mr. Kendall is no theorist.

An example of industrial correlation is the joint action of the oil and automobile industries to perfect the automobile engine. The old-fashioned idea would have been for

(Continued on Page 53)

ARE you getting full value out of the attic in your home? You can make an attractive and useful room in what is now waste space, and do it at little cost, by the use of Sheetrock, the fireproof wallboard. Sheetrock makes standard walls and ceilings. It comes in broad, ceiling-high sections. These units can be sawed, and nailed directly to the joists or studding. Any good carpenter can apply Sheetrock quickly and easily. Walls and ceilings of Sheetrock are permanent, rigid, non-warping, and fireproof. They resist cold and damp. Fitted with the U. S. G. Patented Reinforcement at the joining edges, the sections of Sheetrock meet in a tight, flush joint that insures a perfectly flat surface, taking any decoration—wallpaper, paint, or panels. Your lumber dealer or your dealer in builders' supplies has Sheetrock. Write for a copy of our descriptive booklet, "Walls of Worth."

SHEETROCK

The FIRE PROOF WALLBOARD

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY, *General Offices:* 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago

World's Largest Producers of Gypsum Products

SALES OFFICES: New York, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., Boston, Mass., Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., Pittsburgh, Pa., Cleveland, Ohio, Cincinnati, Ohio, Detroit, Michigan, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Minneapolis, Minnesota, St. Louis, Missouri, Kansas City, Missouri, Omaha, Nebraska, Denver, Colorado, Los Angeles, California

MINES AND MILLS Oakfield N. Y., Plasterco, Va., Cleveland Ohio Gypsum, Ohio, Genoa, Ohio, Detroit Mich., Alabaster, Mich., Grand Rapids Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., Fort Dodge, Iowa, Blue Rapids, Kas., Southard, Okla., Eldorado, Okla., Piedmont, S. D., Loveland, Colorado, Denver, Colorado, Arden, Nevada, Amboy, California.

"Gifts Men Appreciate—1920" is a handsome holiday booklet in many colors, full of pictures and suggestions about useful gifts that indicate forethought. Get your copy at our men's wear dealer's.

"Gifts Men Appreciate"

FURNISHINGS, thoughtfully chosen, are the most welcome and useful of gifts for men. Wilson Bro's name on a gift of furnishings absolutely establishes its quality, correctness and value —makes it worth more!

For the business man:
- Wilson Bro's white poplin shirts.
- "Chain-Knit" silk or lisle hose in solid colors.
- Business, dress and driving gloves.
- Travel set. "Strate-Cut" scarfs.

For the outdoor man:
- "Chain-Knit" wool hose.
- Wilson Bro's flannel shirts.
- McGeorge wool gloves.
- "Chain-Knit" golf hose.

For the college man:
- "Chain-Knit" English ribbed wool hose.
- "Strate-Cut" scarfs.
- Wilson Bro's soft-collar and other shirts assorted for wear at work and play.
- "Chain-Knit" fancy silk hose.
- Wilson Bro's silk muffler.
- Travel set.
- Motoring gauntlets.

For grandfather:
- "Chain-Knit" cashmere hosiery.
- McGeorge wool gloves.
- Wilson Bro's warm wool muffler.
- Fancy or initial handkerchiefs
- Wilson Bro's winter woolens.

For the man who travels:
- Wilson Bro's shirts—"Strate-Cut" scarfs. "Chain-Knit" hose to harmonize.
- Wilson Bro's travel set, collar bag and Pullman slippers in case

Your men's furnishings dealer knows what men wear and will gladly help you select gifts from Wilson Bro's complete line.

Wilson Bro's

W. B. 1920

Established 1864—Complete Furnishers of Men

CHICAGO BOSTON DALLAS DETROIT LOUISVILLE ST. LOUIS NEW YORK PARIS

(Continued from Page 50)

the oil industry to have sold all the fuel possible to automobile users at the highest possible price and let someone else worry about the results.

Many business men believe that a real start was made during the war by the War Industries Board in the ironing out of the major irregularities and maladjustments of production. But the board was scrapped soon after the armistice, and, what is much worse, there seems to have been no effort made since to continue the useful coöperation that was forced upon industry by the necessities of war. Recently in an informal conversation Mr. Kendall expressed the opinion that a President with a sound business and economic background and with sufficient imagination could bring the leaders of industry together and induce them to coöperate to a degree that would solve many of our most vexed industrial problems.

Indeed a very strong impression exists that if the various groups in the textile industry, all the way from the wool and cotton grower to the retailer, had been willing to coöperate throughout 1919, the recent terrific slump in this whole great field of enterprise might have been largely averted. Now a wool manufacturer might say that it is not practical for him to coöperate with a wool grower or a converter or a retailer. But my modest yet firm conviction is that unless the different groups or stages of business men do learn to solve their problems in connection with the groups or stages that precede and follow them, they are merely laying up no end of trouble for the future.

After making a big allowance for cant, hypocrisy and plain everyday bunk, I submit also that the constantly increasing use of the word "service" in all manner of industries is in itself significant of progressive enlightenment and broader conceptions of business.

People at least know they ought to be giving service, even if they don't do it. The relation between seller and buyer is constantly becoming more complete, making as a result for more perfect coördination throughout the whole industrial structure. We know how banks have increased their services and how the same thing is true of the automobile, tire, motor-truck and many other lines. The large department store or mail-order house prides itself upon its service. Now obviously all this means some sacrifice of immediate profits. It may be good business in the long run—enlightened self-interest, in other words—but the very fact that business is willing to make immediate sacrifices indicates progressive enlightenment.

Three Sermons on One Text

"There is always a question of just where service begins," said one business man in discussing the subject. "Take, for example, the dealer who sells you gasoline at a filling station. You are entitled to have the cap taken off your tank, the tank filled quickly and without trouble, the cap put back on and your change returned promptly. That is a part of the sale of the commodity. But service starts after that. If the man offers to fill your radiator with water, notices that there is not enough air in your tires, and looks after these things, he is giving you service."

It is true, of course, that many enterprises exist whose product is base or trivial and whose owners and managers are bent so exclusively upon gain that the general effect cannot be other than base. But on the other hand the reason given for lack of labor trouble in one of the oldest saw-making concerns in the country is that owners and workers alike have always been determined to turn out the best saws made. There is said to be a textile mill in England where one of the terms of the contract between unions and employers is that the goods shall be the best of their kind in the world.

In such cases may it not be fairly argued that the motive power is as much a desire to give service as to make profits? Nor does there seem much doubt that the number of concerns to which quality means as much or more than profits is on the increase.

I recently clipped out of various newspapers and magazines three advertisements: one of a chain of grocery stores, the second of a lumber company, and the third of a motor-car manufacturer. The chain store was advertising in connection with its eightieth anniversary, and the statement was made that the earnest desire of the concern is the same as that of its founders, "To serve the people of its city to the best of human ability within its chosen field."

The lumber company started out by saying that an industry is no stronger than its service to the people. The gist of the message was that the company is ready to give impartial advice to the best of its ability regarding the species of wood best suited to particular purposes. The automobile company headed its advertisement, "He profits most who covets profit least," and went on to say:

"If it meets a great public need, any industrial enterprise can choose between being a mere business and a business institution. It can choose between the two kinds of money which can be made in business—the ephemeral kind, or the clean and the lasting kind.

"A business can be built in a year, a month, or even in a day. But a business institution should command the noblest endeavors of a lifetime.

"A business success, so-called, can be compounded of man's lesser and even his baser abilities. It can be built by mere energy or enterprise or expedience—or constructed of cunning and craft and chicane. But a business institution cannot be created unless it partakes of the spirit as well as the intellect, the soul as well as the body.

"A mere business success, so-called, measures that success by the amount of money it amasses. A business institution concerns itself, first, not with the amount but with the kind of money which it accumulates.

"The one centers its activities upon the first thoughts of the buyer, the other upon his last thoughts; the one deals in immediate money, the other in ultimate good will."

Do They Really Mean It?

"It is one of the rewards of the institution that is preoccupied with quality, and correspondingly careless of profit, that large profit always follows. And a still greater reward, that it is a clean profit, which endures long after the other is dead.

"The most precious asset that can accrue to any business institution is the pleasant thoughts which people think about it. When those pleasant thoughts, multiplied many million times, have crystallized into a deep-rooted conviction, then a spirit has been added to the body—the mere business has become a business institution.

"Upon those who direct its destinies only one necessity, only one duty, devolves forever after. Let them see to it that they do not lapse, even in thought, from their high purpose of keeping faith. Let them take care that they continue to be worthy of the precious trust reposed in them."

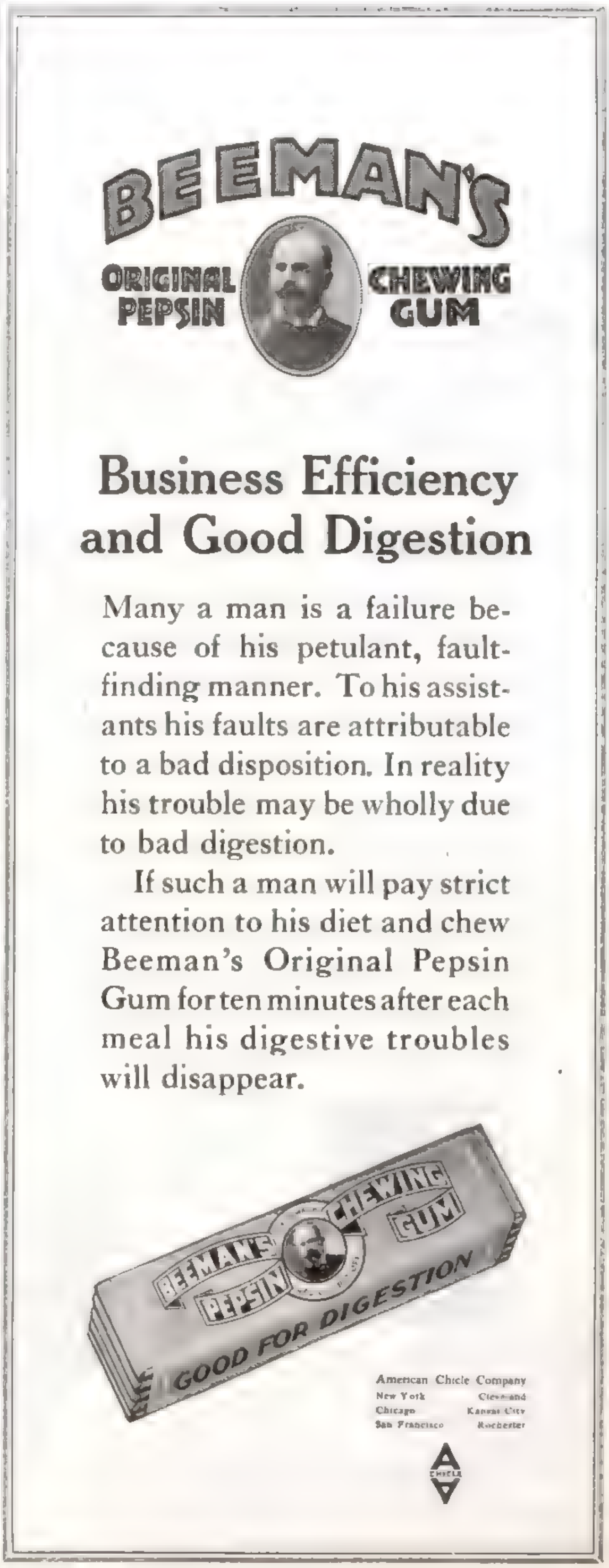
But you will say, "This is merely an advertisement written by a clever advertising man employed to put the best possible face on everything, and to build up by force of repetition a good name and good will for his client." But if the managers of that company do not themselves feel this idea, this obligation which the advertisement so eloquently portrays, they are probably the most despicable impostors and hypocrites that ever lived.

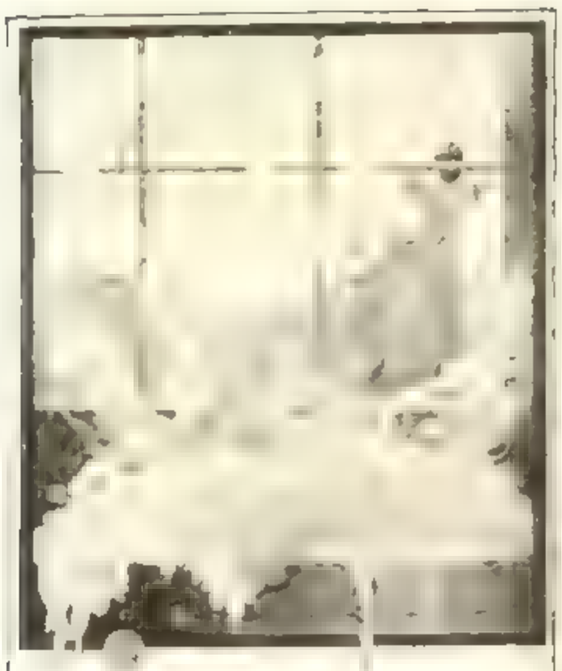
But probably they do mean it, or at least to the extent that any of us poor imperfect human beings are capable of idealism in business. At least the ideal is there, and that means a progress in business conceptions toward a point where self-interest and service more nearly coincide.

The board of directors of a large Western department store recently passed a resolution outlining the duties and functions of the different people in the establishment, and explained their own functions as follows:

"Our task is not to sweep floors, to wash windows, to keep books, to fill orders and sell goods. Directly and immediately, that is the business of our employees. It is not enough if we be bosses on the job and mere taskmasters. We must constructively contribute to the symphony by supplying ideals, by devising processes, improving methods, inventing equipment and training hand, heart and mind, if we would earn that portion of the income called, not wages, but profits. Profit, when justly earned, is a reward for a particular kind of service which the employees themselves do not contribute."

But obviously you cannot make men and women unselfish by merely talking about it, preaching and resoluting and advertising about it. One of the practical problems of the day is to create an environment and a medium in which men can sense their relationships to other men, and have their


BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN
CHEWING GUM
Business Efficiency and Good Digestion
Many a man is a failure because of his petulant, fault-finding manner. To his assistants his faults are attributable to a bad disposition. In reality his trouble may be wholly due to bad digestion.
If such a man will pay strict attention to his diet and chew Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum for ten minutes after each meal his digestive troubles will disappear.
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN CHEWING GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION
American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester



Here's the WASHER with

Ever Hot Suds

AMONG all the electric washers there's one that *heats the water* and *keeps it hot—continuously.*

It's the Everhot ALMETAL —a *washer* combining *all* the features you want, including *hot suds in plenty.*

No more heating suds in a separate boiler, to be carried—*a pail at a time*—and emptied into the washer.

The Everhot ALMETAL Washer *heats the water while it is doing the washing!* You *regulate* the heat to the exact temperature desired.

The clothes, when washed, are *lifted out automatically*—spotlessly clean—steamed and sterilized!

The Everhot ALMETAL Washer is the last word in electric washing machines—yet it costs no more than the ordinary washer.

"Everhot" Book Free

Our free booklet tells, in pictures and text, why the Everhot ALMETAL Washer excels in so many ways. Write for a copy and name of nearest dealer.

Gas-Heated Electric-Operated

EVERHOT almetal WASHER

National Distributors
MANUFACTURERS DISTRIBUTING COMPANY
411 Fullerton Building · St. Louis, Missouri

interest in these relationships aroused. This in turn means that a sense of service can be developed.

Now it may be that employers are responsible for the fact that workers do not have the sense of responsibility toward their work, or the standards and sense of public service which characterize, let us say, the physicians and clergy. But the practical question is whether employers are working to remedy this defect.

There is no opportunity in this article, nor is this the place, to go into details regarding the thousands of industrial experiments now being conducted along these very lines. Suffice it to say that never were as many minds, both practical and theoretical, working on this problem. A single illustration of how intensely practical this problem appears to some of the men actually engaged in managing industry may be worth while.

One of the vice presidents of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers recently explained to me in detail how in numerous manufacturing plants, where the work had been considered hard and uninteresting, he had been able to arouse intense interest among the workers through charts which show them their part in the total process.

"When the worker really knows what he is doing," said the engineer, "and how much it is costing, he begins to think in terms of economy and costs, and that makes him realize his relationships to the purchasers of the goods and to other men in general. Naturally, this is just as desirable as that the employer should stop thinking exclusively of how much he can charge and get away with. There is nothing Utopian in the idea of producing for service, provided only the medium can be created for interesting men in the reduction of costs and consequently in their relationships to others."

A manufacturer who in the main is opposed to almost everything which the phrase "industrial democracy" implies while discussing that subject the other day exclaimed, "Not in one million years will altruism take the place of self-interest. In fact, it never will."

But that is not the question. Of course altruism will not take the place of self-interest.

But we may reasonably expect it to develop in various ways, just as self-interest will continue to develop. The two motives or instincts must grow and function together.

Psychologists tell us that the nervous system of the individual is sure to be overthrown if you try to remove the self instincts and replace them entirely with herd instincts. In the same way society as a whole cannot remain healthy unless both instincts are allowed to operate. Certainly no mere change in laws or institutions will at once overturn the deep-rooted self-regarding impulses or modify their paths of action without the gravest danger. Alfred Marshall, one of England's great teachers and thinkers, has summed up the entire subject:

"The fact that coöperation and profit sharing have done much excellent work is evidence that human nature is ready for considerable advances toward an organization of industry on a plan more generous and under a less rigid cash nexus than at present. But the fact that progress on these lines has been less rapid and continuous than has been hoped by many suggests that further movements in this direction must be cautious as well as resolute; that each new advance must be well established and consolidated before making new calls on the chivalrous spirit that lies deep down in human nature; and that the greatest error which reformers can make is to move so fast as to induce reaction."

TONG

(Concluded from Page 25)

Before the poet left him Yut Gar had imposed his demand, and Sing Fang had consented to display on the panels of his door the red paper announcements which would precede the marriage of Sing Toy and Yut Gar.

The poet faced this alternative: He could destroy Bow Lung—and his sister's chance of happiness—or by breaking his pledged word he could postpone for a little while the hour fixed for the apothecary's death.

For a moment self-destruction filled his mind. Yut Gar had threatened the poet's life as a result of his withholding his consent to Sing Toy's marriage, and Sing Fang realized that his arm was all that stood between his sister and a forced marriage with Yut Gar.

On the following day all Chinatown knew that the pearl of the colony would presently be crushed and broken in the crooked fingers of the fish merchant of Ross Alley.

Early in the afternoon, when the shadow of the pagoda above Sing Fat's store painted its symbol of the dark legends of China over the portals of St. Mary's Church on the opposite side of Dupont Street, the poet left his dusty printing office. He walked down Dupont Street until he came to the shop of the apothecary. He entered Bow Lung's shop and for a space of minutes this tool of the Ling Yip Tong conversed with the apothecary. The poet spoke brief sentences interspersed by long silences.

When the two men parted each man was smiling. The apothecary stood still for a little while after the poet's departure. Then he turned to the shrine above which blazed the vermilion tablets that bore his family name. In the shrine he lighted a stick of crimson incense, and presently the pungent odors of his shop were invaded by the gentler perfume that lay in the curling smoke lifting from the glowing spark.

On his way down Dupont Street the poet paused for an instant near where the cigarette vender sat in his wheeled chair gossiping with a garrulous old Chinese woman. The poet heard his sister's name spoken and then the name of Yut Gar fell from the old woman's lips. When he approached the pair they were silent.

He made his way to his house and entered it. In her room, at work on some detail of her wedding garments, he encountered his sister. Her slim shoulders were already bent under the weight of the fate which had been imposed upon her by the poet's oath to the Ling Yip Tong and his obligations to Yut Gar. Something in her attitude struck with terrific force at the core of Sing Fang's heart. Without speaking to her, he returned to his own room, where from the false bottom of a bamboo basket he retrieved the weapon of his sinister profession. He walked rapidly down the creaking staircase to the street below and dived across the alley into the fish merchant's store. He sought Yut Gar in the third room below the street, but Yut Gar was not there. He waited eight hours for the return of the man; and then, disappointed, he journeyed out upon the dark streets of Chinatown. He mingled with the thread of pedestrians drifting toward the attraction of the night-time lottery whose drawing was held at the midnight hour. On Dupont Street, before the apothecary shop, some instinct halted him. He turned and knocked at the door of Bow Lung's shop. The apothecary appeared presently and opened the door. The poet entered the store. After the door had closed Sing Fang, the poet, turned squarely and faced Bow Lung.

"By Yut Gar and the council of the Ling Yip Tong I have been bound by my oath, and now it is ordered that I destroy you."

Bow Lung hesitated for a moment in his reply.

"When does the happy event take place?" he finally asked.

"Before the day on which my sister weds Yut Gar," the poet replied. He turned toward the door. "The hardest steel has known the hottest fires. Sing Toy loves you—and love is stronger than the Ling Yip Tong—or death."

The poet walked into the night. He made his way directly to Yut Gar's cellar. Yut Gar had returned.

"Enter this room with me," the poet said.

He led Yut Gar into the target room. The poet closed the heavy doors against the night. He drew the bull-nosed .45 automatic from his pocket and leveled it at the pine target at the end of the room. The gases of nine cartridges filled the heavy air. He removed the cartridge clip from the pistol and inserted another one. He walked to the far end of the room, where he stood for a moment looking at the target whose surface was punctured with but a single hole.

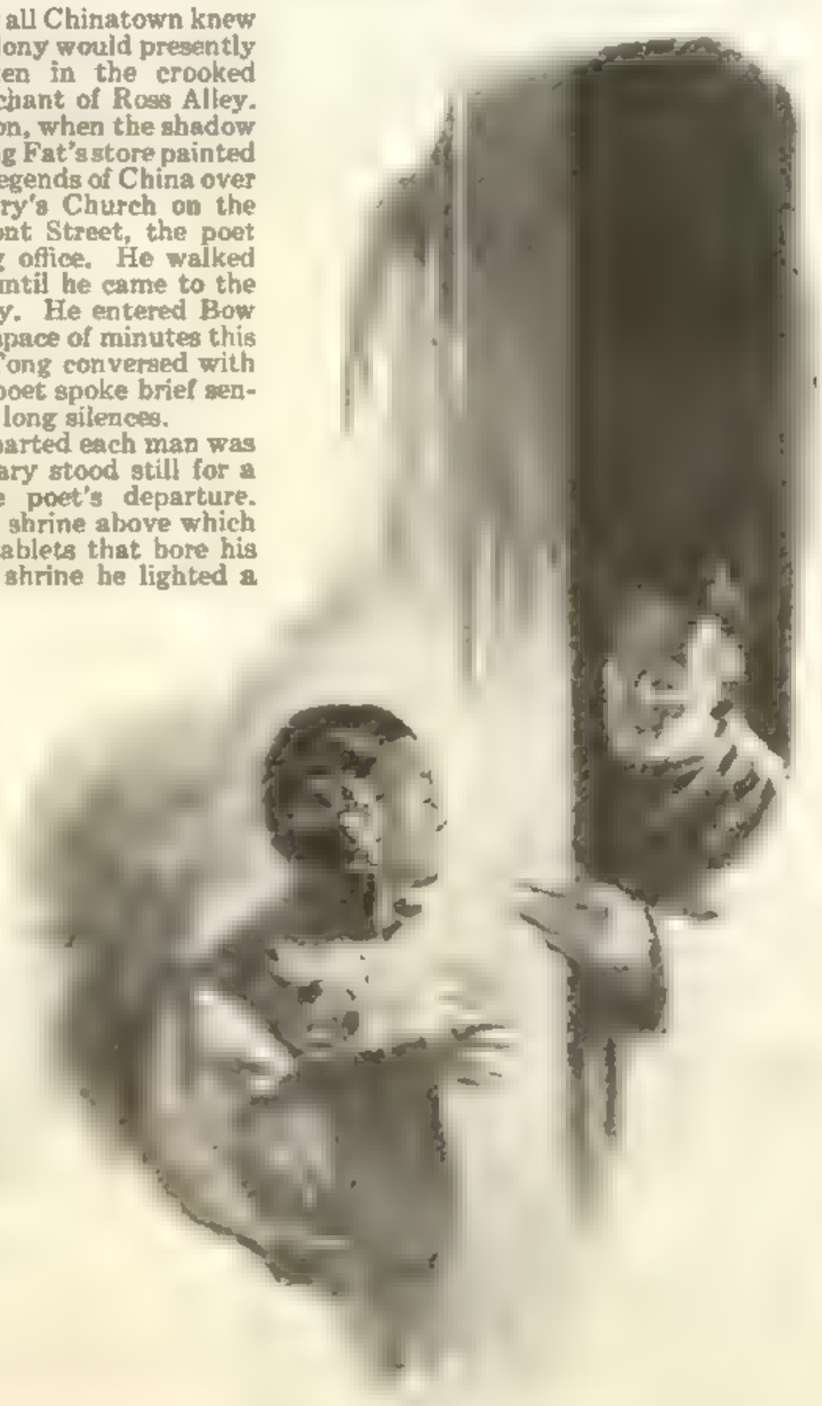
"That which I lost, Yut Gar, has been returned to me."

The muscles of the poet's arm lay tense against his side. From the flaming throat of the automatic crashed a series of explosions.

For three seconds after the roar of the explosions had died Yut Gar lived. Then his head drooped. On the breast of his blouse was a pattern of nine holes outlining the classic Wen-li ideograph which means everlasting life.

Sing Fang returned to his house. He tore from its place on the door the flaring crimson ribbon on which was printed Yut Gar's name. He entered his room and walked to the table whereon lay his brushes and his inks. He moistened a little stone slab and from a jet-black stick of ink he ground enough to fill one of his brushes. On a strip of crimson paper he inscribed the apothecary's name. He pasted this paper upon the door beside the strip which bore the name of his sister. He returned to his room and presently he was asleep. At dawn he wakened his sister.

"Yut Gar is dead, but a marriage must never be postponed. The name of Bow Lung is beside yours upon the door of my house. I would have your wedding accomplished before night falls. After to-night I may be—away."



"Enter My House, Luster of Moonlight"

for Christmas—the World's Greatest Phonograph

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

FOR the family a Vocalion is the Christmas thought supreme, the one gift that prolongs the genial spirit of the season into years of enduring happiness and charm. Music for dancing: graceful waltzes, lilting one-steps, piquant fox-trots, vocal, instrumental, popular, classical, all the music of all the world to hear, to play with its greatest artists! What profound pleasure and satisfaction must come to those who bestow such a gift on those they love!

The Aeolian-Vocalion is the masterpiece of the world's foremost creators of musical instruments, and as such merits the greatest consideration of the Christmas giver. It embodies the cumulative qualities and superior features of many years' experience dedicated to musical art.

Its Wonderful Tone-Controlling Graduola

THIS exclusive tone-control device on the Vocalion enables you to regulate the volume of tone at will, now shading it to a delicate whisper, now bringing it out to its full-throated power. Through the Graduola you can color any selection with the spirit of your own musical feeling. The Graduola becomes your baton, and you dominate the music with as much ease and certainty as an orchestra leader impresses his ideas upon his players.

Rare Fidelity of Tone Also Distinguishes the Vocalion

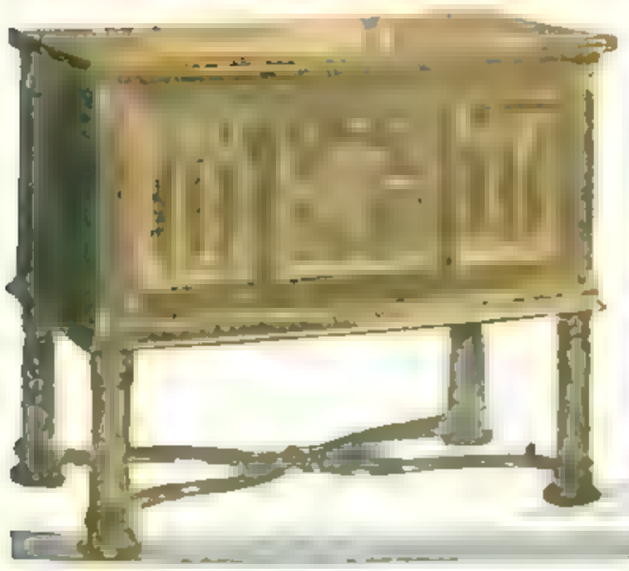
THE remarkable tone of the Vocalion will thrill you with its life-like quality. Voice, violin, piano—all instruments are reproduced with an almost incredible fidelity to the original. Rich, full and beautiful, the music of the Aeolian-Vocalion bears no resemblance to the conventional phonograph tone.

These features will interest you, too

Plays All Records—The Universal Tone Arm enables the Vocalion to reproduce from any type of record.

Positive Automatic Stop—The Vocalion is equipped with a simple, never-failing device, easily "set" to stop the record at the end or any desired point.

Magnificent Case Beauty—The Vocalion is conspicuous for its rare depth of finish, simple beauty of design and exquisite richness of case woods. Both conventional and period models appropriately conform to the most modern ideas of interior furnishing.



THE AEOLIAN COMPANY · AEOLIAN HALL · NEW YORK

LONDON · PARIS · MADRID · SYDNEY · MELBOURNE

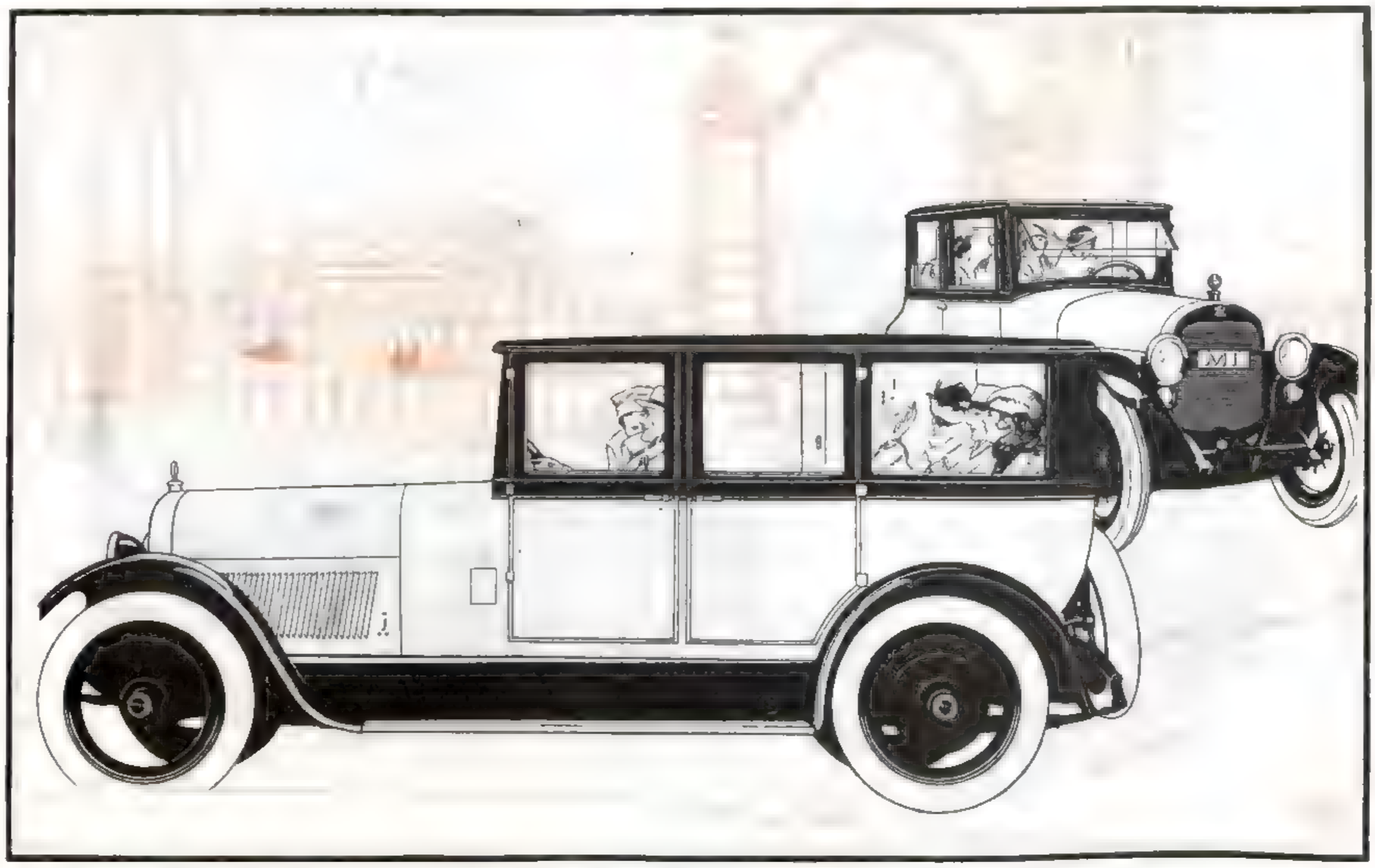
Makers of the Duo-Art Pianola Piano. Foremost Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World

AEOLIAN COMPANY
29 W. 42d St., New York City
Gentlemen: Kindly send me your illustrated Vocalion catalog

Name _____

Address _____

P. S. 18



HAYNES 1921 CLOSED CARS

Utmost in beauty, luxury and utility—$1,000 underpriced

NOW, when the buyer at last is asking: "What am I getting for what I pay?" the advantage of the Haynes selling policy becomes increasingly evident. Enthusiastic Haynes owners have told us all along that the Haynes is $1,000 underpriced. The Haynes principle of building for the future has held good. We have been and are satisfied to produce the choicest car of its class and sell it at a price that is fair to the buyer and to ourselves.

The seven-passenger Haynes Suburban and the five-passenger Haynes Brougham richly deserve the high praise accorded them. Among closed cars they establish a class of their own. Quietly rich in finish and fittings, as such cars should be, they are distinguished in line and completely desirable in appearance. They are far and away beyond anything to be expected in their price-class.

A detailed description of the many superiorities of construction and design and of the thoughtful conveniences installed in each car is obviously impossible here. A personal inspection of these closed cars is invited and urged. To secure prompt delivery an immediate reservation is recommended.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
KOKOMO, INDIANA U.S.A.
Export Office: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

HAYNES
CHARACTER CARS

Beauty — Strength — Power — Comfort

1893 — THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — 1920

This advertisement copyrighted, 1920, by The Haynes Automobile Company

EARLY YEARS IN RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 19)

when the German Kaiser was trying to win our Emperor to his own ends, and he was always harping on the fact of his first-cousinship with our Empress—the Kaiser's mother and our Empress were both daughters of Queen Victoria. He hit upon the plan of sending his eldest son, then still unmarried and quite young, out to Russia to visit the Russian regiment of which Wilhelm was the honorary commander, and to spend a week at our court. Our Emperor attached to the Crown Prince for this visit three officers and a number of minor secretaries, as the youngster was come officially, representing the Kaiser. At the head of this delegation was old Prince Nicholas Dolgarouky, general aide-de-camp to our Emperor, then another general of the imperial suite, and thirdly, because the visitor was young and a sportsman, and because he spoke no Russian and hated to use French, my husband was chosen to be attached to the Crown Prince's person.

The Crown Prince's Visit

Cantacuzène, one of the best horsemen in Russia and a keen polo player, had much in common with young Wilhelm. Their conversation was in English, which Wilhelm liked to speak, and used with great facility. He and my husband got on excellently. When all this delegation went to the frontier in the imperial special train to meet the visitor and bring him to St. Petersburg, the Russians were greatly impressed with the discipline and the training the Crown Prince had been given. On no occasion did he show signs of boredom, and when he held official receptions he found themes of discussion and amiable compliments for the least interesting of those people who were presented to him. He patiently made the trip into the provinces, to the garrison where the Kaiser's regiment was quartered, and made his speeches to its officers. He patiently also talked or listened to the two elderly generals attached to him, taking great pains to please them, and succeeding perfectly, for I heard each one comment on the admirable education the Kaiser gave his sons. Cantacuzène thought the Crown Prince had a disagreeable face but an excellent manner, and in all branches of sports they had a lot in common. The Crown Prince clung to Cantacuzène, the only young member among the group of Russians attached to him, and kept constantly with him.

In attendance on the Crown Prince were first, as his mentor, General von Moltke, afterward chief of staff in the World War; then a lot of other highly titled officers who wore tightly fitting uniforms. All of them were big red-faced men, and none of them were very much liked by our Russians because of their stiffness and artificial politeness. I do not think anyone looked at them individually a second time—certainly no one even wasted time discussing them.

When the Crown Prince reached St. Petersburg he was established at the Winter Palace with his German and also his Russian suites in attendance. There was to be a ball given for him at the German Embassy and one at the Winter Palace, while a third and smaller dance was arranged by the old Grand Duke Michael, the last of Alexander II's brothers still alive. The old Grand Duke was a magnificent personage, well over seventy, who for some reason of relationship—perhaps because he knew his granddaughter Cecilia was to be the Crown Prince's bride—felt he should throw open his palace in honor of the young visitor.

After the first court dinner and an afternoon official call, with all his suite, at the German Embassy, the Crown Prince unfortunately fell ill and had a sharp case of influenza, which kept him in bed nearly a week. This broke up the plan for the court ball, which was countermanded, and the German Embassy ball came off without him. The old Grand Duke Michael did not recall his invitations, and happily for himself the Crown Prince was able to attend. The Grand Duke's palace on the quay was one of the most spacious and finest in St. Petersburg, and he enjoyed throwing it open. Courtly and handsome, with his tall, well-proportioned figure, he stood at the head of his long staircase alone to receive his guests, of whom just enough to fill the large rooms without crowding were invited. As each one of us came up and curtsied, his delighted air and words as well as his graceful bow and cordial handshake gave one the sensation of being the most welcome of his guests. For some of us the old man found a pretty compliment to pay on our gowns. Every woman was glad to have worn her best.

The Empress Mother came to her uncle's; the Emperor and his wife were also of this party—a rare honor, for during the fourteen years between my marriage and the Great War I do not think they graced functions given in the capital more than five or six times. All the grand dukes and grand duchesses came, of course. Beyond the members of the imperial family and the members of their courts actually in attendance on them, there was no guest who was not of the gay ultra-smart set of young married dancers, with the best of the crack guard regiment's officers. The floor was perfection, the orchestra the best in the capital. My husband, being attached to the Crown Prince, was living at the Winter Palace and was to arrive with the court; so I went to this party alone, and found a large number of the guests already assembled. Everyone had to be there before the imperial family and the Crown Prince made their appearance. The German Embassy came in a mass. They were the only diplomats invited. Only the Ambassador and Count Lüttvitz, the military attaché, were married men. Old Countess Alvensleben was said to be an intimate friend of the German Kaiser. She was quite old and plain, dressed atrociously, was very cut and dried in her manner, and did everything by rule. She arranged her hair stiffly with a green erection on top which we disrespectful youngsters called a tennis net, and she had a way of saying "*Nun, also!*" before beginning a sentence even in English or French, which caused us all great joy. She was also rather easily fussed, and apt to try to dictate to us. The little Lüttvitz woman was American born, but had become so German that she spoke her mother tongue with a German construction of phrases, and called her husband "my man" in English. Lüttvitz was unpopular and we always felt sorry for his wife; but her German affectations got on the nerves of a good many who, like myself, wanted to be nice to her on principle.

A Point of Etiquette

This particular evening as I came into the great ballroom there was a good deal of talk in a group at one side of the door, and I turned toward the commotion with curiosity, leaving Prince Obolensky, who had just been reminding me of our engagement to dance the mazurka and be partners for supper. Countess Alvensleben was holding forth in a fairly loud voice, and on the outside edge of the shifting women Countess Lüttvitz turned round and said to me in English: "We are just arranging the women so we can take them up and present them to our Crown Prince when he arrives with Their Majesties. Won't you come too? You are one of the best dancers and I am sure would like to be presented to His Imperial Highness."

I promptly replied that if he danced well I should like very much to have the Crown Prince presented to me, but I did not expect to be presented to him. "I've never been presented to any man. Our Czarevitch is always introduced to ladies like any other gentleman."

"But it is the German court etiquette; and the Crown Prince would be surprised to have things otherwise. He will not dance with you if you are not properly presented to him by Countess Alvensleben," insisted the little countess, beginning to get hot.

It struck me as supremely funny that this American woman should have reached such a mental attitude,

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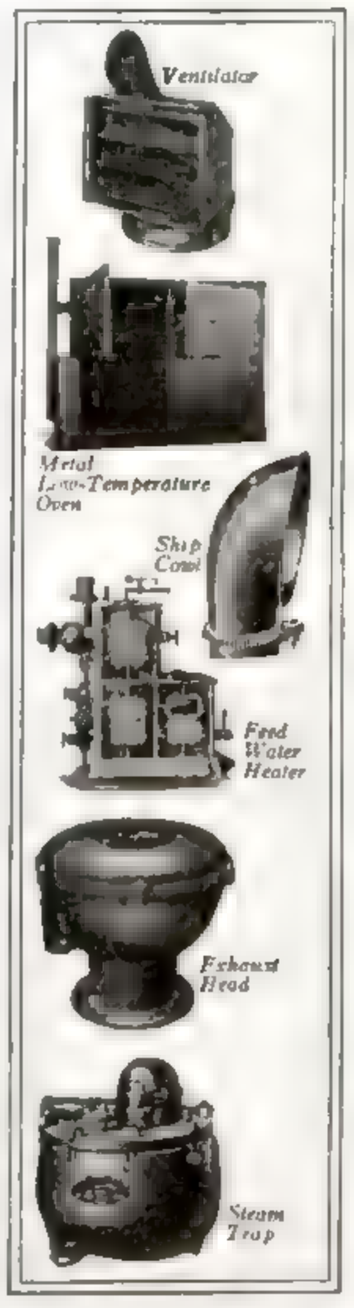

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and with a laugh I replied: "My dear countess, this isn't Berlin, this is St. Petersburg, and our etiquette says the gentlemen of Russia ask to be presented to us. I am told by my husband that your Crown Prince is most polite, and I fancy therefore he will follow our customs during his visit. If not, and if in order to dance with him I have to wait in a line and be presented to him, I am quite sure I shall be content to enjoy this ball with my Russian partners, so please don't have me on your mind at all"—and I moved over to the far side of the ballroom without waiting for her answer. Afterward I was told that the Countess Lüttvitz at a large function, apropos of nothing, said she did not think me rude, but she and others thought me indifferent—and I felt like inquiring did she mean about her Crown Prince; but I refrained.

A number of other women joined me and we stood as far from the entrance door as possible, because they felt as I did. We still were there when the music struck up, for in the doorway appeared the imperials: the Empress Mother and the young Empress with a lot of others; among them the Emperor's brother Michael, who was one of my favorite partners always, and a beautiful dancer. He came across the room and took me out for the opening waltz. When we finished it he invited me to be his partner for the mazurka; then he said: "I'm going to bring our cousin and introduce him to you. You will like him and he dances awfully well."

The Petulant Prince

He went and plucked Wilhelm from the crowd at the door, and brought him to our side of the ballroom, introduced him quite informally to me and then to all the others of the group who had followed me. The Crown Prince showed no sign of shock at the breach of etiquette, and being, for the first time since his arrival, in young gay company he proved his enthusiasm and his admirable qualities as a dancer at once. He asked me to waltz and I accepted, feeling a wicked joy as we passed the corner where the ladies from Germany stood looking with stony expressions at my excellent partner and me. We circled several times in their neighborhood. Naturally they were cross, especially as Wilhelm, having also asked me to be his partner for the mazurka and hearing I was already engaged to the Grand Duke Michael, went off and arranged with the latter to waive his rights in his guest's favor, since this was to be the Crown Prince's single ball in St. Petersburg.

Everything went swimmingly; I danced every moment till suppertime, which I was to take at a gay little table we had arranged, with Prince Obolensky for my partner, while the Crown Prince was to sit on the right of the Empress Mother at her table, since he was the guest of honor. Some important old lady was to be on his other hand. Prince Dolgarouky came up to us, explained the plan, and said as the Empress Mother would be placed next our host, Wilhelm must join the other lady and escort her to supper. The arrogant petulance of the young German showed for the first time.

"I won't; I have already asked a partner, the princess here, and she must come with me to Her Majesty's table!" he exclaimed.

I then ventured to take part in the conversation. "Really, sir, I couldn't sup with you, firstly because I wouldn't for the world intrude at the table of the Empress Mother; secondly, because I mustn't drop out of my own party, and here is Prince Obolensky come for me. So thank you and au revoir"; and I moved my hand from within his arm and turned toward my waiting partner.

The Crown Prince seized my hand, so I could not withdraw it, and turning to the old Prince Dolgarouky, said quite rudely: "I told you I won't; either the princess comes to this table where I sit or I won't go—arrange it as you can."

I protested with some energy: "Really, sir, it is impossible to change the plans of our host. You are leaving and will not feel the consequences, whereas I who belong here will be accused of having attempted to push myself forward, and I cannot consent to that. You must excuse me."

The Crown Prince looked furious and protested again so crossly that old Prince Dolgarouky, who was an accomplished courtier, turned to me, saying: "Will you remain with His Imperial Highness while I see what can be done?"

People were going to supper, and of course save this headstrong guest the imperials must have been all seated by that time; but I knew I could count on old Prince Dolgarouky's tact and kindness, and my original partner had assisted at the little scene and understood.

He smilingly said to me: "I will stay with you till the question is settled."

Wilhelm at once replied: "It is settled; take my arm, princess, and come with me to supper."

As Prince Dolgarouky had disappeared, it seemed to promise a more rapid solution to go to meet him; so I again took the Crown Prince's arm. He was too ruffled to talk, and I was annoyed by my silly position. I desired nothing more than to escape with Obolensky, who remained quite near, where I could transfer to him at a moment's notice.

We reached the door of the dining room, and I really felt I should like to cry, as I was helpless to handle my arrogant companion; but we met Prince Dolgarouky coming toward us and he said: "Will you come to this table where Her Majesty is? One of the grand duchesses has ceded you her seat," he added, turning toward me.

The Crown Prince at last let my arm loose, and as we approached the Empress Mother looked up and smiled; Wilhelm bowed low over her hand and I curtsied. She stretched me her hand and I kissed it.

Looking amused she said to him, "Will you sit here?" and to me, "Sit just beyond."

I moved back from her chair and round the Crown Prince's, reaching the rear of that one which the Empress had pointed to, when to my and everyone's amazement old Countess Alvensleben, appearing out of space, stepped between the table and my chair and plumped herself down into it, saying: *"Nun also! Dass ist jetzt mein Platz!"*

The Empress Mother looked as if her merriment would get beyond control, and the Crown Prince looked as if an explosion of violent temper was to occur. I felt I should cry in another moment. One of the gentlemen two seats from the German Ambassadress rose.

"Princess, sit here," he said. "With Her Majesty's permission I can easily move to another table and you must take my place."

"Yes, sit there," the Empress said, and gave the charming Russian courtier and me a radiant smile.

The supper was sadder than would have been the one I had planned; but I talked with Prince Dolgarouky, who was between me and the Countess Alvensleben and who was looking greatly entertained.

Young Wilhelm's Toast

Forever after, Prince Dolgarouky had a lovely time attacking me about the way I put entire supper arrangements out of commission. He did not have much to say to the German Ambassadress, and the Crown Prince never once spoke to her either. I did not look at the latter nor did I recover my spirits till about the end of the meal.

At dessert I heard the Crown Prince say, "Princess Cantacuzène, Princess Cantacuzène!"

Prince Dolgarouky suavely remarked, "I believe His Imperial Highness is speaking to you, dear princess," and as I turned that way, "I have been trying to attract your attention for a long time to drink your health, princess," said the Crown Prince, and added some conventional compliment.

I wondered if Countess Alvensleben was enjoying herself less than I was? She looked deadly, and I expected gossip to follow my trail. Of course there was some talk, but it soon died out; Her Majesty was afterward as lovely as she had been in the emergency, while Prince Dolgarouky told the story truthfully and amusingly, also advantageously to me, bringing out the arrogance of our young visitor. I had already a host of friends in St. Petersburg and they would not have believed me anxious to put myself forward or inclined to shove myself into the party at the Empress Mother's table!

For years when I saw Her Majesty the latter would ask me if I had news of the Crown Prince, and once she said: "I never will forget his face and manner that evening when Countess Alvensleben suddenly took your chair!" and she laughed. I was always grateful the Empress was so gracious and had such a sense of humor.

(Continued on Page 60)

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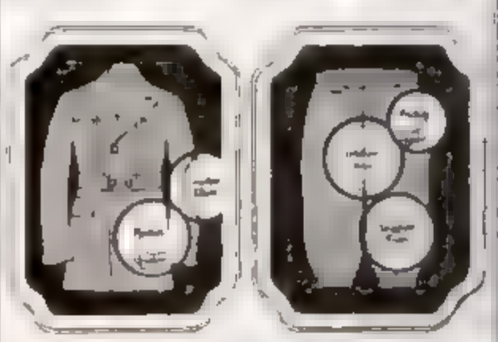

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Through the period which followed, each New Year brought us a telegram of greeting or some souvenir from the Crown Prince; a small painting of himself on horseback, a photograph of him with his fiancée, three or four small water colors of ancient uniforms his regiment had worn, a picture of his eldest son, and so on. Once when I went through Berlin His Imperial Highness, knowing I was there, called me on the telephone and invited me to "go with my wife and me to the play and to supper." I accepted and they came to fetch me with the utmost informality, the Crown Prince descending and coming into the hotel to fetch me, and returning me after a very quiet pleasant little party. I was surprised at the simplicity of their life and at the apparently agreeable relations between the pair. They, his brother Auguste Wilhelm and the latter's wife, both fat and deadly dull, with an aide-de-camp and myself, composed the party. We sat in upholstered armchairs placed in that space where ordinarily the first row of the orchestra would be. They had chosen Samarun, a pantomime, so I would not have to be bored listening to German talk, which they thought I did not understand. Supper was served between the acts in an attractive little dining room and salon in the theater building. The Crown Prince was amiable with his wife, and they seemed a congenial couple then, in 1910, as well as a year or so later when they visited Russia. I heard much gossip, however, tending to contradict all this; and I could not forget the pettishness he had shown at that ball long before. I could more readily believe in his defects than his virtues. So when the war came I had no scruple in throwing away or turning to the wall the various photographs he had sent us during ten or twelve years.

An Enemy Communication

The Crown Prince was to do me one more ill turn, however, which might have ended badly had it not been for Russian chivalry and the intelligence of our officials. It was in the early part of February, 1915, when one day I was asked for on the telephone by General Rauch, an old and prized friend of ours, at that time one of the important men in the departmental command of the capital. He asked me if I could receive him at once and alone. I acquiesced, wondering at the strange request, and when within a few minutes he arrived, he looked anxious and solemn, as I had never seen him before. Often it happened that people we knew came to me, asking to have some message passed on to the grand duke by my husband, who was then temporarily his aide-de-camp and who held a rather filial position with his chief. The latter kept him at headquarters during Cantacuzène's convalescence from his wound. My husband and I were both known to be discreet, and our letters went back and forth by the grand duke's private courier and were not subject to the censorship.

I fancied General Rauch, knowing us well and being a faithful friend of the grand duke, might wish to make some communication, so I said: "What is the secret, dear general? Can I do you any service?"

"No," he answered, "except by replying to a few questions. Were you expecting any mail from anyone abroad?"

I began to enumerate the various members of my family who regularly wrote to me, but Rauch interrupted: "You have no correspondent in Germany?"

"No," I said.

"Can you tell me, then, what this is?" he asked, and he drew a large envelope from his dispatch case. "Perhaps it is addressed to someone else?"

I took the big envelope and read the address. "I am the only Princess Cantacuzène, née Grant. It is for me and is peculiarly addressed; it says 'St Petersburg via Rumania.' I didn't know mail still came through. It has a large red seal with 'W' and the German imperial crown. Yes, I can tell you without looking further what you will find in this, general, if you open it: It will be a portrait of the Crown Prince of Germany, or a picture of something which interests him. He sends me some such souvenir each year, for the first of January. I had not had one this year, but I confess I thought it was because His Imperial Highness had discretion and chivalry sufficient to realize that in wartime his remembrance would be obnoxious and possibly compromising. Perhaps this was sent me through the stupidity of some secretary left in charge in Berlin, who sends out these things for the Crown Prince each year, and has this season used their habitual list without corrections."

Rauch examined the envelope with care. "No, this bears the stamp of the Fifth Army, which is the one young Wilhelm now commands on the western front. Also it bears the signature of his *Hofmarschall*—marshal of his court. I'm afraid it is sent by the Crown Prince himself. What do you think you better do about it? The big envelope arrived this morning at the censor's and made a sensation. The matter was brought to the chief there, who rang up our department, as he knew enough to realize he mustn't accuse you lightly. I asked to handle the matter—said I would take it off his hands. I am satisfied, if you tell me you have not received or written a letter, that you are telling the truth, and I will satisfy the chief at the censor bureau. This is my end, but I should like to know what you are going to do yourself."

I said, firstly, I would make him a present of the picture—which he promptly declined; secondly, I would at once write the whole history to my husband, asking him to inform the commander in chief, so that if the latter ever heard the story from another source he would not think I had tried to hide it; thirdly, I would tell Prince Orloff also, so he would be in possession of the facts in case Madame Wiroboff should get the story from her spies and try to use it to my detriment. It would be so easy for her to say: "People are telling of Soukhomlinoff's treachery, because he is the friend of the Empress—here is the wife of an aide-de-camp to the ultra Russian grand duke, who I hear corresponds with Germans, and so on!" And I would need a strong defender at court to stand up for my loyalty. None could be better than Orloff, whom the Emperor knew to be absolutely truthful.

Finally I said: "Dear general, if you won't accept this as a gift, to whom shall I offer it? I don't want it in the house."

Rauch replied: "I think all your measures are wise. Suppose you ask your husband or Wlady Orloff what to do with the thing."

I asked if I could not send it back. I thought that the best way to revenge myself for the nasty trick of the arrogant Crown Prince. I felt sure he had wished to prove that no matter what he and his armies might do to the Allied forces and our own, his prestige in the eyes of those who had known him remained unimpaired; or else that he had done this thing to compromise my husband and myself and make trouble simply from love of it. Either way it seemed horrid and I was keen for revenge.

The Diplomatic Circle

I wrote my husband, who told the story to his chief. The latter laughed, said I had acted right, and to throw the picture in the wastebasket and think no more of it. Then I told Orloff. He felt as I did—it would be fun to return the picture, and we tried to do so through several channels. The German censor would have prevented its reaching its destination by ordinary mail; none of the neutral embassies would let their couriers handle it, we learned by consulting the American chargé d'affaires; neither could any member of the Red Cross undertake the carrying of so undesirable a packet. Evidently this picture was to be a white elephant on my hands. My mother-in-law, who became greatly excited, said I ought to tear and disfigure the portrait and then return it, writing an insulting letter; but my anger was rather cold than hot, and I did not feel such action would express my sentiments at all. Orloff said, laughing, he thought I ought to show it in a large frame to the public as a latest manifestation of German ill breeding and arrogance. It was, for one must be both ill-bred and arrogant to send a woman with whom one had had only two or three meetings at parties, one's portrait done in war paraphernalia, with trenches in the background, when the war was against her people and such a gift might throw suspicion on her.

I persuaded Orloff to put the ugly thing in his safe and keep it, which he did, till the moment when I was leaving Russia. Then he returned it to me as a souvenir of one of my friends, he said; and to recommend me to Trotzky-Bronstein in case we were captured by the Bolsheviki on the frontier. This did not happen, and I still have the horrid picture and feel that now there is no reason to return it to the donor, since he has lost his prestige anyhow, and is better ignored.

In Russia the diplomatic corps was very large and most countries sent us their best representatives. The American Ambassador, Mr. Tower, in 1900 lived with great dignity in a palace on the quay, and he entertained with a series of quiet dinners the élite of the capital's intellectuals, as well as the court group. The other embassies were all rather quiet, save for an occasional dinner or soirée. One shone out above all others, however, during the period before the Japanese War. It was the French, which not only surpassed all its colleagues but held a place second to no palace in St. Petersburg. Russia's friend and ally, France occupied a privileged place politically, and the splendid home of the ambassador occupied a large space on the French Quay with a fine view of the Neva. It was filled with furniture, tapestry, silver and works of art from the royal collections of France. As a peevish rival of the Marquis de Montebello said to me once at a banquet given by the latter: "We have kept our King, so our ambassadors can't be using royal property!"

A Brilliant Capital

The center of the feasts, receptions and balls which succeeded one another was the Marquise de Montebello, a woman of exceptional beauty and wit, with a large personal fortune which she spent lavishly; a brilliant talker and very *enfant terrible* she amused immensely even the most blasé and kept up a constant round of excitement. She had a gift for arranging successful parties, putting the right people together, and she grew to be the intimate friend of the prominent and smart Russians and of various members of the imperial family. A large formal party for the sovereigns, small suppers with the old grand dukes, pretty dances with but thirty or forty couples well chosen for the younger grand dukes, were given especially for the Emperor's brother Michael, who was very fond of dancing. He was an extremely unpretentious youth, admirable at all kinds of sport and always ready to enjoy an informal gathering. His riding was exceptional, both in races and in the horseshow ring, and he saw quite a lot of my husband, who was one of the best horsemen in Russia. I had met young Michael at a dinner the Grand Duke Wladimir gave very soon after I made my début in Russian society. The Grand Duke Andrew, who was son of the house, brought up the stranger and said something which sounded vaguely like an introduction. I was talking and stretched out my hand, which the stranger took and bowed over; then as I turned again to my conversation the smart-looking young officer withdrew. I noticed he had a well-set-up look and wore the aiguillettes of an aide-de-camp to the Emperor.

After I finished talking with the man near me I turned to a woman at my side, saying, in all innocence: "Who was the trim aide-de-camp the Grand Duke Andrew just introduced to me?"

She looked astounded. "You don't mean to say, Julia, you really don't know? It is no less a person than the Czarevitch, heir to the throne of all the Russias, and you treated him in such a casual manner—I wondered what on earth was the matter!"

"There wasn't anything the matter. He looked exceptionally nice, and I couldn't possibly tell his rank by looking at him. I hope he won't mind my liking his modest way of going about getting introduced to strangers properly, instead of my making curtsies to his position."

After dinner we danced. Michael asked me for the mazurka and supper. He had liked my treating him simply, it turned out, and after that we were frequent partners—in fact at the court balls I was almost invariably his partner, either for the mazurka or for supper. My husband and I were generally invited to the grand duke's table and always were included in any little fête given for him.

St. Petersburg was probably during those years the gayest and most brilliant capital in Europe. Besides the embassies, there were a lot of aristocrats, rich, lavish, highly cultured, fond of giving beautiful entertainments in palaces, where good taste and money made ideal frames for dinners, theatricals, dances, suppers and music.

(Continued on Page 63)

Wash them away
before you sleep tonight

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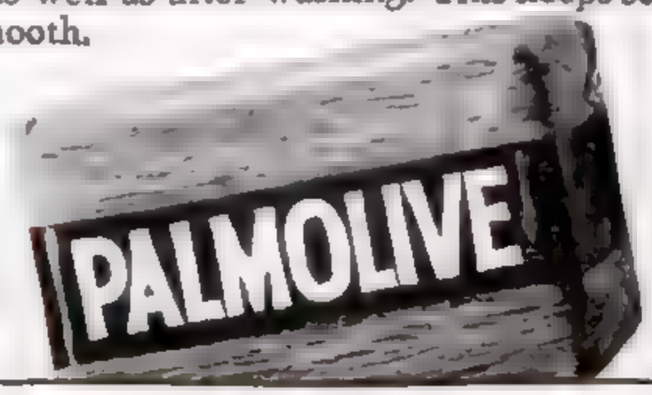

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These oils were then rare and costly, only within the reach of the favored few.

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If we made Palmolive in smaller quantity it would naturally be a very expensive soap.

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Classic beauties prized these oils—they ranked with gold and jewels.

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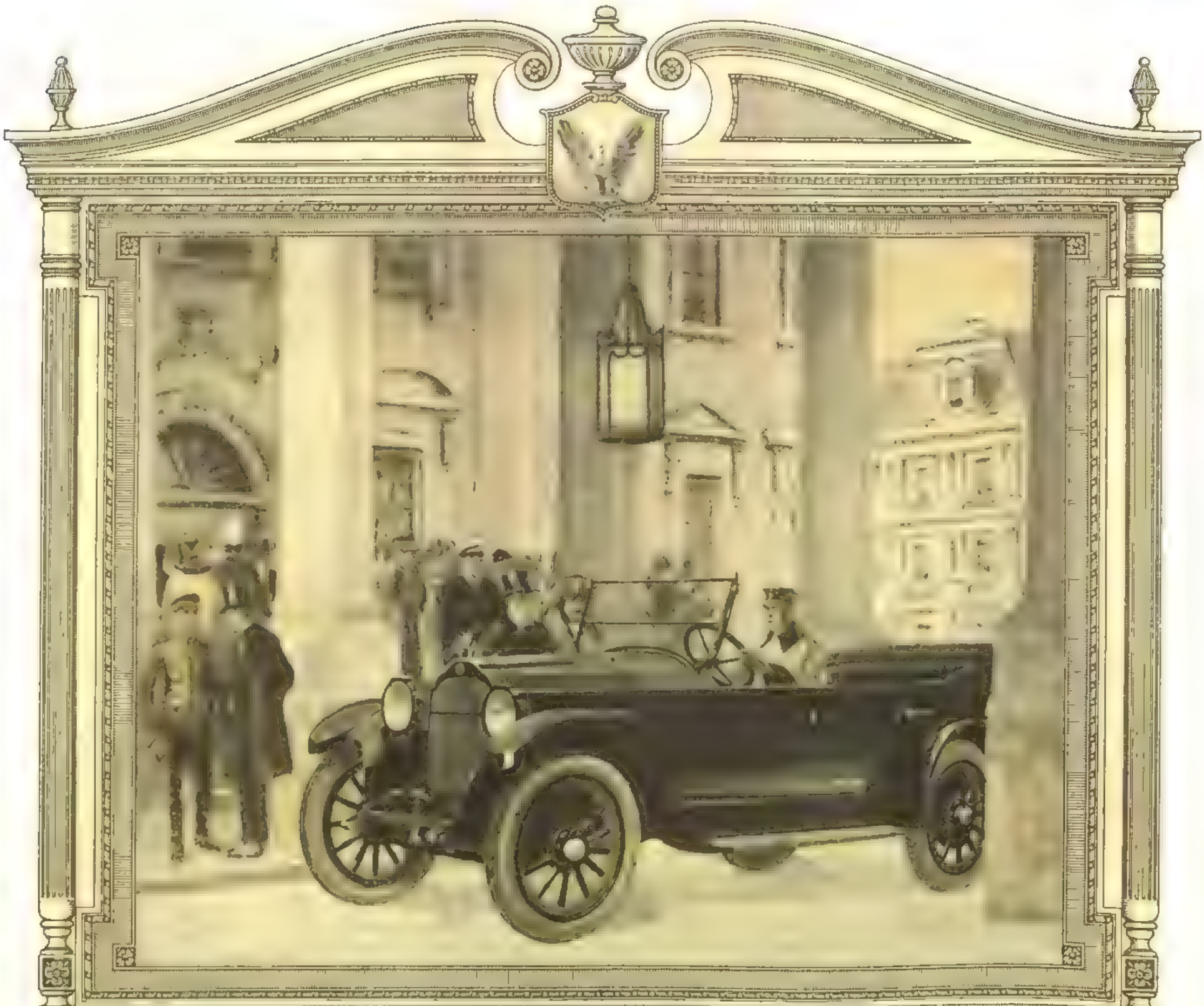

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Willys Knight — SLEEVE VALVE MOTOR IMPROVES WITH USE

(Continued from Page 60)

Our women were handsome, supple, well gowned, and both men and women were most simple and unpretentious, more cultivated and more charming than any I had ever met. I liked them and I felt immensely at home among them; also, I liked their lives and amusements. Everyone had serious interests and duties fulfilled with great success, but they all possessed a rare delightful faculty of putting aside all work or thought of them, and plunging into an evening's pleasure with a zest no other race possesses. It is a rare quality, especially as their unfeigned enthusiasm led to no excess, and in all the years I was in Russia I never met in society any man who had had more to drink than was good for him, nor did any act or word ever go beyond good form and good taste. It was all as instinctive as was their invariable kindness shown a young stranger, who had dropped into their midst. They helped me in every way to make good, in spite of my ignorance of their customs and etiquette.

Aside from the ordinary run of parties there were often unusual and unexpected picnics—where at a dinner or after the play someone would say, "Let us go troika driving to the gypsies to-night." And then the men would begin to plan and telephone. Troika sleighs would arrive, we would all bundle up warmly and sit in these gay, carpet-covered, bell-bedecked vehicles with their prancing three horses abreast. We would skim over the river's ice and the hard, smooth snow of the islands, far out of town, with the moon creating a deep blue fairyland about us and the cold nipping any part of the face left exposed. Ten miles or more of the wild pace, one horse trotting at such a rate that the others on either flank must gallop to keep up. We felt dizzy with the intense cold, rapid motion, mounting excitement and winter beauty.

Suddenly we pulled up. It was the gypsies' settlement, and there, though all looked so quiet in the low-ceilinged, dull and badly lighted house, we found an excellent supper, as if by enchantment, waiting for us. Smoking dishes—Russian; fruits from far away, champagne and tea. It seemed delicious; our appetites were sharpened by the open air. Soon we passed from the table to long sofas ranged about the walls of another big room, equally low, dingy and ill lighted. In trooped the gypsy singers, two-thirds of them women, dressed in crude colors which seemed violent contrasts even in the gloom. As they settled themselves everyone lighted cigarettes and our glasses were filled. The health of each guest in turn was drunk, with a little verse sung to her or him by the gypsies—a pretty initiation. These strange people, who came from no one knew where originally, whose voices had a wail of the Orient which deeply stirred one's heart with things unsaid, had wonderful repertoires of strange, beautiful, appealing songs. Most foreigners were bored after a time, but I always loved the expeditions to the gypsies, who were so different from their race in other countries. About five in the morning we all drove home again through the cold, which gave another violent contrast of delicious fresh air.

Quaint Russian Parties

Besides gypsy parties there were many other original, gay, quaint affairs. Supper at some palace, where, asked at half after midnight, we sat at table till five or six o'clock in the morning, listening to a Russian woman singer. She was installed at the table with us, her accompanist, usually a man with a guitar, standing behind her chair. Between courses and when the meal was ended she would sing old Russian legends, popular folk songs, anything any guest asked for. The singer had no caprices, while the guests were all sympathetically vibrating and would join in the refrains. Strangely enough, most of the music was sad—at least I felt as if a scintillating pattern of golden sound was woven into a background always somber, with a recurring note that roused one's wildest energies before it died. The Russians seemed to bare their national soul in their music.

We danced the whole night through, if we danced at all, and balls had a vim I never saw elsewhere. Beautiful flowers, perfect floors, rarely too crowded for comfort, stunning jewels, brilliant uniforms—everyone sure enough of his position to be quite natural. Night after night one danced and danced, till hot coffee was served—the Russians' usual morning meal. Many an officer went straight to early drill with his regiment before he went home to sleep.

Irregular hours apparently did no one any harm. I found it did not at all disagree with me to come home with my arms full of flowers and my dress torn by spurs, about the time our children were getting up. One would sleep three or four hours, then walk on the quay and feel as fresh as ever for the new effort of the evening to follow.

But the season was short—only a few weeks—and most of the year one led a very simple life in the bosom of one's family or with a circle of intimate friends.

Of course, the greatest functions were at court, and I am glad that the three or four early years of my married life were at a time when the Russian court was arrayed in all its glory. About eight great functions were given by Their Majesties each season at the Winter Palace or the Hermitage. The big court ball which opened the season came soon after the New Year. Every bureaucrat or military or naval officer who was of colonel's rank and took the trouble to inscribe his name and that of his wife had the right to invitations and received them. People came from all over the vast empire, wearing the quaintest clothes. At least once in a lifetime the effort was made to go to court. Doubtless our patriots who had traveled so far after many years of service to gaze on their little father and his beautiful consort put an almost religious spirit into their pilgrimage. But I think they must have felt repaid for their effort and the expense as they looked on the most magnificent party in Europe. They carried memories back to Caucasian mountainside or Siberian plains which were akin to fairyland. They had walked through kilometers of great halls, filled with treasures; they had seen three thousand

Princess Cantacuzene

people all in their best clothes; had looked upon women's gowns and jewels or men's uniforms of gold and furs such as no other empire could boast of. The frame was worthy of the picture and the picture of its frame. Surely Solomon in all his glory could not equal this great sight.

Nicholas II alone of all European sovereigns could give his many guests dancing space enough in a single ballroom; he alone had room to seat three thousand guests at a well-served hot supper, with plate and rare china, napery and food, all from his own kitchens and storerooms. At these rich feasts and in all their gorgeous surroundings this particular Emperor always seemed most simple. His uniform was generally that of a colonel in one of the infantry regiments of which he was fond, or that of his own Hussars. Small of stature, with a painfully shy manner, His Majesty showed how different was his rôle as the center of these fêtes. I always thought as I saw him watch longingly some gay guardsman pass with a pretty partner hanging on his arm how the Ruler of all the Russias must envy the young chap's freedom.

We dressed for these functions with feelings of elation, donning our best clothes and knowing it was all for pleasure. We drove through the freezing night, knowing it was toward a magnificent feast for eyes and ears, as well as a joy to light and frivolous feet like mine. On arriving I could not throw off my cloak quickly enough, and at the bottom of the staircase the excitement of the hours to come made my blood tingle. We climbed a long flight, lined with guardsmen picked for their beauty and size, and if it was the night when the Emperor's own horse guards were on duty they were all brunets. Should one man be less black of hair he was dyed for the occasion to match his fellows. They wore helmets of gold, with golden eagles spreading their wings upon them; uniforms red and gold and blue, and the best cut and fitted I have ever seen. Three or four palace entrances there were, with different regiments guarding each, lending their bright note of color to the scene. One door was for the military and naval guests; another received the diplomats; a third the imperial family; a fourth civilians. One moved forward in the throng from each through hall after hall, greeting one's friends until one reached the ballroom. There we stood about in groups, more or less marshaled into the right space by the delightful head master of ceremonies, Count Hendrikoff and some fifty of his aides, all in much gilded but ugly heavy uniforms; all carrying long canes.

The Emperor Arrives

Rapidly the guests gathered; then three taps were heard on the floor, and silence fell on the expectant public. A last quick arrangement of one's train or one's sleeves, then the wide double doors opened, and in the frame stood His Majesty, looking shy and as simple as possible, as if dreadfully sorry to interrupt. Behind him the general aide-de-camp, the general of his suite and the aide-de-camp—three on duty daily for twenty-four hours—usually one a man of sixty or more, one of forty, with a youngster under thirty. Count Frederickszz, in those days a baron, still extraordinary for his beauty, though fifty years of service were almost completed, and Count Benkendorff, Grand Marshal of the Court, stood there. These large men accentuated the Emperor's shortness, though he was of fairly heavy build and had broad shoulders held quite straight. Usually he bowed as simply and quickly as possible, and then stood quietly gazing at the great crowd with patient eyes—a look of something very like deep sadness. His face was typically Russian, broad, with an effect of flat surfaces hard to describe; deep, earnest, handsome eyes, gray blue and dark, which had a charm all their own; a rather short heavy nose and high cheek bones; a mustache and beard covering what seemed to be a rather large mouth, perhaps only thick-lipped. With a short neck and short hands—His Majesty was altogether a sympathetic figure, had one met him casually.

To his right stood—when she came at all—the Empress Mother, graceful and gracious, smiling, glancing about at the people with a nod to those faces she knew, or turning to speak in friendly way with her own gentlemen and ladies in waiting. Whatever the fashion, the Empress Mother wore black, in slender sweeping lines, and her perfect neck and shoulders could well bear the trying full court décolleté. Nearing sixty, she was still impressive and able to hold her own in the eyes of her subjects. She did not stand long in the doorway, but moved off somewhere and settled down, having those with whom she wished to converse brought to her. Her chosen corner was the gayest of the ball.

Going through the room she had a pleasant intimate word for many: "What a

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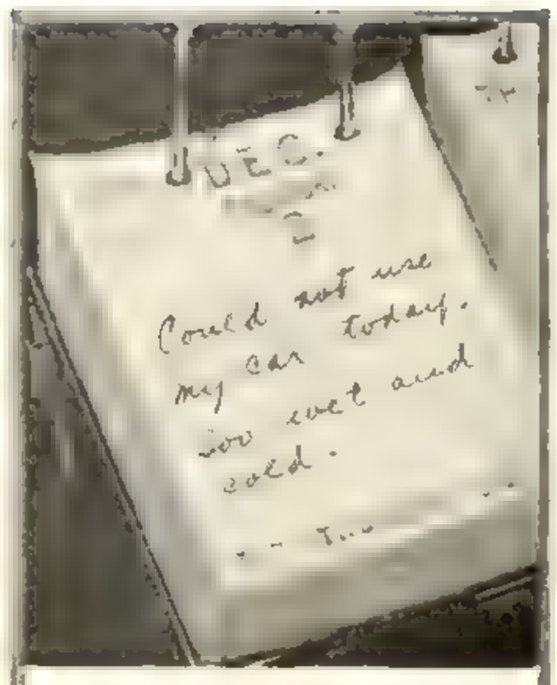

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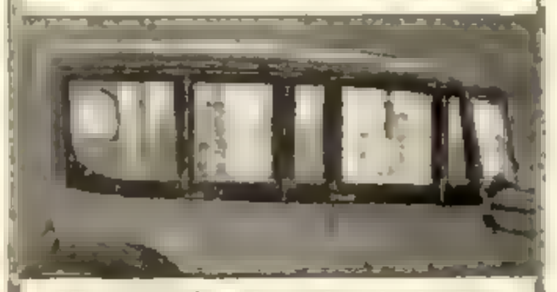

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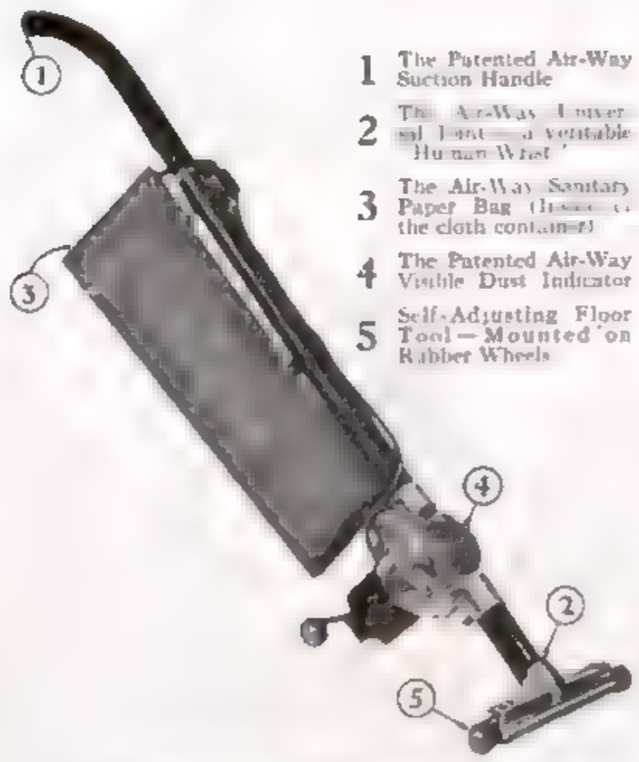
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(Continued from Page 63)

pretty gown!" or "Is that the new diadem I heard about? It is lovely," and so on.

For some old man a most gentle winning glance would make the recipient bow low, then straightening he would preen himself and say to his neighbors: "It is twenty years since Her Majesty saw me last, yet did you see how she remembered my face and how young she looks? As graceful, too, as ever." A great gift this in the charming sovereign who reigned in Russian hearts by her womanly soft graciousness.

When the Empress Mother did not come to court the opened doors disclosed the young Empress Alexandra standing on her husband's right. The elder woman was given first place always, and if both were there the Emperor's consort stood at his left. Doubtless this was hard for her pride to face, and there were many difficulties in her life besides. There was no son to follow Nicholas II, and it was said at court this preyed on our Empress' mind and heart continuously, and drove her to cultivating charlatan doctors and saints. She felt in the presence of Michael, her husband's brother, and heir apparent, a reminder that her children were all girls.

Whenever she received a woman in her audience she asked, "Have you children?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Girls or boys?"

"A boy, madam."

Instantly Her Majesty's face was strained, annoyed, and there came a pause in the conversation. This happened to me every year, so I know; and I never was so happy as when in 1904 my eldest daughter was born in the spring, and that same summer came to the Empress the little lad whose life and early death were to be such a tragedy.

That next winter the Empress' first words were "I hear you have another child."

"A girl, Your Majesty—while we all congratulate you on the birth of the heir!"

After that year the manner of the Empress was quite different to me, and we had a long and very pleasant chat each time I was received.

An Unpopular Empress

The young Empress was exceptionally well read and could talk well on a number of subjects. Seemingly also with her own circle the Empress could laugh and be gay, and she was devoted to her husband, her children and her few intimate friends. She was full of compassion for those who were in trouble, but apparently she hated her surroundings and the people whom she should have found congenial. She hated also the ways of court life and every tradition of the old palaces. She drove away those who wanted to help her, drove away little by little the Emperor's few trusted and tried comrades, reduced the palace life almost to a tête-à-tête; the fakirs who captured her imagination being the only people outside the family circle Her Majesty tolerated. Even in early days, instead of leaving all court arrangements to various officials who had previously attended to such matters, she wanted parlor maids introduced into the Winter Palace, instead of keeping on her old menservants, who traditionally had cleaned up the rooms. This hurt the latter's feelings, and the newly formed corps of maids could not or would not do the work. Everything had to be changed back, and people said the Empress tried to introduce the ways of the German and English small bourgeois houses to Russia's court.

I heard this story from my mother-in-law, and it was typical of the kind of things constantly being said. There seemed a sort of curse over Her Majesty, for always some unfortunate little remark or act, attitude or expression would mar the effect of what one was anxious to believe—that Her Majesty wished to do right by her subjects and to please them as much as they were anxious to act nicely toward her and love her as they did the Dowager Empress. Everything always miscarried, and left a disappointment or a disillusion. Explanations were not possible, given her rank, and her rather forbidding attitude. Often I have thought this sad woman was the victim of a huge misunderstanding, yet undoubtedly her own words and acts built it up.

I had several personal experiences of it. First, at the very beginning, her unnecessary criticism of a pretty and correct gown on a stranger who was anxious to please, roused the animosity of a large group of young women. Then her whole attitude of sitting in judgment on society and its gay ways, which was sure to make the court circle feel offended, was unwarranted, since the Russian aristocracy was the best behaved in Europe, and many a diplomat exclaimed over their virtue as compared with society at various other posts. Later came the gradual estrangement of herself and the Emperor from a collection of warm and loyal men and women, who had been ready to give the young sovereigns the same devotion they had dedicated to previous occupants of Russia's throne. It was curious how differently the Empress acted from others trained to the same rôle.

I have seen the Empress Mother and the Grand Duchess Marie thank some woman or some child with touching words and smiles for a little gift to their war charities, when they were weary physically and mentally, worn down with the responsibility they carried. Whether my baby girl brought a knitted scarf for a sick soldier, or some rich man gave a thousand pairs of boots, or I carried to them a donation in money from sympathetic Americans, their pleasure and thanks seemed hearty and genuine. But someone gave the young Empress a check for six thousand rubles to help her sewing circle for wounded at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War, and Her Majesty said, "Thank you, every little bit helps somewhat." Yet the donor had just explained that this money came from a group of foreign women who had raised the gift from their own work, and she begged one of the ladies in waiting to see if she could not obtain a few words of thanks, signed by the Empress, to send to the far-away sympathizers, so they would not imagine the money had been lost or was not appreciated. After a year a typewritten note of stiff thanks was sent, bearing the signature of Her Majesty's secretary! It was reported the Sovereign herself had said, "It will be quite sufficient if —— signs."

In spite of this strange way of doing, of her manner with nearly everyone who came near, one could not look at the beautiful apparition in the doorway without feeling sorry for an evidently unhappy woman. Much taller than the Emperor, of heavy build, especially when I first knew her, the head with its proud pose was impressive and stood out, far and away handsomer than any other at court. The Empress had a wonderful cameolike profile, made for sculptors to put on coins. Her features were regular, her blond hair sufficiently abundant but drawn back tightly and rolled into a bun with the utmost simplicity. The court hairdresser, Delcroix, was in despair. "Her Majesty does not wear a coiffure—it is merely a hard lump and everything must be only tight. Yet she is so beautiful!" he would exclaim. Nearly always dressed in white, her complexion was soft and pretty. The eyes were deep and tragic or desperately bored or very cold and severe; one felt held at a distance and as if one was surely making some mistake. The Empress loved jewels and wore a great many very large and magnificent stones. In her diadems or small round crowns, with row after row of pearls and diamonds from throat to waist, hanging and flashing, she looked her best. Also in Russian court dress she was magnificent, and I liked her extremely in the last war years in the Sister of Mercy costume she had invented for herself.

Unbending Pride

In 1900 already there was much discussion of the Empress, and of her complaints of Russian society, which were rather resented. Her criticism of this or that custom or person; her strange tastes and ways; and Her Majesty's attitude at a court ball—seemed to fit into the tales spread about. A very small bow, without a smile, was vouchsafed her curtsying subjects; then she stood or sat wherever etiquette put her, looking straight to the front; painfully intimidated, militantly on the defensive, doing whatever was her official duty, under protest, as it were. She spent much of the evening standing or sitting alone, and those near her felt always somewhat uneasy, fearing her critical eye or comment. I believe she thought she was disliked and she suffered an agony of shyness. I vacillated between pity and resentment, as did, I think, most of St. Petersburg, while the breach widened. Those on the one side made an occasional advance, only to be rebuffed—she, on the other, wanted the sympathy which her pride prevented her accepting, and she brooded on the trouble always. The whole situation was

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encouraged by the least desirable people at court for their own ends. At a court ball, after some time of dancing, our long sweeping trains on the floor were always a good deal damaged by the officers' spurs. They could not leave the latter off, and we might not hold our trains up—etiquette forbid! I never managed to care if I was torn and ragged, I was so keen about dancing, and I loved the perfect conditions and the space and order of these functions—a splendid setting with stunning men and women. The scene as one moved in to supper was even more wonderful.

Often when the Grand Duke Michael was my partner we went in the second couple, and the great stretch of the supper hall filled with enormous palm trees, a bed of hyacinths or roses at their bases, each the center of a supper table for ten, made a sylvan picture of the tropics in the Palace of the Czars, with a thermometer fifteen to thirty-five below zero, outside. Every stranger gasped when he saw that room for the first time, and even Russians—of all people the least given to bragging!—felt rather proud of this fairyland.

The Empress presided at her table, a lovely statue, saying but little to those who occupied the places of honor on her left and right. After supper and a further short dance, she and the Emperor, and, when there, the Empress Mother, moved toward their door and gave the signal. The music stopped; they smiled and bowed; we bowed and curtsied low, and then they disappeared. The ball was over and we all wandered off to our distant carriages.

On Carnival Tuesday a small party of two or three hundred guests was always held. It was the prettiest court affair of the year. There was dinner in the art galleries of the Hermitage, and dancing in the small ballroom of the most ancient part of the palace. The conservatory, full of singing birds, was thrown open. There was a cotillion with flowers from the imperial greenhouses while no one but the young dancing society, and only Russians at that, were guests. Twice was an exception made—once on the eve of their departure Prince Kinsky, of the Austrian Embassy, and his lovely wife, were asked; and once the two daughters of the British Ambassador, Sir Charles Scott, were invited as a last compliment, before their father retired from diplomatic life, for Sir Charles and Lady Scott were much liked in St. Petersburg.

Another ambassador who entertained well and was much invited, too, though not sincerely liked or trusted, was Aehrenthal, the Austrian representative. He was always very keen to be a success and he was ably assisted by the Kinskys and several other members of his staff.

During these years I spent my life exclusively between the pleasant small duties of our attractive home and its nursery, and the gay functions, or the many odds and ends of work and pleasure which made up the round of society life, intimate or official. I began to feel I had many friends, both men and women, and to think myself growing Russian in my ways. I loved all the new life and was anxious to make those whom I so admired realize my sympathy and enthusiasm. I tried to prove how complete the latter were and make my new compatriots think of me as one of themselves. They answered as if sure of my sincerity and adopted me completely.

In spite of youth and high spirits there was much that was sad in Russia. In the country or the city there was a yearning spirit making its appeal, and a restless striving which promised trouble in time. This deep agitation came to the surface occasionally, in the anxious words of some older man or even in conversations of our officers and more serious women. There was food for thought and anxiety in some of the things said; and I caught myself wondering if it were possible that some of what they talked of might be true. This was especially so toward the end of 1903.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

PLATITUDES

By Robert Quillen

THIS is a defense of platitudes. A platitude is a saying that is trite, dull or insipid. It lacks punch, which is to say that it lacks originality. But a platitude is also a truism, and a truism is a bit of truth frayed by much telling. If one in the company of thieves having no acquaintance with standards of morality should remark casually that honor is the best policy his sally might be greeted with guffaws, but a few would be persuaded of his wisdom and hail him as a prophet of a new order. Among honest men, long accustomed to honorable dealings, the remark is trite. It states a fact accepted beyond dispute. Yet a world full of honorable men still finds use for jails and padlocks, and while there are thieves there will be need of trite remarks concerning the desirability of getting rich slowly.

The punch in any remark depends upon the ability of the audience to appreciate punches. If one should address a gathering of Hottentots concerning the fourth dimension or the superiority of the metric system, he would receive scant applause. Or if he should face a gathering of distinguished clergymen and wax enthusiastic concerning the thrills of crap shooting, his reward would be insignificant. If one would harvest applause for his punches he must bear in mind the capacity of his audience, for a thought is without honor unless the audience can translate it into terms of life.

One who lives neighbor to a waterfall and hears the endless crash of it day and night is seldom conscious of its existence. The accustomed thing attracts little attention. So a truth repeated many times loses force, not because it grows less true, but because it wears a groove in the mind through which it slips without sufficient friction to provoke a thought.

Those who scorn platitudes do not demonstrate their erudition, but rather confess their failure to hear and digest the truth. Sign posts are of little value to persons who cannot read, and they are seldom read by persons who have seen them many times.

The modern world is a smart Aleck—a wise guy. It is sophisticated and proud of it. It affects a bored cynicism, and delights in epigrams that are witty and almost true. It softens the meaning of hard words, and coins phrases to take the sting out of truth.

Flippancy is but unwillingness to admit a fact—a shield against realities. One who is discomfited by the rude sallies of his fellows may parry with some witless saying and by guffawing loudly in applause win the offensive and put his adversaries to rout. So men find in buffoonery and play-acting a method of tricking their minds and soothing their consciences, avoiding thus the painful confession that truth is truth.

Therefore we have envious men preaching universal theft in the name of human liberty; cashiers, messengers, treasurers and other trusted employees "borrowing" funds left in their care, and never a one in the lot who will agree that he is a thief; nations exploiting "mandatories" instead of colonies; "Americanism" for the sake of the offices; and a world flooded with subtle propaganda that doesn't assay one ounce of truth to the long ton.

It is nothing to our credit that we have grown weary of platitudes. We have become far too clever for our own good. Stealing is stealing; a lie is a lie; honor is honor. And neither pious phrase nor cynical epigram can gild an ugly fact or soil an honest virtue.

A post-graduate course in the construction and application of platitudes would be a humiliating experience for the ultra wise but it might result in a greater measure of tolerance for the old-fashioned virtues now in ill repute. A shallow cleverness may be a social accomplishment, but it doesn't make the wheels go round. One thief may be greatly superior to another in caste and culture, but they all look alike in stripes.

For Activities Like These
Wear a Braxton

For dress you want a belt that has style; for business one that is comfortable; for play one that allows of unhampered movement.

In the common run of belts you get, at most, only one of these services—when you wear a Braxton, the Belt for Men, you get all three.

Have your dealer show you a Braxton, and in a flash, quick, you'll see why.

You'll note that at the points where it encircles the hips, the Braxton is specially shaped—it's what makes the Braxton so easy to wear at the desk, on the links, or while "stepping out."

And you'll find Braxtons made up in fourteen superb finishes, with snaps for interchangeable buckles; you'll find a combination of color, cut and finish that will delight your eye and smarten your appearance.

This is a belt that gives your trousers a hang that is exactly right.

Your favorite men's shop will have Braxtons. You can get yours today.

The Perkins-Campbell Company, Cincinnati, O

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THE BELT FOR MEN
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Champion

Dependable Priming Plugs

Have a "Summer Motor" In Zero Weather

WHY struggle with a balking cold engine this winter? Save your temper and batteries by quick, sure starting on the coldest mornings.

Get a set of Champion Dependable Priming Plugs. They make speedy work of starting cold engines.

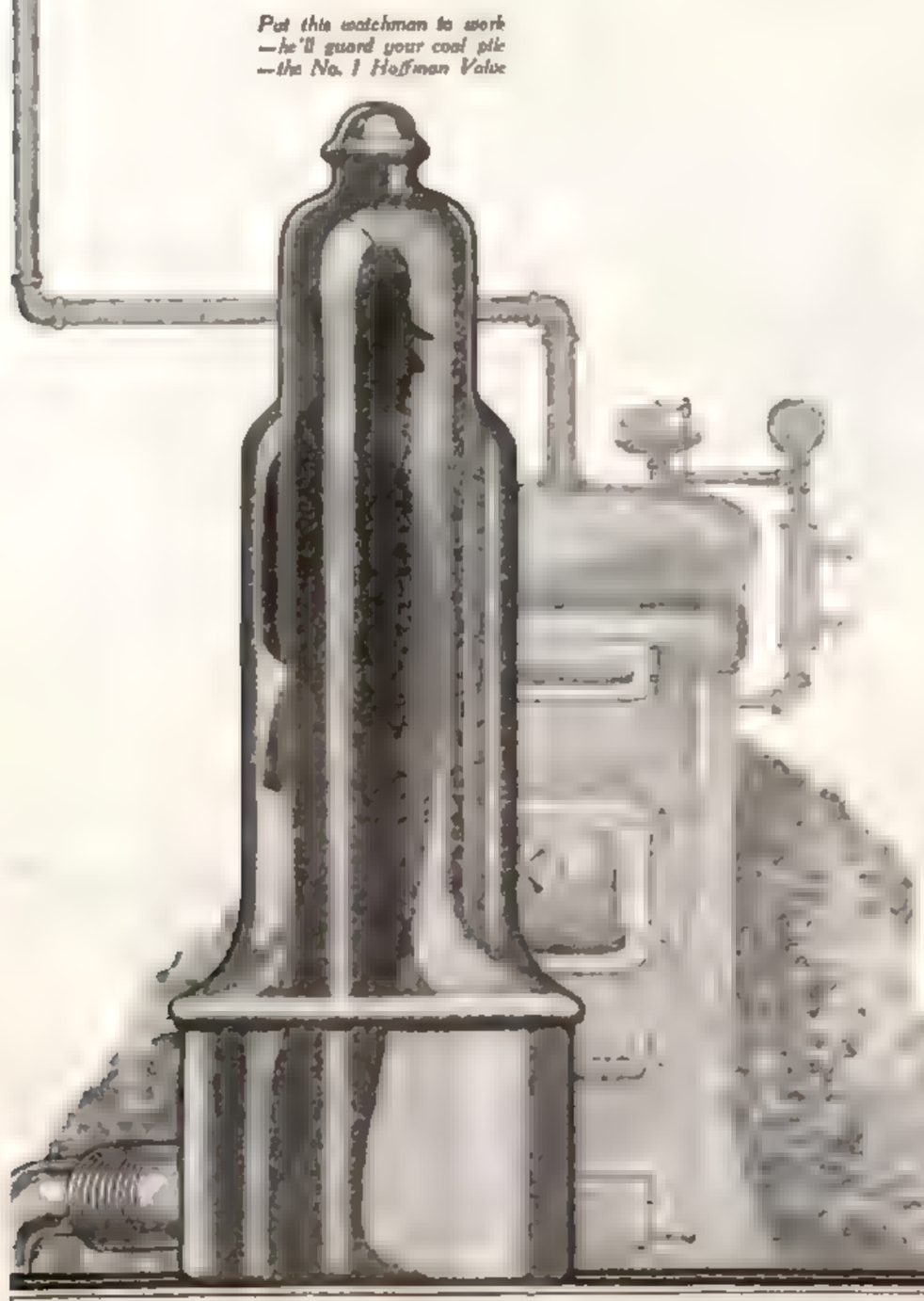
In zero weather, your motor fires instantly with these plugs that introduce the priming gas into the cylinders at the one most effective spot. The gas trickles down the plug core and over the sparking points, exactly where the spark jumps and is hottest.

All dealers sell Champion Dependable Priming Plugs. They cost only $1.50 each, Get this necessary winter equipment today.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, O.

Champion Spark Plug Co., of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

This winter! More heat from less coal is vitally necessary



Put this watchman to work —he'll guard your coal pile —the No. 1 Hoffman Valve

Coal is high—tremendously so. Coal is scarce—we're all on "war time" allotments. We can groan all we want to about it but that does not help matters very much. Our big job—the one solution—is to obtain "more heat from less coal."

Have you steam heat in your home? If so you can solve YOUR problem easily. The first cost won't be much and big dividends will be paid in coal saved as well as comfort obtained.

Put a No. 1 Hoffman Valve on every radiator with a No. 5 Hoffman Valve on the return mains—and there's the answer. You'll then have watchmen of the coal pile

Perhaps you do not know that the air valves on radiators spell the difference between a noisy, lukewarm, coal-devouring steam system and a quiet, red-hot, coal-saving one. It's true—experts agree on it. Hoffman Valves assure warmth and comfort at lowest possible steam pressure. No waste effort—no wasted heat. Hence, they cut a surprising slice from your coal bill—or better still, they make it possible for you to get more heat from less coal.

They do it by remaining open until all the air is vented from pipes and radiators—giving the steam a clear road to deliver heat at express speed into the radiators. With Hoffman Valves steam never has to force its way into the radiators. Hoffman Valves never close prematurely and bottle up air in the radiator, thereby decreasing its heating efficiency.

Hoffman Valves—while open wide as long as air is being discharged—shut tightly against escape of steam or spouting water. What's more—they're automatic. They never need adjustment. No fiddling with penknife or screw driver on icy cold mornings. A factory expert adjusts them for you, gives each one an operative test, then seals the adjustment. The valves come to you perfect.

So certain is the manufacturer that Hoffman Valves will give you complete satisfaction under most difficult conditions they are guaranteed in writing for five long years. There's no risk for you in buying Hoffmans.

Equip your radiators today. Your heating contractor has Hoffmans for sale. He'll install them throughout in a few hours.

Right now while you think of it write our New York office for that interesting and instructive booklet about steam heat, "More Heat from Less Coal."

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, Inc.
512 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

CHICAGO
130 N. WELLS STREET

LOS ANGELES
405 S. HILL STREET

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

THE WAY OF CAPITAL

(Continued from Page 28)

This new tax was at first almost nominal in its exactions, but it was nevertheless plain from the first—from its very nature—at least where its receipts would not originate. If we divide the country economically into two natural main divisions, agriculture and industry, it was very clear that the farmer would not pay this new tax to which Washington was now committed, for the obvious reason that his income was not large enough to require this under the provisions of the law.

In 1916, the year just previous to our entering the war, the exemption from the income tax being then three thousand dollars a year, only a little more than fourteen thousand of the fourteen million persons engaged in agriculture reported an income of more than that amount. Thus, as will be seen, only one in a thousand in this vocation paid an income tax. In that year, outside of corporations, there were nearly four hundred and fifty thousand persons subject to this tax. Of these, then, not one in thirty was a farmer. Of the remainder about twenty-three hundred classed themselves as wage earners, showing clearly another class that would not contribute to the Government through this new tax.

In 1917, when the exemption from income tax was reduced to two thousand dollars, there was an increase to two hundred and fifty thousand farmers subject to an income tax, showing a most remarkable burst of general prosperity in the agriculture of the country, but still indicating clearly that it was not agriculture which was to pay the main taxes to Washington for the war; for though farmers contributed now about fourteen per cent of the individuals paying income taxes, yet their average income being well under thirty-five hundred dollars a year showed that they paid a very much smaller percentage of the total gathered from that tax, so much of which comes from the so-called surtax on larger incomes.

Who Filled the War Chest?

It was clear, then, by a process of elimination, where the great part of the enormous tax receipts which Washington must have to win the war must come from. They would come first, of course, both by the policy of the administration and by necessity, principally from an individual or corporate income tax, as the only tax quite universally found available for the financing of the war. They would not under this come from agriculture. They would not come still more obviously from labor, as distinguished from capital. They must of necessity come from the place where everyone knows they did, in fact, come from—capital, especially corporate capital and its owners, who largely, of course, conduct American business.

In this way the third main relation between capital and Washington was reached, through which capital paid the taxes of the war, largely from its accumulation of war profits in corporations. And the first part of the apparently insoluble mystery of how to raise the fifteen billion dollars which was expected to be required for financing the war was solved.

There were, as is well known, really two parts to the relation of Washington and corporate capital in the matter of the payment of the war taxes. Capital had in its instrument, the industrial corporation, the machinery which Washington must have at work for it providing the materials of war. It must be worked to the limit, and so the device of the excess-profits tax upon the income of corporations was created, by which in theory the weakest and most expensively operated of corporations could be set to work for war, while the state would take practically all the profits above a certain amount accruing to the more profitable enterprises, Washington thus working corporations to their limit and taking their excess profits for its own use.

Corporate capital, then, through its various income, war and excess-profits taxes, and its owners, through their income taxes and surtaxes, paid some two-thirds of the taxes of Washington for the war. And if collection of taxes upon current business is included it may be said that Washington looked to capital invested in American business for the gathering of four-fifths or more of its war income. Another very close relation between capital and Washington had been brought about.

This contribution to taxation, of course, cut down to a considerable extent the great accumulations of profits under the corporations or other business bodies which preceded our entry into war. Taxes expended for fighting do not, of course, remain sums available to capital. Yet there still remained enormous profits or savings in the hands of going business which could still be levied on for the growing cost of war. And this matter we will consider in the next of the relations which circumstances and capital forced upon Washington.

It was very early seen that the cost of the war was to be far greater than the approximate value of American railroads, the sum which it was first expected to approach. Fifteen billion dollars, it was found, was to be the expenditure of a year, not a total cost of war. It was the policy of Washington—admired by all the world—to pay one-third of the running expenses of the war from current taxes. This, with the coöperation of capital, it was able to do. But the remaining two-thirds of the expense of war still required to be financed. To understand this matter we will perhaps best try to answer—in a somewhat partial way—the dark question which has puzzled all financial observers, from the conservative experts of Wall Street to the wild, free, financial statisticians of the I. W. W., what became of the twenty billion-odd of Liberty Bonds.

The placing of these bonds, the second and greatest miracle of the war, was perhaps the most stupendous problem then encountered. The experts of Wall Street—the street of bonds—cried out its impossibility. Washington, nothing loath, went over their heads and appealed for this financing of the war to the small investor—the average citizen, who, of course, did nothing of the kind, and could do nothing of the kind, as a little consideration will show.

The whole increase of capital as calculated for the United States is naturally not available for investment in securities of any kind. A great share must go into such places as building and general real-estate and farm improvements. And Doctor Friday, in calculating a possible half of the country's total savings for investment in securities, is going beyond the estimate which other observers allow to security investment.

The total annual increase of capital in the United States before the war he estimated at six billion four hundred million dollars, but in 1910 Mr. Chamberlain, of Columbia University, as we have seen, estimated the annual investment of capital in corporation securities as only a billion and a half. Mr. R. S. Hawes, president of the American Bankers' Association, has recently stated it to have been about two billion in 1914.

Savings Banks in Wartime

Now this amount is of course insignificant compared with the amount which was about to be invested in the Liberty Bonds of the United States. But only a fraction of this earlier investment fund had been contributed by the so-called average citizen. And now the institutions which so largely represented him in corporate investment in the past, especially the savings banks and insurance companies, were more and more dwarfed by the financial developments of the war.

The savings banks, as you will see from the last report of the comptroller of the currency, were increasing their assets now very slowly—at an annual average advance which had become considerably less than the current high interest rate would have yielded upon these deposits if they could have been loaned in the open market. Since 1914 these annual increments of the savings banks have varied in different years from as little as sixty-one million dollars to as much as four hundred and thirty million dollars. And though their total deposits reached in wartime five billion five hundred million dollars, what is the increment on five billion five hundred million dollars to a government whose annual needs are running as high as three times that mean sum in a year?

The old-age fund of the average citizen, then, was very clearly being dwarfed in this period of new finance. And the situation was not different with the national death fund shown in the assets of the life insurance companies, the annual increase in

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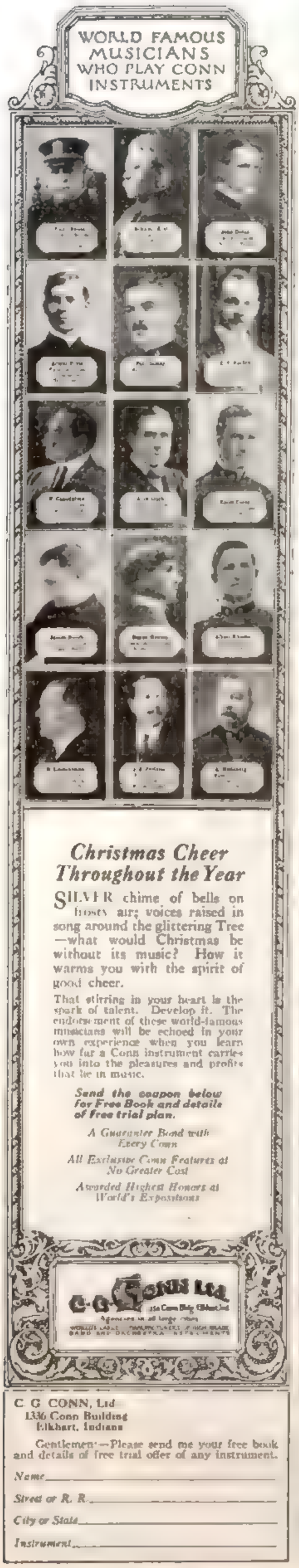

Christmas Cheer Throughout the Year

SILVER chime of bells on frosty air; voices raised in song around the glittering Tree—what would Christmas be without its music? How it warms you with the spirit of good cheer.

That stirring in your heart is the spark of talent. Develop it. The endorsement of these world-famous musicians will be echoed in your own experience when you learn how far a Conn instrument carries you into the pleasures and profits that lie in music.

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which would average in the neighborhood of the high rate of interest now current, running between two hundred and fifty million dollars a year in the years just preceding our entering war to five hundred and fifty million dollars a year in the period of war, when the minds of the population naturally ran strongly toward death and insurance. But relatively what was the increase in the approximately six billion dollars of assets which were here to the requirements of the United States Government in this wartime?

And when it is recalled how great a share of the assets of these two funds were tied up in the safe three and a half and four per cent railroad bonds, which they could not afford to sell at current prices, it will be seen that investments from this source in new securities were confined quite strictly to new contributions of capital, and in fact to a small part of those. How unimportant a factor they were to be in floating the twenty billion dollar Liberty Loans is well indicated by the comptroller of the currency's statement in his last report of the amount of Government obligations held in 1919 by the national savings banks, which hold about four-fifths of the savings-bank assets of the country. They amounted in all to a little less than two hundred and fifty million dollars, which was just about one per cent of the total interest-bearing debt of the Government at that time.

The old familiar supply of American capital from small sources in the death and old-age funds, which had been so important in the founding of modern Wall Street, was then unavailable to any important extent to the Federal Government at Washington in its hour of tremendous financial need. But—it must not be forgotten—the Government was at this time going back of these institutions of small capital and appealing with every organization of publicity and finance to the patriotism of this same body of capitalists—the ninety per cent or more of the population whose annual income does not reach two thousand dollars, even in the so-called flush periods of war-times—to make their subscriptions to Government bonds on their own account. How successful this appeal was, viewed from the standpoint of the final total requirements of Washington of more than twenty-four billion dollars in borrowings, we shall now attempt to uncover.

Bond Sales Analyzed

To do this it will be well to begin at the bottom—below the Liberty Bond—with the machinery devised for the collection of the smallest sums, which competed with and reached even smaller sums of capital than the savings bank; that is, the issue of the War Savings Stamps. In all, this instrument collected something below four per cent of the total borrowings the Government secured during the war.

If you will now take your last Secretary of the Treasury's report and turn to the statement on Page Seventy-three you will get a very interesting light on the situation on June 30, 1919, concerning the Liberty Bond and Victory Note issue of the Government. There were then outstanding, at the end of our war-debt flotations, a little under twenty billion dollars of these, which were distributed in some eighty million pieces, representing denominations ranging from fifty dollars to one hundred thousand dollars. Of this total number of pieces a little more than one-half represented fifty-dollar bonds, while some sixty-seven million pieces—or about eighty-five per cent of the total number—were in fifty and one hundred dollar bonds.

The half of the total pieces representing the various Government receipts from bonds and Victory Notes which were issued in the fifty-dollar form did not, of course, represent half of the nearly twenty billion dollars in money which had been secured from these securities June 30, 1919. They represented, in point of fact, just about ten per cent. The little less than seven-eighths of the total pieces of paper representing the fifty and one hundred dollar certificates combined furnished less than five billion dollars in subscriptions, or something less than one-fourth of the receipts from the Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes.

Now it is obvious that the proportions of individual pieces of paper issued in various denominations of bonds does not represent precisely the proportions of their holders arranged according to financial standing. Without doubt many bonds of five hundred or even a thousand dollars are held by, let us say, the ninety per cent of persons who are not represented in the payment of the national income tax on incomes of two thousand dollars or more. Yet on the other hand it is equally obvious that a far greater proportion of the fifty and one hundred dollar bonds appear among the holdings of individuals and corporations of the larger incomes.

It is therefore probably rather more than fair to state that seven-eighths of the smaller Liberty Bond and Victory Note subscribers took some twenty-three per cent of the total bond issue. If the total sum subscribed by these is added to the total sales of War Savings Stamps, the proportion of its entire interest-bearing war loans secured by Washington from the great mass of its citizens is about the same as in the case of its bonds and Victory Notes. And if the further investments of this great body of small capital savers, through their savings banks and insurance companies, are added in, this seven-eighths and probably more of the population still would furnish not more than a quarter of the total amount of borrowings required by the Government for the war.

Capital Finances the War

From the standpoint of the small investor, to do this was an extraordinary feat. For during the two or three years following the entry of the United States into war this class alone apparently bought and paid for Government securities at a rate considerably exceeding the entire estimated investment of the country in securities in 1914. Yet in these larger days of war, when the Government at Washington was spending more than seven times this annual prewar investment in securities in the so-called ordinary expenses of the Treasury, the small investor was a source of pride, but not an answer to the Government's investment problem—where was the remaining three-fourths of its loan to come from? Here again, as the intelligent reader already suspects, Washington found itself, as in the matter of taxes, by necessity face to face with corporate capital.

The first and most obvious place where the Government bonds and notes went into corporate hands was, as everyone knows, in the banking corporations which the Government used in distributing them to the general public. We have already seen the relatively small amounts taken by the savings banks of the country. But in the general or so-called commercial banks, especially those in the Federal Reserve system, the ownership of bonds and notes of the United States amounted on June 30, 1919, the end of the Government year, to about one-quarter of the total.

Something more than a half of the holdings of the Government debt has now been located by us. In doing this we have eliminated two main sources of investment—the small saver and his institutions and the so-called commercial bank. There remain therefore two possible bond purchasers the corporation and the larger payers of income taxes, who, as is now shown by the figures of the Federal tax-gatherers, secure directly or indirectly the great bulk of the dividends from corporations.

Just how this remainder of the Government bonds and notes was divided between these two purchasers can scarcely be estimated. The Government, in making bond issues partially or wholly exempt from income tax, offered a great incentive to individuals of great wealth and income to invest in its securities. On the other hand prosperous corporations were also offered inducements by law to place their savings in bonds, and responded to an extent which, though not to be accurately estimated, yet may be believed to have exceeded any other single source of subscription. The investment of large corporations in Government securities ran in many cases into the tens of millions, in instances into the hundreds of millions; and one corporation alone was currently believed to hold as many or more Government securities as those credited to all the mutual savings banks of the country by the comptroller of the currency.

Whatever its exact distribution between these two last classes of purchasers, the Government debt of more than twenty-four billion dollars issued in a little over two years fell largely into the hands of corporate capital and its owners, and especially to that part which conducted the industrial and commercial activities of the country, following the opening of the war in Europe—or what might be called the main going business of the country.

The Government at Washington had now achieved the apparently impossible. In a country which in 1914 had been credited with an annual accumulation available for all possible uses of capital investment probably not exceeding seven billion dollars, Washington had put out or obligated itself to a total of over thirty-six billion dollars expenditures for war. It had expended this for two years at an annual rate exceeding twice the earlier rate of capital accumulation; and in the current Government year—ending June 30, 1920—was on the way to expend a sum at least equal to it.

This accomplishment of Washington is heightened still further by the memory that not only did it raise one-third of its necessities by current taxation but it sold the more than twenty-four billion dollars of Government securities to a population which at the rate of its investment in securities before the European War would not have produced one-sixth of that amount for every type of new security in the country. Washington, thanks to the coöperation of the banks and bankers of the country, had accomplished this miracle, but in doing so it had placed itself in still more intimate relations with capital, especially corporate capital—relations which would never have been considered possible previous to the war.

We have seen how, taking advantage of the war, capital had established closer and closer relations with Washington, which under normal conditions would have been most repugnant to the latter. We have seen how Washington took over, for a time, its great losing investment in the railroads; we have seen how it made it possible for Washington to finance its enormous expenses by paying or gathering its taxes and buying its bonds with the profits created by war. Now we shall see it go still further along this line of advance, and actually engage the interest of Washington in a new and unprecedented movement of conservation—the conservation of American capital.

This, of course, like all the other relations with Washington, was brought about by the totally abnormal conditions created by the time.

Evaporating Profits

The expenditures for war, as all are aware, are not capital; and Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes represent, of course, not capital, but the inevitable waste of war; not something that is, but something that is gone. Yet all these huge sums spent by Washington must come from past capital or new capital savings. Even so, the increase of the annual profits of the nation during the war, as estimated by Doctor Friday and others, might theoretically at least be considered to be more than sufficient to meet these expenditures. And yet when these accumulations of new savings were considered in detail they had a tendency to elude and even disappear, as so-called war profits are apt to do in the progress of war, and so to become unavailable for the Government's use.

The farmers of the country, though receiving at least a quarter of the estimated war profits available for use as capital, contributed, as we have seen, only a small proportion of the national taxes, and evidently bought but a small part of the national bond issue. Their gains, when invested, partly found their way into huge rural land speculation, which apparently produced as its tangible net result mostly a great body of new mortgages, given by the buyer to the seller of a higher-priced land, which strictly speaking do not represent any actual increase in capital at all. So here was neither new capital production nor contribution to Government expenses through its bonds.

The same result was still more apparent in the case of the laboring classes, whose savings of war profits in the form of unusual wages, between the higher cost of living and the so-called cost of higher living, largely disappeared, and became unavailable either to capital or to Washington. In short, in the hands of the great bulk of the population the war profits all tended finally to evaporation. It was to business and especially to corporate capital, therefore, that Washington, as we have seen, was forced more and more to turn for its financing.

But corporate capital, or the going business of the country, in spite of the enormous war profits it had secured, was now—its

(Continued on Page 73)

A GIFT *Worth Having at* ANY *Time*

Thousands of homes located where there is no gas, today enjoy cooking and baking as delicious as that served in any big city home. This all-year-'round Red Star Detroit Vapor Oil Stove has made it possible.

Looks, cooks and bakes exactly *like a gas range. It bakes, boils, roasts or fries* anything *that can be done by any other process.*

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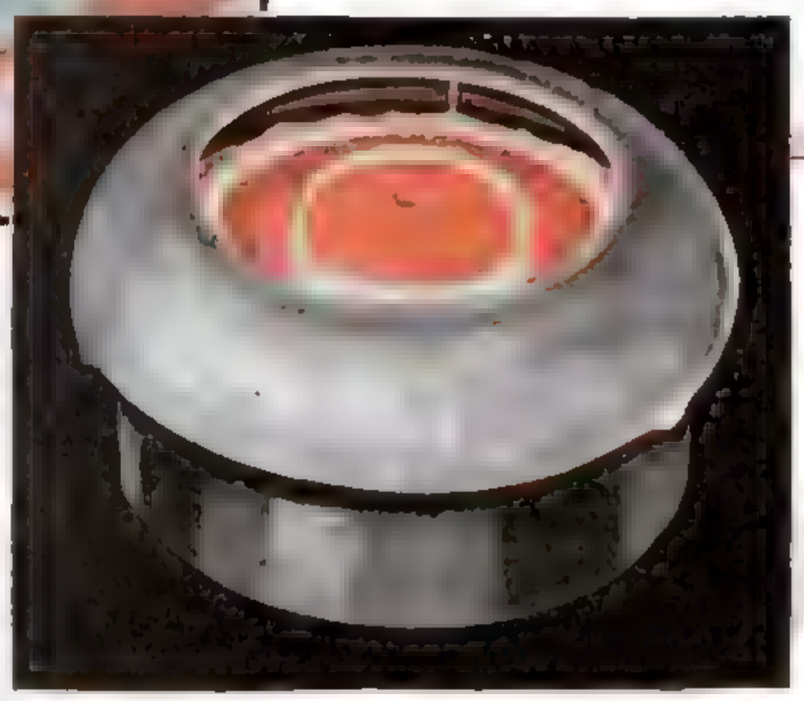

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THE wonderful efficiency of the Red Star is due to its burner—a scientific device made of grey annealed iron, which burns gas which it makes itself from gasoline, kerosene or distillate. This burner produces a double ring of hot gas flame close up under the utensil instead of only one. Burner becomes red hot, adding a steady, even metal heat. Weighs 8½ pounds. Will last a lifetime. Saves 25% of fuel. Gives enough heat to cook and bake anything in the exact time called for by your recipes.

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RED ★ STAR

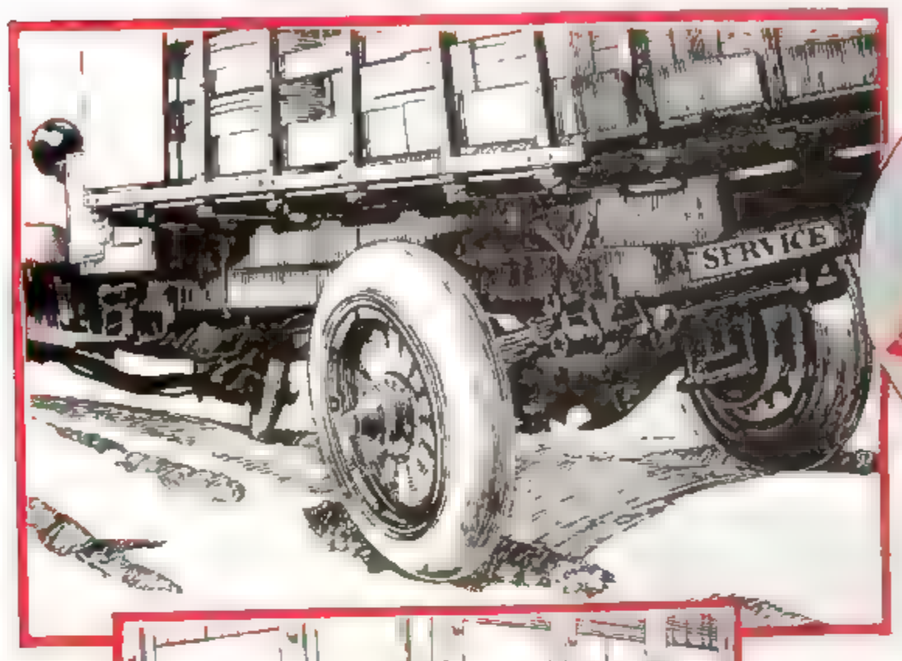
Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

842

Five Chief Causes of Motor Truck Troubles

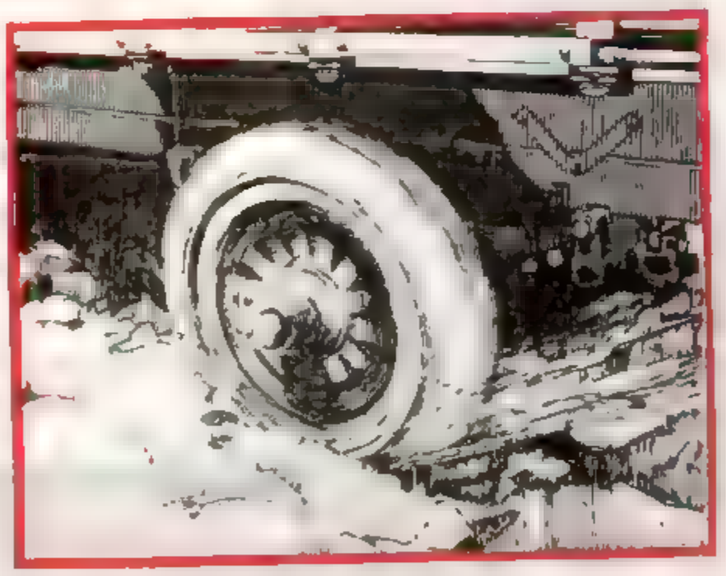
Number 2—Road Strains

These are the terrific strains which attack the engine, transmission, springs, frame, body, radiator, etc., caused by the weaving and twisting of the chassis when truck is traveling on roads where wheels are scarcely ever on a level



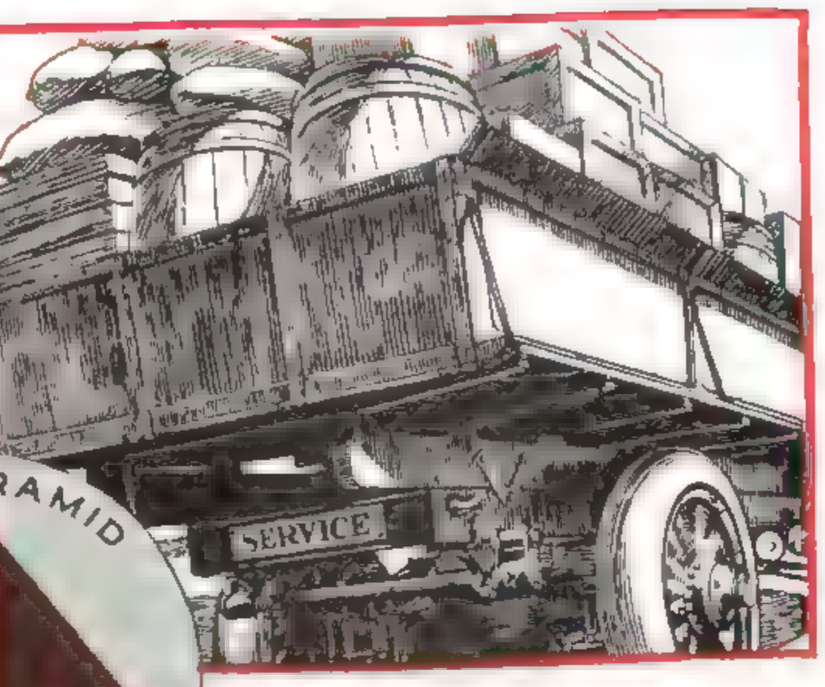
Number 3
Road Shocks

These are the sudden, ruinous shocks and vibrations against which all driving parts, such as the engine, transmission, propeller shafts—universal joints—differential, etc, as well as all load carrying and steering parts, must battle as the truck travels over hard, choppy roads or badly pitted hard roads filled with bumps, depressions, holes and other obstructions.



Number 4
Driving Strains and Shocks

These are the strains and shocks that are transmitted through the propeller shafts the transmission the clutch—the crank shaft, by the power of the engine working against the weight of the truck and the resistance of the road.



Number 1
Load Stresses

The wrenching and straining of body, frame, springs, axles, wheels, etc., caused by the weight of the load, the shifting of the load or the uneven weight of a badly balanced load. These stresses are present when truck is at rest but increase in violence when truck is in motion.

THE PYRAMID OF SERVICE

—and How Service *Scientific Cushioning* Overcomes Them

SHOCKS and strains will never be entirely eliminated. Only by surrounding a motor truck with the ideal working conditions of a fine clock would this be possible. But, so far as engineering genius can do it, Service SCIENTIFIC CUSHIONING promotes ideal operating conditions by neutralizing the ruinous action of the Five Fundamental Shocks and Strains which cause most motor truck troubles. Note the illustrations and definitions carefully.

By our system of shock insulation the whole truck is scientifically cushioned against these five insidious forces. The vital parts—the "works"—are given a maximum chance to operate efficiently.

As a result, Service Motor Trucks make good on the job even under the most severe conditions. The Service user gets, *literally*, show-room efficiency out on the road; maximum speed and maximum mileage—because Service SCIENTIFIC CUSHIONING furnishes the very maximum of protection.

Over 10 years of practical service and the experience of thousands of individual users have proved that SCIENTIFIC CUSHIONING is one of the great successes and real advances in truck engineering. It is something you should know about.

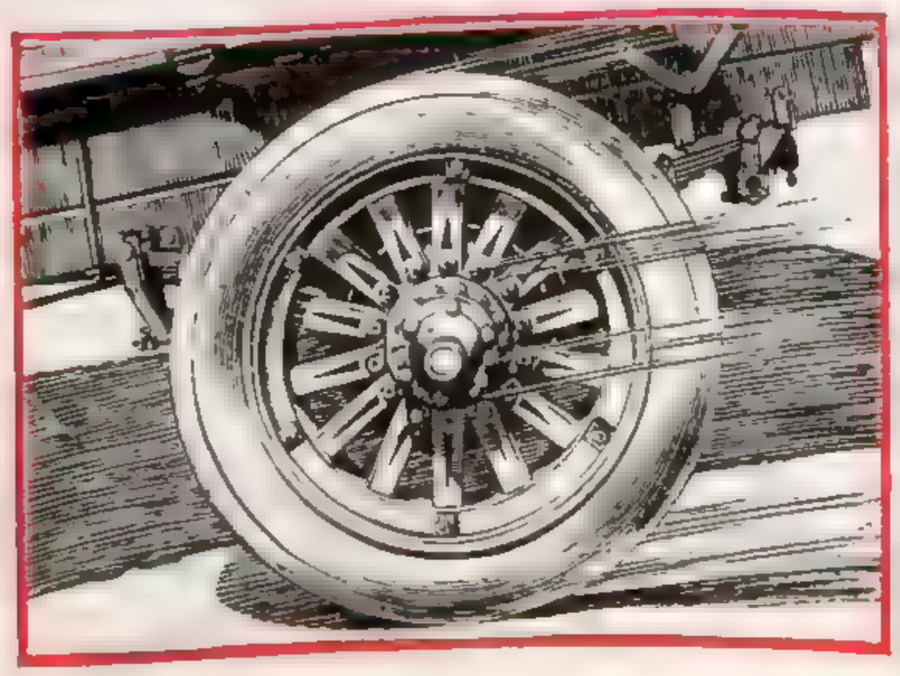
Service Motor Trucks are made in 7 models with 80 different combinations of power, speed and capacity. Our engineering department will tell you the exact type best suited to your work and why, if you write. In the meantime whenever you see a husky truck with a Red Pyramid on the radiator and on the ends of the seats—*get the facts about it.*

SERVICE MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, *Wabash, Indiana, U.S.A.*

Service MOTOR TRUCKS

With the Red Pyramid on the Radiator

(12)



Number 5
Braking Strains and Shocks

Strains and stresses suffered by rear axle, rear drive shaft, transmission, wheels, springs, frame, etc., when the brakes are suddenly applied while the truck is under momentum. The effect is similar to that of dropping from a swiftly moving truck a weight heavy enough to stop the truck quickly—the weight being attached to the truck so that it drags on the road.

(Continued from Page 70)

spokesmen claimed and seemed to prove under a considerable handicap so far as producing more money for the use of the Government. Here, too, the apparent war profits or savings were tending to disappear. In the first place corporate capital had made tremendous actual investments in its own plants, as we have seen—a total investment, principally from corporate savings, estimated by Doctor Friday to reach as high as fifteen billion dollars in the years just preceding our entry into war—a time, of course, of very high cost of building and machinery.

On top of this the ever-rising cost of materials and labor compelled a constantly growing necessity for working capital for use in the carrying of goods while in the process of manufacture and sale.

There were still great apparent profits to capital, yet these were solidly locked up. And still the Government at Washington, even after the war, was requiring to be paid in real money for its expenses, largely by the capital invested in American business—a total equal to the entire savings of the country for all purposes five or six years before.

Government Conserving Capital

It was in these circumstances that Washington turned its attention to a new and unprecedented idea in conservation. There had been in the past twenty years many national movements for all types of conservation, from that of children to that of scenery; but the conservation of capital was not among these. It had furthermore been a new and even striking thought to many political leaders in Washington and elsewhere that capital could not always more than take care of itself, or that the man who saved a dollar for himself was incidentally performing a service to the community which deserved and required the encouragement and protection of the state.

Under the necessities of war, however, this thought came home more and more closely to Washington. And more and more Washington began to study, through various boards and experts, the possibilities of conserving capital; first for application to the immediate uses of its war, and then by action against ordinary current waste and destruction. Security issues by Wall Street, which interfered, of course, with the sale of the securities of the Government, were limited closely to those outlays of capital which were absolutely necessary to the conduct of war.

In Broad Street the highly speculative flotation of the interests associated with the Curb market were quite thoroughly stopped by the Government's action. Not only did the feeling grow in Washington that the interests of capital were not—as it had so often been thought—identical with either Wall Street or Broad Street, but that they might even need permanent Government protection through Government supervision of both these agencies. There was in fact at this time the beginning of a tendency, it was thought by some, toward what might be called a new movement toward making America safe for capital.

But however permanent that might be, the activities of the National Government were clearly well directed in wartime at least toward an annual saving to capital of more than the annual accumulations in the country's savings banks, the sum which was estimated by Washington's experts to be lost in so-called fraudulent or highly speculative securities alone.

And yet in spite of this marked change in the attitude of Washington toward capital, the movement of capital toward its own aims along its own lines was not diverted. The country in fact was now coming up to that situation of which to-day all are so anxiously aware, the time of so-called frozen capital, or frozen credit, which all elements in our population now so loudly deplore.

Thawing Frozen Credit

We now approach the last of the various relations which capital was to force upon Washington because of war. The Government, we have seen, was apparently committed to expending an amount equaling all the annual prewar savings of the nation in its annual outlays. These expenditures must be paid over to it in real money. But capital engaged in the going industrial and commercial business of the country now stated that its war profits and general resources being solidly tied up in its own enterprises it could no longer take care of the Government's needs to this extent.

There was but one point left then for both the Government and the country at large to turn to satisfy their rapidly growing needs in this period just following the war, when war profits were proving so evasive and disappointing. And it was fortunate indeed in such circumstances that there existed the institution of the new Federal banking system, which had made the financing of the war possible. And now with the disappearance or hardening of the so-called war savings or war profits, and the continued need of the Government, the financial strain tended more and more to focus upon this splendid joint instrument of capital and the Government.

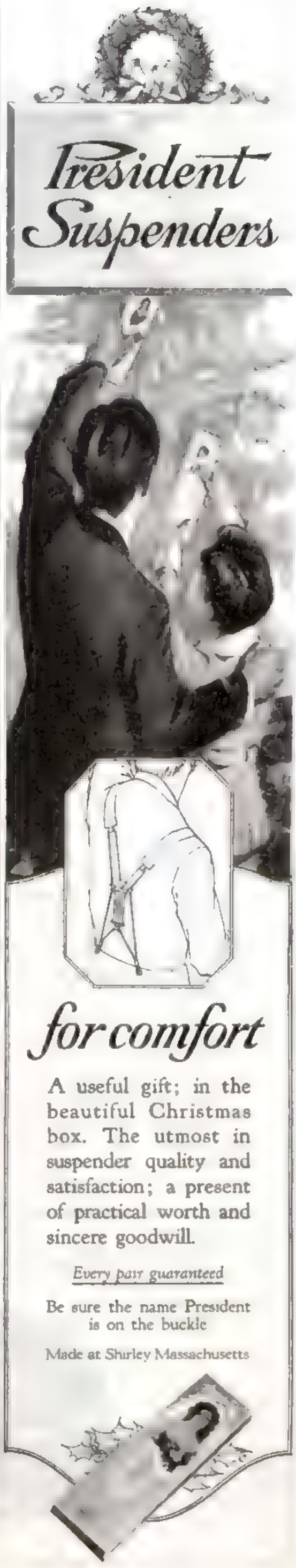
Storm Signals Flying High

Even this instrument it appeared, however, was to prove insufficient, though directed by Washington itself. The credit demanded here drew the total of currency and possible currency nearer and nearer to the dead line of gold which the Government's new laws had established to protect these in the Federal Reserve Bank. The storm signals of the interest rate on money ran up to eight, ten and twelve per cent.

The operations of Wall Street had been shut down sharply by Washington during the war. Its demands were still at a relatively low point. A billion dollars of credit was now shaken out of Broad Street, and the wild free capital in stocks and stock margins lost total sums in paper war profits no doubt aggregating this amount. And still the storm barometer of the Federal Reserve statement hung down close to the edge of the gold reserve; and still the storm signals of the interest rate were flying high. And now there were not lacking those who foresaw the present situation and the final relation which capital through the circumstances of war was about to force upon Washington.

Washington, it was evident to the most casual observer, was now—in the Government year ending last June—in a very delicate condition indeed. Its plans still called for an expenditure during the current year of as much money as the country had been able to save annually in the period previous to the European War; and estimates for the next year, ending June 30, 1921, showed small expectation of decrease in national expenditures below that point. And now capital in the going business of the country, which had previously taken care of this matter, served quite definite notice that such amounts of savings were not available in its hands. Furthermore, capital in the banks now gave equally positive

Ohanapecosh Glacier on the East Side of Mount Rainier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Suspenders
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Every pair guaranteed
Be sure the name President is on the buckle
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TRY some all-season happiness yourself. Get a pair of Ivory Garters and make every day a glad one for your legs.

Take care when buying to say "Ivory Garters", and see to it you get them.

Ivory Garters free you from many a petty annoyance. They have no metal to rust, and no pads. Light as a silk sock, Ivory Garters are made of lively, durable, clinging fabric, that holds its strength for months of useful service. They take hold clear around the leg and never slip or lose their grip.

Once you know the difference, you're an Ivory Garter wearer for keeps. You experience the sheer delight of socks held true and smooth, the pleasant sensation that all is well below the knees.

Say "Ivory Garters" to your dealer, and you'll register determination to get your due.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans, U. S. A.

warning that the money could not be borrowed. There was no more free capital apparently in the world. There were no more war profits that could be reached. There was no more credit. Suddenly they had all disappeared. And Washington, facing a presidential election this fall, woke last winter and spring to a late appreciation of the situation into which its relations with capital had led it.

It became clear in Washington that Government expenses must be cut down sharply. The mouth of every national leader was proclaiming this, and every eye was searching for items of expenditure where this could be done. At this time the railroads, taken over by Washington two years before because of war emergencies, were not unnaturally one of the first objects to come into view.

It had been felt by many that, once having taken over the railroads of the country, the national Government would demonstrate the inadvisability of ever returning them to private control by the superiority of its centralized management. The delay of their return to private management for nearly a year and a half after the armistice tended to strengthen the belief of many that Washington might retain the railroads. And there were others who demanded that it should do so. But the operation of the railroads by the Government had not resulted profitably, in spite of the large possibilities of saving which had been anticipated from its management.

The matter had in fact now passed from the realm of theory to that of practical fact. The roads, it was seen, were losing annually a sum greater than two-thirds of the taxation required to run the national Government itself before the war. And now the labor on the railroads felt with apparent justice that it should have an increased annual wage of considerably more than the entire former cost of operating the Government before the war. Labor had already received great increases in pay. The prices of all sorts of materials used by railroads were soaring. Rates had been raised under Government control; they must be raised again. And there was much more than a probability that Washington, even after a further raise in rates, would continue to see a great deficit from railroad operation.

Marxian Theories Not Verified

In addition to this there was the problem of financing the transfer and the future needs of the railroads if taken over by the nation. Washington had now—largely in the banks of the country—some three billion dollars of so-called floating debt, which it had not felt that the investors of the country should yet be asked to take in the form of long-term bonds. It must also refinance in three years five billion dollars of its present Victory Notes. So it was seen that even without the railroads it would require of capital very heavy financial assistance in the near future. It was now quite clearly compelled to relinquish the operation of the railroads.

It was at this point that the second horn of the dilemma was apparent in Washington. The railroads of the country were turning out a deficit of half a billion dollars a year; between a billion and a billion and a half of deficit was hardly to be avoided if labor was granted its demands for higher wages under existing rates—all this, to say nothing of the billion dollars a year of new investment which the railroads of the country had been craving in vain for at least a decade, and were more than ever in need of since the Government's operation of them during war. It was therefore clear that unless something was done the return to private capital of the railroads under existing conditions would be giving back a property worth as a whole several hundred million dollars less than nothing a year.

Washington could scarcely do this had it hated capital even more than it had sometimes claimed it did, for such an action, among other things, would have gone far toward bankrupting not merely three-quarters of the railroads, but the savings banks and insurance companies and very likely very many of the commercial banks of the country, to say nothing of individual capital. And aside from the resentment of capital the effect of such an act would scarcely be desired, especially in this time of Government financial need.

It was urged also from the side of capital that there might be a certain popularity in protecting the interests of actual capital invested in railroad securities. Washington had been very actively concerned in the interests of labor, as distinguished from capital, through the war; it had been highly interested in the protection of the farmer as well as the other shippers of the country through the medium of the Interstate Commerce Commission during the past thirty-odd years. But as a class all these interests were small numerically when compared with the capitalists interested in railroad securities, either directly or through such institutions as the insurance companies and savings banks, for these now included at least four-fifths of the American people.

It was then under this pressure of events and argument that capital secured the first fruits of war to which all its actions had been tending in its relations with Washington during that trying period. It had been an active force in this first and greatest of its fields, the machinery of transportation, for nearly a century now. It had surpassed all other sections of the world in its development of this, yet its progress had been before this war comparatively slight toward forging the iron hold foreseen in the workings of the theories of Mr. Marx and Mr. Engels toward imposing final industrial slavery upon this continent.

Safety for Savings

After the first seventy years capital had secured its first apparently secure corporate investment in the United States from Wall Street through the three and a half and four per cent railroad bonds. It had done this by going through bankruptcy—more than once—and losing from a third to a half of its forces.

In the next fifteen years it had secured control of railroad stocks from Broad Street at an estimated loss of hundreds of millions of dollars a year. But now in its relations with Washington it finally reached a goal which it had long desired in vain. This was to have the recognized right to earn five and a half or six per cent upon its actual property investment in railroads; and to be protected, so far as possible, in doing this by Washington—even if necessary against its former agents in Wall Street and Broad Street.

Capital in America then, after adventures of a century which were not exactly identical with its own expectations or those of either Mr. Marx or his successors, had reached at last, through the medium of a great war, a situation it had long desired: a relation with a national Government by which it was recognized that as a pure matter of public policy its accumulation, instead of being penalized, should be encouraged and even safeguarded by the state. That the state, at least in regard to investment in the so-called quasi-public services of capital, such as railroads, telegraphs, and so on, should study and guard not only the interests of itself, but of the capital invested as well.

This new trend of events, illustrated by Washington in its relation to the railroads, has seemed to inaugurate a new movement in this country which has loudly been called by many a movement toward reaction, a new triumph for capital; but which may be described more accurately perhaps as the beginnings of a movement to make America safe for savings. This movement has now covered not only the railroads in their relation to Washington, but a good share of the so-called public utilities—the telephone, street railways and lighting systems—in their relations to local government. And it bids fair to establish a new and wholesome relation between capital and government in this great field of capitalism—a relation, of course, forced by the developments of war upon the Government.

At the same time, though these fields of investment together perhaps represent a majority of corporate capital investment in the United States, there remained the huge recent development of capital in the more private so-called industrial corporations during the war. Capital's interests were not yet satisfied in this great field which now looms so large. So in the next and final article of this series we will observe capital as it moves forward to protect these and to take its commanding place in the new industrial world, which we are so unanimously informed by all types of observers is to be created following the epoch-making developments proceeding from the recent World War.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of four articles by Mr. Turner. The last will appear in an early issue.

NORTHERN

¶Fresh! Sweet and clean as a new flower is the paper towel we make. Sanitary! It has no questionable past. Hygienic! No other hand ever touches it. Safe! It eliminates towel dangers—and reduces towel expenses.

¶It is remarkable how quickly the Northern paper towel absorbs moisture. Soft! And it leaves no lint. The dealer from whom you buy wrapping paper and twine will show you its superiority—and how it saves. Or write Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis., also makers of fine bathroom papers.

Northern
PAPER TOWELS

WILD DUCK FEDERALIZED

(Continued from Page 10)

about the old prince or duke or something making a kill of four hundred and ninety-two pheasants or grouse in a single day. Well, the common folks in those countries don't hold up their hands in horror. They look forward to it as a feasting occasion of the year. I know. I was over there once to see the opening of the season.

"After the day's shooting the killed birds were piled in wagons and distributed to the town markets, where the people were allowed to buy them for almost nothing. In the English town I was in I saw dozens of people carrying away pheasants and grouse for which they had paid a shilling or less apiece.

"Now that our ducks are coming back strong," he suggested, "and there are laws against selling game, supposing that gunners would turn over the bulk of what they killed on the opening days to local families at a small cost to insure distribution—don't you think it would be a big help? Most of those people are poor, you know."

"Sure it would," agreed the bayman, "provided they had 'em cooked this way. But until the big war come on and put prices up so high, mighty few folks in my little town would eat wild duck. They'd eat anything now. Some of 'em are even puttin' sheldrake up in pickle like corned beef. They certainly don't know how to cook 'em fresh."

It is true that until recently the wild duck was not taken very seriously as an article of food, and little was known about it or its habits among the people living along the coast, where it is killed. Only duck shooters were supposed to know those things. These people, though, have learned much in the last year or two of a food product right at their door. The guides say that ninety per cent of the birds killed are now disposed of in the native villages, where formerly they were shipped to the cities. It is not so easy to evade the law now, and the professionals would rather take a small profit than a dangerous risk.

Serious fears of our wildfowl being exterminated no longer exist. There were more wild duck last season than have been seen in ten years. From admittedly incomplete records gathered by the various conservation commissions and from the testimony of guides and hunters it is estimated that easily half a million ducks were shot along the Eastern seaboard last season. This statement is based on inquiries made at such duck-shooting centers as the Chesapeake Bay, the Great South Bay, Barnegat, Pamlico Sound, Hatteras and Currituck. If satisfactory reports could be got from the Gulf Coast, the long stretch of Pacific Coast and the inland marshes and waterways, this figure ought to be tripled. Most of the hunters thought the total entirely too small.

The Migratory Bird Law

Wild duck will average close to three pounds. The larger varieties, such as canvasback, mallard, black duck and redhead, often weigh three and a half pounds. Two and a half pounds dressed would be a fair average. That is a lot of food.

There is no doubt that this season, now nearing a close, will easily outstrip the past one. The increase in the size of the flocks is noticeable even to a novice. To old hunters it is amazing. Perversely enough, many of those who shoot for a living will not give credit for this restoration of wildfowl to those who have earned it. They do not seem to understand that it all may be directly attributed to the Federal Migratory Bird Law and to the sincere coöperation that Canada and our several states are now giving to improve it. After years of wrangling our country appears to have sensed the importance of saving the enormous flocks of wildfowl, and the states are at last coöperating with the Federal Government by making laws and regulations sensible and understandable. The Migratory Bird Law furnished a definite line to which they could hew. We are now having real game protection—and we are having game.

The success of the Federal law is due primarily to the fact that there was no politics in its conception, and that it was not an arbitrary arrangement of dates made by ignorant legislators. Instead, it was designed so as to bring out expert knowledge of migratory birds and their habits from men who actually knew, and thereby secure the real protection so long needed.

When the law was framed in 1913 its authors were foresighted enough to leave the regulations open to future adjustment as to dates and localities. If they had been fixed arbitrarily and permanently without the expert information that soon came to the surface, Congress would never have heard the last of kicks and protests.

Contrary to a belief which existed for three or four years, the Migratory Bird Law is very simple. Very few hunters took the trouble to read it. The whole idea is in the first two paragraphs:

Be it enacted: . . . All wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, wild pigeons and all migratory game and insectivorous birds which in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any state or territory shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody of the United States, and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations hereinafter provided therefor.

The Department of Agriculture is hereby authorized and directed to adopt suitable regulations to give effect to the previous paragraph by prescribing and fixing closed seasons, having due regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits and time and line of migratory flight, thereby enabling the department to select and designate suitable districts for different portions of the country.

That is practically all there is to the law, except the addition of opening and closing dates—always subject to change—for the different sections of the country according to the known habits of the birds, and the penalties for violations. With the aid of information brought out at public hearings and reports from guides and amateur sportsmen, these dates have been adjusted until now the law is nearly perfect.

Before this gradual perfection of the Federal Migratory Bird Law, following the convention with Canada in 1916, our so-called game laws were merely a hodgepodge. There was no central thought or coördination. People refused to regard them seriously. Sportsmen, those who destroy game, oddly enough, for years fought for protection and conservation almost single-handed. It seemed impossible to get legislators seriously interested.

The opening and closing dates in some states were at variance, and they stubbornly kept them that way. Even the counties within a state often had different laws. Some still have them that way.

Lower Snow Lake, Chelan County, Washington

On a hunting trip in North Carolina a few years ago we were invited to leave our camp and visit a noted quail hunter over in an adjoining county. Arriving there, we discovered—our host equally surprised—that, due to conflict in county laws, we would have to take out new licenses and wait a week for a new opening of the season. This did not matter much where nonmigratory birds were concerned, even if it was inconvenient, but the lack of coördination in state laws played havoc with the migratory birds, such as geese, wild duck, snipe and plover, in their journeys from one state to another. At one stop-off in the flight they would be protected and at the next slaughtered. They were well on their way to extermination.

Out of that confusion the idea of national control was born. But all was not easy sailing when the Federal law was enacted and got away to a wabbly start. Even among state officials there was at first open hostility to what they looked upon in its provisions as Federal interference with their state rights. Politicians of the local peanut variety got up and waved their arms in protest and promises. Gunners were told that they would not be molested so long as they observed the state laws. Few of the state wardens were sincerely in sympathy with their Federal brothers.

In one or two Northern states, for instance, the state law permitted duck shooting after October first and until January tenth. The new Federal Migratory Bird Law, calculating on the annual flight schedule of the wild duck, fixed the open-shooting date at October fifteenth, extending the closing to February first. There was immediately a great wrangle over those first fifteen days, many state men openly refusing to abide by the Federal act. At the same time they wanted the Federal extension of twenty days at the close.

Instead of getting excited, the officials in charge of the migratory law went after the facts. They started on a plan of education for themselves as well as the gunners. They paid heed to all arguments such as that of the Wilmington darky and the guide, every bit of evidence, public or private, being carefully weighed. In this way practical as well as scientific knowledge of the habits of the birds was acquired, and the wrinkles began to smooth out. The migratory law is working beautifully now, one of the most dependable aids being the wild duck itself. It invariably flies to schedule. It will arrive this year within two or three days of the time it arrived the previous year. Even daylight-saving time does not confuse it. By being absolutely reliable the duck has furnished a real calculating basis. It is responsible for the growth of confidence in the law.

Future Regulations

After several years of this careful study and calculation on geography and line of flight and numerous revisions, the opening and closing dates—those now in force—were arranged as follows:

In Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Nevada and that portion of Oregon and Washington lying east of the summit of the Cascade Mountains, from September sixteenth to December thirty-first.

In Rhode Island, Connecticut, Utah and that portion of Oregon and Washington lying west of the summit of the Cascade Mountains, from October first to January fifteenth.

In that portion of New York known as Long Island, and in New Jersey, Delaware, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California, from October sixteenth to January thirty-first.

In Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana, from November first to January thirty-first.

In Alaska, from September first to December fifteenth.

That appears to have hit the nail on the head. The force of the wallop was in the nation-wide finish of spring shooting. Note the closing dates.

For guidance in future regulations and improvements the conservation commissions are making further efforts to gather intelligent statistics on the number of birds killed in the several localities, and general information as to the extent of the flocks or possible changes in their habits; but they are meeting with difficulties—some that were most unexpected. In New York State—and other states, I believe—a small record card is given out with each license. On this the gunner is required to enumerate the varieties under the different headings printed on the card. He must swear to the correctness of this before procuring another license.

The clerks find, though, that the professional shooter is suspicious, and has a tendency to underestimate his kill, even if he should remember it. The average guide, who rarely does much reading, has failed to grasp the purpose of conservation. Instead, he has gained the impression that if he reports too many wild duck killed there will

(Continued on Page 81)

Saves a ton and a half a day

Fireman Raymond See, who got one of the first Red Edge scoops used on the Long Island Railroad, wrote us some time ago in part as follows:

"In regard to saving of coal and general economy in the use of your shovel, I would say I received the shovel I lost about last February and used it steadily until the middle of December. During that time I covered between thirty thousand and thirty-five thousand miles and burned about 3,000 tons of coal, *besides* turning a good many hundred tons of coal off the sides of tank. I always said I saved about a ton and a half a day by the use of the shovel I had."

That's tough, you'll say, to lose such an old, reliable friend. Fireman See probably felt the same way; but he's a pretty foxy veteran of the line and he had made it a point to learn the manufacturer's name. Without a day's delay he wrote to us about his loss—and to insure himself against further loss of time and efficiency, took the precaution to order *two* Red Edge shovels.

This letter is typical of the scores of enthusiastic letters we have in our files from firemen who are daily stoking their boilers with Red Edge coal scoops. These men can't be fooled. They are professional shovelers in the truest sense of the word. Men who handle thousands of tons of coal learn to judge values very keenly—and when these same men are unanimous in voting Red Edge the strongest, most economical, longest-lived shovel, who can gainsay their judgment?

The fireman's motto is: "The most work with the least effort." He has found from experience that only a Red Edge meets this requirement. The other fellow, too, wants to do a maximum amount of work with a minimum of effort. As a result we are constantly receiving letters from firemen whose coal scoops have been swiped by jealous pals.

The supremacy of Red Edge shovels, scoops and spades is maintained by three factors found in no other brand:

(1) The all Chrome-Nickel steel blade, rolled in our own mill. The entire blade is heat treated and carefully tested. (Note on the blade the mark of the Brinell test.)

(2) The handle is made in our own factory from selected second growth Northern White Ash, tested to 400 pounds strain.

(3) Our guarantee:
Guaranteed to be perfectly satisfactory in every respect—under every condition of service—or we will make whatever adjustment the buyer may decide is right and proper, without objection or hesitation.

The best shovel that can be made—saves time, muscle and money.

How Red Edge shovels became the leaders is an absorbing—yes, romantic—story of modern industry. It is told in pamphlet form. Ask our distributor—probably the leading supply house or hardware store in your town—for it, or write us.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
Wyoming, Pennsylvania

WYOMING

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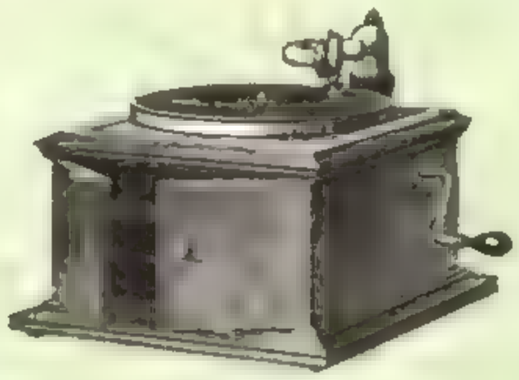
SHOVELS - SCOOPS - SPADES

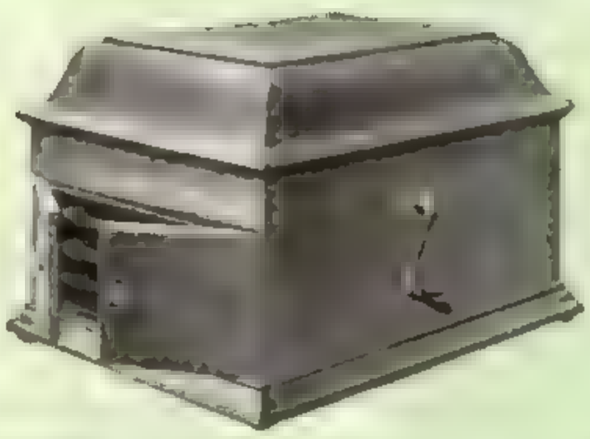
WYOMING SHOVELS

Which of these Vic will you choos



Victrola IV, $25

Victrola VI, $35



Victrola VIII, $50

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Camden, N. J.

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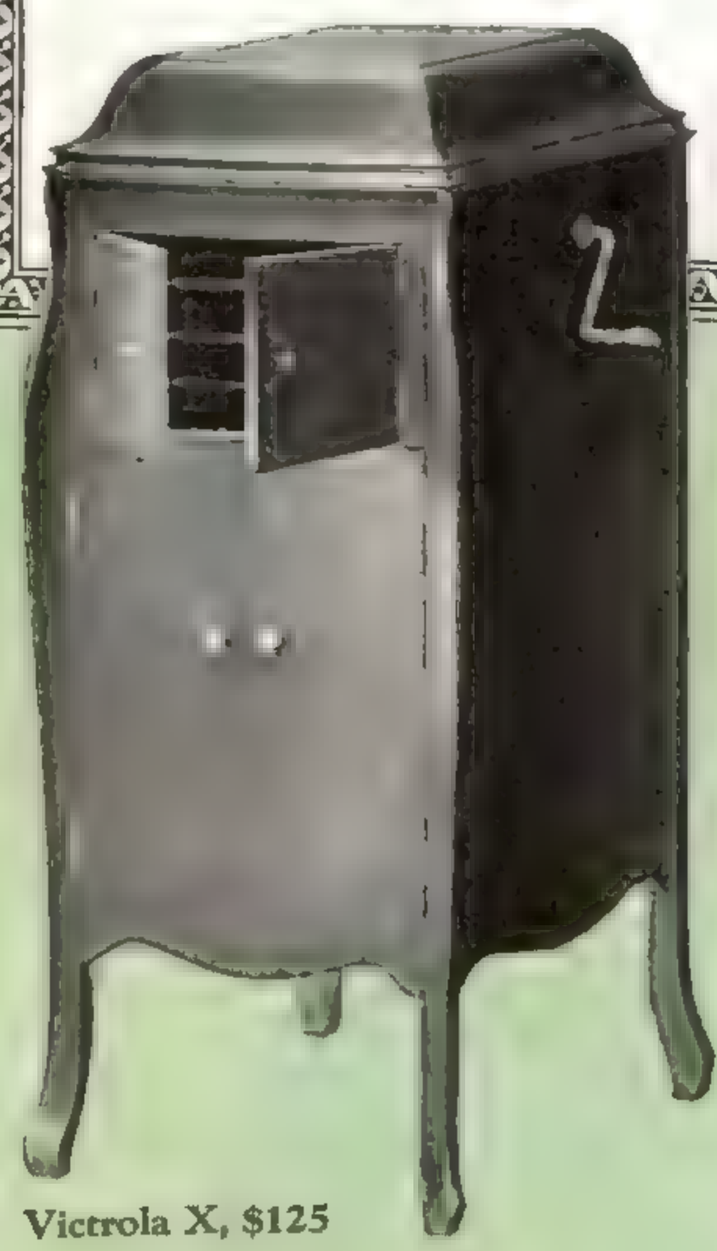

Victrola X, $125

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Victrola XVII, electric, $415

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Victrola XVI, $275
Victrola XVI, electric, $337.50

The *new* Woodbury Facial Cream

prepared to meet a definite need

MOST of us can remember when our mothers or grandmothers on retiring used to take with them to their rooms a saucer of fresh cream.

This they would apply generously to face, lips, neck and hands. It was their trusted beautifier. It softened and whitened the skin. It smoothed out the lines that the day's activities had drawn. For roughened skin or chapped hands rose water and glycerine were popularly used.

Such simple home-made recipes were called forth to meet the genuine and universal need of every woman for herself and family. From these early recipes sprang a host of others.

Soon the local druggist was kept busy making up preparations from individual formulas.

Since then, almost before our eyes, there has developed a highly specialized study of preparations for the skin. Great laboratories have attracted to themselves chemists who have worked out scientifically the formulas on which are based the preparations which we today may have for the proper care of our skin.

At first the perfecting of soaps, powders and perfumes held the interest of the makers of toilet preparations. It is only within recent years that the preparation of creams has received their full attention.

Yet already every woman has come to use as a matter of course not only a cold cream at night, but—a thing her grandmother never dreamed of having—a face cream which she may use *in the day* as a completion to her toilet.

The new Woodbury Facial Cream is now placed before the public. It has been years in preparation. Behind it is all the advantage of a skin specialist's years of study in the treatment of the skin.

The same scrupulous purity and superior quality which have been associated with Woodbury's Facial Soap for over a third of a century are assured to you in this cream. Instantly you will recognize this in your skin's grateful response to it. Its fragrance will delight you. Intimate understanding of the needs of the skin accounts for the sensation of helping the skin which the use of this cream gives.

In these trying winter days give your skin the care it needs

Sudden changes from heated houses to biting cold will roughen almost any skin. In the morning after washing, rub a little of Woodbury's Facial Cream lightly over the face and hands. Every time you have to go out of doors immediately after washing, be sure to apply a little of this cream. This will keep your skin as soft and smooth throughout the winter as it is in summer.

In the booklet wrapped around this cream, you will find complete instructions for the way in which it should be used to benefit the skin.

You will find the new Woodbury Facial Cream in 50c jars or in 25c tubes at drug stores or toilet goods counters.

If your druggist has not yet secured them, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., 659 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 659 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

A miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents

Send 25 cents for miniature set containing the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," sample tubes of the new Woodbury Facial Cream and the new Woodbury Cold Cream, a trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder, with directions showing you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Company, 659 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 659 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

The new Woodbury Cold Cream for cleansing and massage

A new Woodbury cold cream has also been developed. Use this for regular cleansing and massage, and to give softness to an unusually dry skin.

You will find it in 50c jars or in 25c tubes at drug stores or toilet goods counters.

(Continued from Page 76)

be a question about granting him a new license. This, of course, is not true. The law allows him to kill twenty-five a day, a pace one could hardly keep up all season. By nature, though, the bayman is secretive and suspicious.

The clerk in one of the license bureaus on Long Island was astounded when a guide turned in a card showing that he had killed only twenty-eight ducks all season.

"I didn't shoot much because shells were so high," was his answer when questioned. "I always let the parties I take out do the shooting. What they kill won't hurt."

Though one of the best informed men in the state on waterfowl, he answered all questions very cagily. He felt sure there was a trick in it somewhere.

The average guide, though deprived of his beloved spring shooting, reluctantly admits that there are more ducks than ever—in the fall. This spring shooting was more destructive to wild duck than all other forms of extermination. It is difficult, though, to make the professional shooter acknowledge it.

When a few states in advance of the Federal law enacted laws to prevent spring shooting some of these market shooters had a tough time making a living. It was especially hard on them in states where market shooting had been permitted by law. Always they had counted on their fee for taking out sportsmen as a means of livelihood during the early months. After Christmas they shot for themselves. It was a good business. Nowadays the winters are long and hard.

One day in February a few years ago, I saw fourteen barrels of wild duck on the railroad platform of a little coast town in the Southeast. The expressman said it was not at all unusual to ship that many in a single day. Imagine what that would eventually do to the enormous flocks migrating northward at that time!

In states where market shooting was not permitted at any time the guides shot and sold ducks just the same, until the law put a stop to spring shooting. They could always find customers for game illegally shot, because at first very few people believed in the law.

The ducks begin their northward migration in February in Northern states, and the very best shooting was in March and April. This was especially good for geese and brant. There is seldom any good shooting of these birds there until after February—and the season now ends February first. This is tough on the professional gunner, but it must make a big hit with the geese and brant. Their flocks this year were more than double those of a few years ago.

The first real effect of the Federal Migratory Bird Law in its smoothed-out form was noted generally last season. The flocks had increased enormously. It was the best wild-duck season of a decade. Reports from all sections indicate that the present season is much better. Students of the waterfowl declare this increase is due almost entirely to the cessation of spring shooting, when birds were killed off on their way to the nesting grounds.

South Bound on Schedule

The wild fowls' sense of geography, of distance and of speed is a constant source of wonder to those interested in their habits. That they are able to remember the spot along the coast where they fed the previous year, and that they are able to judge the distance and time their flight so as to reach that spot at approximately the same time after an absence of twelve months, seems incredible, but it is true. Without question the same ducks do return regularly to their migratory haunts after traveling thousands of miles. There are authentic cases of birds having been caught alive, marked and turned loose. The following season those birds have returned and have been killed in the same region where they were released the year before.

All these facts were gathered and considered in working out the schedule for the opening and closing of the season in the Federal Migratory Bird Law.

Along the Great South Bay, that odd formation of shallow water and marsh island stretching for forty miles or more along the southern coast of Long Island, the black duck, the first comer, always arrives about the middle of September. In the Chesapeake Bay it appears round October first. It is noted in large numbers round Currituck and other coast sections of North Carolina about the middle of October. Its northern migration can be figured at the same speed.

For years it has been the belief of sportsmen that the wild duck always migrated directly north and south. That was disproved a few months ago. At an Eastern museum of natural history several captured wild ducks were turned loose with brass tags attached to their legs on which were stamped the name of the institution and the date. Less than six weeks afterward one of those birds, a pintail, or sprig, was killed near Seattle, Washington. Instead of going northward or southward to or from the nesting grounds, this duck had gone northwest for several thousand miles, across the continent.

The Scaup—What Is It?

Wild geese have memories more perfect, if that be possible, than wild duck. Three years ago an old bayman living on the south shore of Long Island, wing-broke and captured a Canada goose. He took the bird home, where the children made a pet of it. The broken wing knitted and grew strong again, but the goose showed no disposition to fly away. It flew round the yard, honking cheerily, as tame as a chicken. In April, though, it disappeared. The last the children saw of the bird it was flying high above the house. After circling about for a while it headed due north.

The following January, the same month of its capture, the bayman and his family were surprised early one morning to find a flock of wild geese circling above the house, honking. Presently one of the geese—their former tame one, it developed—left the more timid flock and alighted in the yard. The children recognized it instantly. After a year of wildness this goose walked about the yard, calmly feeding with the chickens, and it remained with the family until April, when again the call of the North came. It did not return last year, and the bayman believes that it must have been shot while making its long journey.

There is a reason—this one in favor of the hunter—for postponing the open season until at least two weeks after the birds reach their feeding grounds. If gunners begin pounding the black duck the moment it appears the flocks will disappear from that locality very quickly. It has been found advisable to allow them to get accustomed to the feeding grounds on the great flats and marshes. Once the black duck fixes that as a temporary home, it is almost impossible to drive it off. Even then it is extremely wary. After the first bombardment it will desert its feeding grounds in the daytime and go out to sea or some safe haven. It will return as late as ten o'clock at night, feed all night and be away by daylight. A strong wind and a rough sea alone will keep it flying about its feeding ground. To outwit the black duck, gunners a few years ago would dusk him—shoot at night by the aid of a jack light. Stringent laws, however, have done away with that. The wardens watch very closely to prevent violations of the law that prohibits shooting before sunrise and after sunset. Numerous arrests were made on the opening day last October for shooting at daylight.

On Long Island fixing the opening date at October sixteenth instead of October first proved a blessing to the guides, who most bitterly opposed it. This year the Great South Bay was fairly alive with black duck on that date, and hunters were so numerous that a well-equipped guide could get almost any fee that he desired to charge.

We went out a day ahead of time to get a good point. During the night the lights on the duck boats made the bay look like a pleasure resort. Hunters visited each other during the evening, making a gala occasion of it. There were too many in fact for the kill to be large.

The broadbill, the most numerous of all wild duck, follows the black duck in two or three weeks. Being so numerous, it is found in every section of the country, and is killed in numbers nearly equal to all the highly prized varieties combined. By nature, though, it prefers the salt water. The broadbill is a deep-water feeder and often dives twenty feet for its food. This bird, by the way, is a fertile subject for argument among gunners. In every section of the country it is known by a different name. North of Maryland, in the East, it is known as the broadbill. There are two varieties of it marked exactly alike. The larger, often called the bay broadbill, usually remains in the Northern waters throughout the season. In the Chesapeake Bay region the broadbill is known as the blackhead. Along the Gulf Coast and in the West it is the bluebill. In the Carolinas it is called the shuffler. Oddly enough, this duck is rarely known by its real name—the scaup. All dictionaries, encyclopedias and naturalists present him as the scaup. I have yet to find a bayman or an amateur gunner who ever heard of a scaup. Present a picture of him in colors to a mixed group of duck shooters and the argument will start. They will never agree on but one thing, and that is that there is no such thing as a scaup.

This broadbill, or whatever you prefer to call it—I was taught to call it by that name—is the largest single contributor to our food supply of game, and is very good to eat if cooked according to the Wilmington man's recipe for ordinary folks. It must be admitted, though, that when it feeds too much on snails, periwinkles and other small shellfish the broadbill gets a little fishy.

It is not unusual to see flocks of broadbill congregated on a smooth stretch of water as far as the eye can reach. The guides refer to these great bodies of ducks as rifts. Upon approaching them in a boat, their black heads close together, they give one the impression of an enormous caviar sandwich. Upon rising they will at times shut off the sunlight, casting a shadow over the boats.

On account of its predilection for deep water, the broadbill is very difficult to lure to a point of land. Decoys set off from a shore blind will not entice it often. As a result, most of these ducks are killed from batteries, so called. The battery is a square box, usually about four by eight feet, with enormous canvas wings held down to the water by iron decoys.

This box is anchored far from shore and surrounded by hundreds of decoys. The broadbill likes a big showing.

It will pay little attention to a small body of wooden ducks. A fixed battery off the Jersey coast two years ago boasted of more than seven hundred decoys. The man who operated it got thirty dollars a day for two gunners. The gunners lie prone in these floating boxes and rise as the passing ducks swing to the decoys. As the gunner cannot leave the box, the guide skirts round in a power boat or a sailboat to pick up the killed birds. In some sections battery shooting is not permitted.

Duck Shooting de Luxe

The broadbill, or blackhead, is very easily baited. It is very fond of shelled corn. Along the South River, a tributary of the Chesapeake Bay, near Annapolis, these ducks are fed regularly. As a consequence they are killed by the thousand. Along that river there is practically no public shooting. All of the shore has been leased by individuals or clubs. Blinds in which three or four gunners may sit upright are erected about one hundred yards from the shore. This is duck shooting *de luxe*. One can sit there and keep his feet warm and dry while waiting. The gunners stand while shooting. They even have shelves arranged for ammunition, and other things that may come in handy. These blinds are erected on stakes, with the floors above the high-water mark, and are covered with cedar boughs long before the ducks come south. Hundreds of bushels of corn are thrown into the water before and during the season, and the ducks become thoroughly accustomed to the ominous-looking blinds. Once the birds get a taste of this corn, they cannot be driven from the river. These particular blackheads are exceptionally good food. Epicures have been known to prefer a corn-fed blackhead to a hungry canvasback.

In Maryland offshore shooting is allowed but three days a week—usually Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. This has proved an excellent law—for the sportsman. It also saves many ducks. The blackheads have a chance to get on the corn again, as they call it, before the next bombardment begins. These little clubs are known locally as shores. They are even connected by telephone. The attendants are able to notify the owners, who live in Baltimore or Annapolis, how the birds are flying before they decide to come out. On a good day every blind for miles is occupied. The birds driven off one shore swing into another, and the shooting keeps up all day. Each shore keeps a careful record of the season's kill.

In this region a duck known there as the widgeon travels regularly with the broadbill, and feeds off the corn. This widgeon in other states is known as the greathead, the whistler and the golden-eye. It is an excellent bird to eat, and is larger than the blackhead.

The canvasback and the redhead apparently have no choice between fresh water and salt water. They appear in great numbers on the great lakes of the Northwest and in the bayous of Southern Texas early in November. At the same time thousands of them will take up their feeding in certain waters of the Chesapeake Bay. The Susquehanna flats are—or were—a favorite tending ground of the canvasback and its nearest of kin, the redhead. It is a mistaken idea that any part of the Chesapeake is good for canvasback. There are some sections in which neither it nor the redhead is ever seen. These two varieties of duck have the same habits. Wild rice and celery are their favorite food.

The Fresh-Water Ducks

For some reason that baymen have never been able to fathom the canvasback and redhead have almost entirely disappeared from their former haunts along the Atlantic Coast north of Delaware. It is a rare occurrence when a bunch of these birds is observed in the Great South Bay or off the Jersey coast. Such an occasion furnishes a live topic of conversation for several days. I have seen just one canvasback—and that a hen—killed in the Great South Bay in ten years. Still the club members in the good regions of the Chesapeake have little difficulty in killing their limit of twenty-five. The canvasback, though, like other diving ducks, has learned to be wary of shores, and is generally shot from sink boxes in open water. These sink boxes are small batteries arranged so that a gunner sits upright.

The inland duck shooter apparently does not take his sport so seriously as his brother in arms along the coast. With him it is not so much a business. He usually goes without a guide and frequently without decoys. By pushing a boat through the marsh reeds or lying in wait he gets as many ducks as he may need and calls it a day. Many of those hunters are young boys. Duck hunting in tidewater is a man's job—it's too dangerous and expensive for boys unless attended.

This probably accounts for the inability to get even a rough estimate of the number of birds killed or the extent of the flocks. It also accounts for the difficulties in enforcing the conservation laws. There are no regular stations for wardens, and it is next to impossible to keep a tab on what is going on. After all, it is rather difficult to convince a farmer that he or his boys haven't a right at any time to step down to the marsh back of his place and shoot a few ducks if he wants them. And if he did so, in or out of season, it is very doubtful if any real harm would be done. It is round the great duck-shooting centers that wardens have to keep a close watch on things.

Though the inland shooter rarely has the chance to kill a big bag, he gets better ducks as a rule. The so-called fishy ducks do not care much for fresh-water marshes. That is primarily the home of the mallard, the teal and the pintail—members of the tipper family. Other transient varieties drop in on them, but they are the homesteaders.

There is a man in Houston, Texas, one of the cleanest sportsmen in America, who has made a thorough study—almost a business—of duck shooting. He is an authority on ornithology. This man has leased many of the best spots along the bayous between Houston and Galveston, and has done much toward protection and propagation of wild fowl as well as making big kills. Incidentally he makes a practice of selecting certain persons each time to whom he will send the ducks.

All kinds of ducks fly up and down that swampy stretch of water, but the true sportsmen limit themselves generally to mallard, canvasback and redhead. I have seen thousands upon thousands of pintail and broadbill come in and go out without a shot having been fired at them. One day a party of us accompanied this Texas sportsman to his favorite bayou. An Easterner who had never had much shooting broke into a fever of excitement when several

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hundred pintail dropped their wings and pitched into the stool-decoys—right in front of us.

"Don't shoot at those," the Texan cautioned.

"But," whispered the thrilled Easterner, "I could kill twenty at one shot. Gee, lookit!"

Another small bunch had come in. The water was covered with pintail.

"All right," said the Texan in a tone of impatience, "go ahead and shoot! Might as well get it off your system now as any other time. You'll be sick of it before you are through."

Bang!

The Easterner fired both barrels at the birds on the water. We shoved out and picked up eighteen pintail. Before we were back in the blind another flock came in. The Easterner raised his gun.

"Wait! Keep down!" ordered the Texan in a tense whisper. "Look, there's a little bunch of canvasbacks following them!"

An announcement like that always starts a tingling at the roots of a duck shooter's hair. The cans had seen the stool and were heading in. The birds stiffened their wings and pitched in with that swoop so familiar to the canvasback. We all shot, and bagged four.

"Now you can shoot the pintails if you want to," the Texan informed our Eastern friend, who grinned foolishly.

"That's right," he admitted. "It's no fun after you shoot once and know you can get as many as you want, is it?"

For the rest of the day we shot at nothing but canvasback and redhead. The Easterner, having had a taste of the real thing, evinced no further desire to kill a boatload at one shot.

This is no reflection on the pintail, or sprig, as choice food. When scarce it is just as eagerly sought as the more famous canvasback. The pintail is of grayish color and can be distinguished when flying by its unusually long neck.

It is a shallow-water feeder, like the mallard. Its tail feathers come to a fine point, another mark of distinction. That odd arrangement of the tail feathers accounts for its name.

It is very seldom, though, that a gunner will pass up a mallard for anything. It is not only large and fleshy, and therefore prized as food, but the greenhead is one of the most beautiful ducks that flies. There is something stately or kingly about it.

The mallard and its cousin, the black duck, are frequently and easily domesticated. They will cross with domestic breeds and forget their wild tendencies. The cross of the mallard with the Indian runner develope a domestic duck highly prized—one that is also very hardy and able to take care of itself.

The Use of Live Decoys

In the inland marsh regions of North Carolina, in the general vicinity of Beaufort and Moorehead City, mallards and black duck are caught and wing-clipped and used for decoys. They are even bred for that purpose. This is also done in other states, I am informed, but I have never seen the live decoy used as a fine art except down there. The birds are kept about the farmyards, and feed with the domestic fowl. A small ring is strapped to the leg of each duck, which is worn permanently. At shooting time a dozen of these live decoys are taken to the blinds—natural formations of reed and bushes—in crates. When taken out, small cords about eight feet long are snapped to the rings on the legs. The other ends are made fast to small stakes which are driven into the mud so as not to show above the surface of the water. The duck is free to swim about and feed as far as the hobble will permit, and appears content. The females begin squawking long before the gunner can see a wild duck in the air. Their quacking will bring them to the blind nine times out of ten. The male duck, or drake, never quacks; but it is necessary to keep one round in the stool so that the hens will talk. The wild birds are always shot in the air to prevent the possibility of killing one of the highly prized decoys. I have been curious often to know just what the wild ducks may think of these murderous, vamping live decoys, once they escape their wiles.

Live decoys are not used for ducks like the broadbill, the canvasback, the redhead or the so-called widgeon. The water is too deep and there is too much tide. Most of the attempts that have been made to use them have failed. Unless at ease, the hobbled duck will not quack. Besides, quacking has no vamping power over the deep-water ducks. Among those varieties quacking is not done.

In the marshlands live geese also are used very successfully as decoys. The Canada goose will honk continuously if hobbled in water shallow enough to permit of feeding.

Though duck shooting is one of the most enjoyable of all outdoor sports, one that some office men would do well to take up, it is not a casual sport. To get the real benefit of it one must make a study of it. Much preparation and equipment is required. It is expensive. It is next to impossible to get any real sport out of it, if you live in a city, without a guide. These professional hunters come high, but they earn every cent they get. They must be fully and thoroughly equipped with boats and decoys, and must know the waters and the winds. They love the sport as much as the man who engages them. If they do not they are not good guides. In their quaintness and single-track minds they are usually interesting, lovable companions. If on account of sudden shifts in the winds—or something—no ducks are killed, the guides are as disappointed as their patrons.

A duck shooter in time becomes steeled to disappointment. That is the real spice of the sport—the uncertainty. The novice must also train himself to do exactly what the guide tells him. He will give instructions as to your conduct and your apparel, and the wise sportsman follows them. The guide knows.

Mr. Cobb's Grievance

As this is being written I have just received a report on the duck situation in the Northwest from Irvin S. Cobb. He has returned from a trip to the Crater Lake region of Oregon.

"As to ducks," he writes, "I saw all the ducks in the world. I think I killed nearly that many. There is a stretch of bogs and marshes right out in the sagebrush which has been visited by few hunters. We saw enormous flocks of ducks all day long, and could keep our guns hot shooting. Of those we bagged we counted twelve varieties. That is the real duck paradise."

And this recalls an incident of the first duck-shooting trip for Mr. Cobb, a few years ago. It may emphasize the necessity of following the guide's instructions. We had slept in a little shack on a marsh island and were up at three o'clock A. M. to get to the shooting point by daylight. Cobb, not having had his coffee, was a little inclined to be grumpy. He had selected his wardrobe for this expedition with great care, and was busying himself trying to adjust it while the guide made coffee. Cobb prided himself on a fine leather coat lined with red flannel.

"Say, Mr. Cobb," said the guide, looking up from the stove, "you can't wear that coat. It's too showy. A duck will never stand for that. It can see it a mile off. Got to have something neutral in color."

"Oh, all right," agreed Cobb irritably, and he began taking it off. Instead he donned a raincoat.

This was satisfactory to the guide. Cobb then put on a canvas cap and was just in the act of tying a maroon muffler round his neck with this he had intended to make us jealous, it developed.

The guide looked up again, regarding him with something akin to amazement.

"Take that right off, Mr. Cobb," he directed. "Never in the world would a duck stand for a red muffler. You can't wear that."

"Oh, well," snapped Cobb, "I'll do it, Tom. But I want to tell you right now, things have come to a pretty pass when a darned duck can get a man up at this time of morning and then dictate to him what he shall wear."

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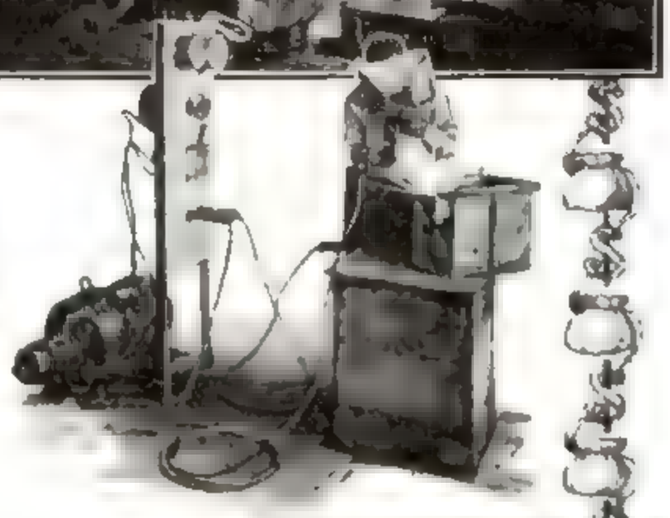

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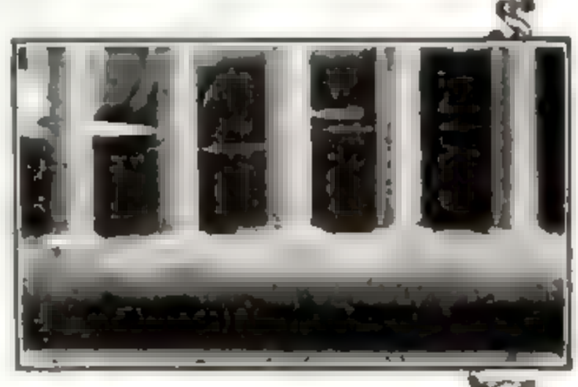

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THE PETRIFIED MAN

(Continued from Page 9)

exercise had hardened him, so that if you can imagine a studious young Indian in modern costume trying to puzzle out some such problem as the self-determination of nations you will gain some slight idea of Professor Peterson's appearance.

"My car is near the road," he told her. "But I shall have to carry you, I am afraid."

It may have been his scientific manner or it may have been because he said "I am afraid." Whatever it was, she didn't want to be carried.

"I'm sure I can hop along somehow," she said. So he let her try it, keeping her perpendicular as well as he could. But she didn't hop far.

"Ah, yes; I'm afraid I shall have to carry you," said he. "Just a moment, please."

While he was filling his pail at the spring he studied the question of how best to carry a young lady through the woods, studying it with the same seriousness that he might have bestowed upon the reconstruction of a fossil. Reaching a satisfactory conclusion, he returned to the girl and bent forward a little, very precisely and in a very detached and academic manner.

"Please put your arms round my neck," said he, "and I will carry you as though you were an infant. It isn't very far."

For a time he carried her in silence.

"How did it happen?" he asked at last, just a little bit out of breath. "Did you turn it on a stone?"

"Yes. I was walking through the woods when I noticed two men behind me. So I slipped out of sight as soon as I could and ran toward the road. At first I thought I heard them running after me, but I guess I must have thrown them off the track. And then when I tried to jump over the brook I turned my ankle."

Their faces were very close together, so that he could hardly help looking at her, even if he had wished to do so. So, you see, he couldn't very well help noticing the childlike, innocent eyes that so gravely looked into his and the full curved lips with which she was telling her news. A remarkable idea came to him then—remarkable, that is, for a Petrified Man.

"A beautiful face," he thought, "exquisite both in lines and coloring," and for some strange reason he looked at it again.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked with a note that hadn't been in his voice before.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said. "It's you I'm thinking of."

At that they exchanged a glance which seemed to make them both thoughtful, and had hardly finished this when they turned the last thicket and came in sight of the car.

Two rough-looking huskies were standing in front of it. One was spinning the crank and the other was evidently catching his breath from overindulgence in that same exercise a moment before.

"Oh!" breathed the girl in the young professor's ear. "They are the two I ran away from."

He gently seated her against the foot of a tree and, straightening his shoulders, he drew his geologist's hammer out of his pocket and stole forward like a shadow.

He was only ten yards away when one of the men caught sight of him. There was a cry of warning, a sudden scurry, a hurtling crank handle, but through it all the young professor charged grandly forward.

At the end of his rush he swung his arm twice, and the huskies went down like pins in a bowling alley. Presently they struggled to their feet and went away, one of them holding his head between his hands as though, without such aid, it might roll off into the brush and so be lost to history.

"Now!" said Professor Peterson, returning to the girl; and, giving her a smile that was not without its pride, he bent his neck for her arms.

There is always something boyish in a proud smile, and a flash of recognition went over her.

"Listen!" she said. "Aren't you Herbert Peterson, who used to live in Fairfield?"

As everyone knows, that sort of thing is catching, one flash starting another.

"And you are Marion Hubbard!" he answered. "Fatty—I mean Nelson Hubbard's sister!"

"Oh!" she cried. "If this isn't the most wonderful thing that ever happened!" Which is one of the three most dangerous beliefs that any girl can entertain. And as she placed her arms round his neck she gave him such a smile that it haunted him long after he had taken her to the hotel where she was stopping.

"I—er—I think I had better get away from here to-morrow," he told himself after he had made camp for the second time. And when he had eaten his supper he suddenly roused himself from a dreamy reverie, lit a flash lamp in something like a panic and drew his notebook from under the seat.

"During the movements by which mountain masses have been upheaved," he wrote, "many seeming miracles have taken place; but of all these it may safely be said that the greatest is—M—Ma—Marion—Odamdamdam—the greatest is—Marion Hubbard."

Up and Down the Continent, Then, Roamed the Young Petrified Man, Tapping the Rocks With His Hammer as Though in Search of an Imprisoned Goddess

VI

WHEN Professor Peterson woke in the morning he said to himself: "At four o'clock this afternoon I shall be a hundred miles from here."

But he wasn't. At four o'clock that afternoon he was calling on Marion Hubbard—to see how she was—and wishing he had brought a box of candy with him. As you can guess, they found plenty to talk about—that is to say, Marion found plenty to talk about and the professor found just as much to listen to. The next afternoon he took some candy with him, but was too bashful to give it to her. On his third visit, however, he boldly gave her the candy, and when he saw her eating—the selfsame candy that he had just given her—he looked like a learned scientist who had just made a wonderful discovery, beaming behind his spectacles and rubbing his hands with scholarly satisfaction.

"How—how would you like to take a ride this evening?" he asked her.

"Fine!" she said. "I think I can limp down to the car somehow."

Easy, oh, so easy, is the fall to Avernus!

As soon as he left her Herbert found a barber shop; and while the artist there was lathering him and scraping him and trimming him he closed his eyes and had it out with himself.

"Twenty-five dollars a week," thought he. "That's all I've got. By camping out and living the way I do I just manage to make it suffice. But as for getting married or buying a ring or doing anything—er—of a foolish nature like that, it is ab-so-lute-ly out of the question. I will call for Miss Marion to-night, because I promised her I would do so; but to-morrow morning early I am going to get away from here just as quick as I can go."

"Lilac or violet water?" asked the barber.

"Lilac," he groaned.

"Did I hurt you?"

"No, no, not that! The way I feel—that's all."

The moon was shining when Marion Hubbard and young Professor Peterson started up Aurora that evening—shining on the side of the mountain and on the far-flung view below. It may have been because the noise seemed to jar upon such a scene; but whatever it was, he stopped the car on the side of the road and cast an appreciative glance at the towering magnificence above and the silvery splendor below.

"Isn't it a beautiful night!" said he, unconsciously adopting an immemorial formula.

"I love it!" she gently exclaimed, half turned toward the view below. "I don't know what it is, but there is something about to-night that simply thrills me!"

For a fraction of a second Herbert looked up over his shoulder at Aurora, rising crest upon crest, crown upon crown, green ravine and towering cliff. One might have thought that with the mountain so near a young geologist would have thought of nothing else.

"The history of the world is written in its rocks"; and here was an inverted mountain, silently bearing witness to cooling crusts and molten masses, earthquakes and volcanoes and all those cosmic forces which engrave the records of time and make men look like such insignificant nincompoops. Just one look at Aurora, though, was all that the young professor could spare at the moment—a look half wistful and half pleading—and then his glance was back on Marion again.

Under the magic of the moonlight her eyes were veiled wells of mystery in which a man could see whatever he wished to see—Romance and Beauty—Larks and Laughter—My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose and I've Lived for Love and Die. One of her hands was on her knee, the fingers curling a little, as the tendrils of ivy might curl if the castle wall weren't there to twine upon.

The young professor looked at this hand and frowned to himself, beetling his brows as he had done a few days before upon discovering the Jurassic rock in a stratum below the Silurian.

"Now I wonder what the result would be," you could imagine him thinking, "if I were to reach over and take her hand. Something—something seems to be urging me on to try it."

Obviously there was only one way to try it. He reached over. It may have been that Marion was altogether absorbed in the view. At least she made no sign. And still Aurora frowned above them, rising crest on crest and crown on crown.

"Now what is the net result of this?" you could imagine Herbert asking himself, his head on one side and a look of scholarly inquiry behind his spectacles. Gradually then he began to nod his head, as you sometimes see an epicure do just before he begins to smack his lips, and he seemed to tell himself, "The net result is—er—good—very good!"

Easy—oh, so easy—is that fatal descent!

For the first time then he noticed the distance between them on the seat.

"It seems to me," you could almost imagine him thinking then, "that I have heard it said that—that it is somewhat pleasant if—er—er—a young gentleman and a young lady—er—sit rather closely together. I wonder if there is any basis of truth, however remote, in—er—er—a hypothesis so apparently absurd?"

Possibly just to solve the problem, he eliminated the distance between them, and again after a few minutes he nodded his head as he had probably nodded it when he had first reasoned out for himself the seven great subdivisions of geology.

"Do you know," said Marion, still looking over the valley, "I have often wondered why so many stones are found on hills and mountains. You'd wonder how they got up there, wouldn't you?"

"Childlike and innocent," he breathed to himself, and a fine deepening feeling of protection swept over him like a wave.

"You would almost think they had climbed up there, wouldn't you?" she continued.

The Petrified Man drew a breath that was like a sigh.

"No—I'll tell you," he began in his gentlest voice. "In—in the beginning—in the beginning"—again he drew one of those deep breaths. "Marion," he said, "I—I want to tell you something. I—love you, Marion. Please don't be angry, dear."

At first they didn't speak much, but before they left he told her about Uncle Andrew's money and the twenty-five dollars a week.

"Of course I know that we can't get married on that," said he, "and though I could probably find some educational opening in time, I would much prefer to embark upon one of those commercial careers of which the magazines sometimes speak, where fortunes are made with such wonderful speed."

Again they didn't speak much, and in the silence it gradually came to young Professor Peterson for the first time just what had taken place.

"I've done it!" he thought, as many and many a man has thought before. And again as they went down the road a little later, "I've done it!" he repeated to himself with a sinking heart.

He glanced over his shoulder at the mountain, towering over them still, crest on crest and crown on crown, like some majestic milestone of the ages.

"Aye, look!" Aurora seemed to say. "I thought you had real metal in you once. Now go your way; you've made your choice. You'll soon find what you've got."

"This old mountain makes me feel creepy," whispered Marion. She leaned for a moment against his shoulder. "You'll always love me, Herbert?" she asked, as though she sensed the heavy feeling at his heart.

"Always! Always! Forever and ever!" he fervently assured her.

(Continued on Page 88)

Excelo is the dependable ally of the resourceful housewife. Always ready—just a matter of a few minutes to add a glass of water, and mix. Then a few more minutes for baking. And of course—the one inevitable result—a perfect cake, one you'll be proud to serve on any occasion.

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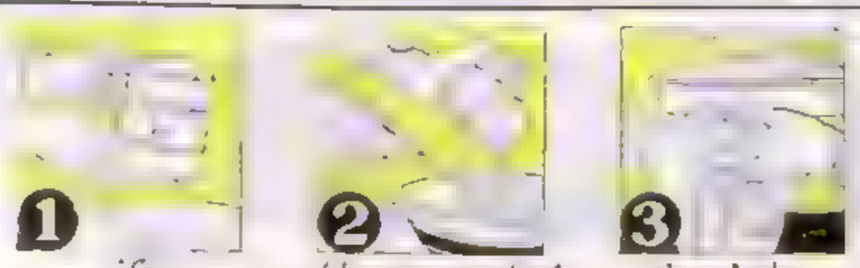

sift *add water and mix* *then bake*

5817

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co

This un-retouched photograph taken in the oil fields near Wichita Falls, Texas, shows the condition of a Goodyear Cord Tire after nearly a year of hard hauling service for the Marriott and Gates Construction Company of that city

GOODYEAR

Reliable Haulage Everywhere on Pneumatics

"We could not take some of the contracts we handle unless we were able to haul on pneumatics, and our truck drivers would not attempt to get to some of the locations in the oil fields on anything else but the big pneumatics. The use of Goodyear Cord Tires has enabled our trucks to develop very high earning power, to operate in bad weather when others are idle and to extend the scope and volume of our business with the consequent effect on revenue."— W. O. Marriott, Pres., Marriott and Gates Construction Co., Wichita Falls, Texas

FREQUENT and diversified experience draws attention, as above, to the way in which motor trucks on Goodyear Cord Tires actually increase the earnings of certain businesses.

It is observed everywhere that the traction, cushioning and activity of these pneumatics afford a reliable basis of extending deliveries and serving more customers.

In the marked competence of the burly pneumatics many find the only means of steady, safe and economical hauling under all conditions of weather, route and traffic.

Pneumatic protection of drivers, loads and trucks, as well as the conserving of roads, is a major factor in the advancing adoption of motor trucks for increased duty.

All these advantages of pneumatic truck tires are made most practical by Goodyear Cord construction, for this sinews them with unusual strength and endurance.

Digests of the hauling records of commercial and industrial users of pneumatics are mailed by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 84)

"Ah, yes," Aurora seemed to say, "but just you wait, young lady, till he yearns for me!"

VII

WHEN Marion went back to Fairfield, Herbert went with her. If he could find an opening anywhere, he could find one there. So why try anywhere else where Marion wasn't?

For the first two weeks he walked round, dropping in upon old classmates and noting with growing surprise how well they seemed to be doing. Marion's brother, Fatty, who had studied law, already had a suite of offices in one of his father's buildings, with the line "Attorney and Counselor" under his name. Egbert Guerin had come back from an Eastern college two years before with a whole headful of new ideas and had opened a handsome place over Smith's drug store—"Egbert Guerin, Real Estate"—mahogany railings, a pale cashier in a gilded cage, doors lettered "Private" and everything else in keeping. Walter Hollaway had opened a wet-wash laundry and was making money so fast that he was building a modern residence on Beverley Place. Tommy Baxter had gone into partnership with his father in the wholesale produce business, and had a car with such a long wheel base that when it turned a corner it reminded Herbert of a hook-and-ladder truck, and he half expected to see a fireman perched on the rear end to steer the back wheels.

"It certainly seems easy enough to get along in the world of commerce," thought the young professor. "I am sure I ought to find something—somewhere."

He did. Marion's father, Major Hubbard, was not only the largest real-estate owner in Fairfield; he was also the leading war horse of the town, and whenever he pawed the earth all the lesser chargers shied round and whinnied. Because of the major's influence, Herbert got a job as assistant paying teller of the National Gold Bank—and lasted there two weeks. His cutting off was due to that scythe of circumstance which is sometimes known as a lady. She wanted a check cashed when her account was overdrawn, and because Herbert wasn't tactful enough to turn her down and make her feel that she was getting a handful of money at the same time, she went out with a red face and told her husband that never before in all her life had she been so insulted and mortified before a whole bankful of people. Her husband, being a pepperbox by nature, immediately started an enjoyable time by going off at half cock and calling on the president of the National Gold Bank.

They called Herbert in—and Herbert listened. And he looked at the plump little president, all fussed up and breathing hard, with his whiskers trimmed like problems from Euclid. And he looked at Little Pepperbox, so earnest in his wrath. And he thought of the woman who had caused it all, her voice trembling with anger and red spots on her cheeks. And then somehow he began to think of the life he had given up the sunny wind-swept days and starry nights, the clean, sweet distances which were his to command, that intoxicating feeling of imminent discovery which sometimes fell upon him just before finding a rare specimen—Cape Eternity on the Saguenay, Mount Washington from Crawford Notch, and, finally, Aurora herself, rising crest on crest and crown on crown, a monument to those stupendous forces compared to which mankind is such an insignificant nincompoop and all his works are dust.

"Are you listening, Mr. Peterson?" the president indignantly asked.

"To tell you the truth, sir—I'm afraid I wasn't," said Herbert. "I was thinking of something else."

Which marked the end of a financial career that was never really promising.

"I guess I wasn't cut out for business," thought the young professor with a heavy heart as he left the bank. His next thought was almost incoherent, but because it is a reflection which comes to nearly all men sooner or later, it may as well be set down here. "And all for what?" he morosely asked himself, and felt perhaps as Adam felt when first the perspiration stood upon his brow.

He hadn't gone much farther when he saw Marion approaching on the other side of the street, walking as though to music which only she could hear, looking as though she were thinking of immortal poetry—Sunset and Evening Star and The Beautiful Annabel Lee. She was wearing a slate-blue velvet hat, with a scarf thrown over her shoulder in a manner that hinted at romance—Carmen *redivivus* and those other breathless epics of love which are the songs of the ages.

"Yes, you bet it's worth it!" thought Herbert, and quickly crossed the street.

His next position was as outside salesman for a mill-supply company in which the major was interested. In that he lasted exactly one month, his gross sales amounting to one gallon of heavy lubricating oil, and nothing else whatsoever.

"I'm afraid I wasn't cut out for a salesman," he bleakly confessed to the major when this had come to an end.

The major snorted.

"My boy," said he, "I'll give you one more chance. When I was young I learned to swim by being thrown in the water. I guess you know that I own a little real estate round here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, suppose you start in the real-estate business. It won't cost you much to see what you can do. If you make out well you'll soon have all the business you can handle. But if you fail in that too ——"

He bristled his mane, and Herbert knew very well what failure meant. When he reached home he found Aurora's picture and placed it on his bureau opposite Marion's photograph.

"I've noticed that nearly everyone has a mascot," he told himself. "Egbert has that silver-mounted rabbit's foot on his desk, and the president of the bank used to think that his paper weight was lucky—that queer little image with the large feet. Yes, even the major has a horseshoe in the top drawer of his desk. Perhaps that has been my trouble," he smiled, pleased at the fancy. "I have had no mascot. Certainly the mountains have always been lucky for me, so I think I'll take Aurora, and just as soon as my new office is open I'll set her in place upon my desk and we'll see if she brings me luck."

It was imagination, of course—imagination pure and simple—but for the first time Aurora didn't appear to be looking at him. Her stony eyes seemed to be turned to the left—fixed upon Marion's photograph at the other end of the bureau.

VIII

THE location of Herbert's new office could hardly have been better; but when that is said all is said. It was a small store built in a cañon between two large cliff buildings, a small store that had just been vacated by a plumber, but it was plenty large enough for the one small safe, the two small desks and the half-dozen kitchen chairs which were bought from a second-hand dealer. While these were being set in place a sign painter was busy on the window.

"Herbert A. Peterson," he printed—in a curve like an archway—and underneath this in three lines, as though he were designing a triple-decked subway: "Real Estate. Insurance. Investments."

Across the street in Egbert's office Fatty Hubbard found humor in the sign. But Egbert didn't. For some time that wide-awake young man had had one eye on Fatty's sister Marion and his other eye on Major Hubbard's real-estate business. So far as Marion was concerned, Herbert hadn't been back a week when Egbert knew who was calling Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday to see Marion at the major's handsome residence on Pride's Hill; and so far as the major's real-estate business was concerned, the sign across the street was a disconcerting straw to show which way the wind was blowing.

"'Investments,'" chuckled Fatty, still drawing humor from the sign. "Remember the time he was the letter fly, Bert? I'll say he's got a great little head for investments, especially watered stock—eh, Bert?"

It only needed the word "stock" to give Egbert a really Napoleonic idea.

"Did you get a call from a stock salesman yesterday?" he suddenly asked Fatty. "A smooth old article with something or other in Mexico?"

"Sure I did! He walked right in and he walked right out. Why?"

"Let's round him up and steer him against Herb Peterson—shall we? Then we'll see what sort of a financier we've got across the street."

They looked at each other as they used to look in the old letter-fly days, and when they left the office together a few minutes later you might almost have thought that they had gone for the water.

"Quick worker, all right," said Fatty as they reached the street. "He's got a customer already."

This first client of Herbert's was a querulous old boy with a piping voice who wanted to sell his farm in Hell Hollow. For reasons of his own he didn't say that for years he had haunted the real-estate offices of Fairfield without success.

Herbert took down the particulars, and as soon as his client had gone he put a sign in the window:

"FOR SALE—Desirable farm in Hell Hollow. Small sum of cash buys this farm. Particulars inside."

The passers-by had many a smile at that, but it remained for Major Hubbard to explain the joke to Herbert.

"To speak of a desirable farm in Hell Hollow," said he, "is the same as speaking of a cool place in Hades. Have you ever seen this farm?"

"No, sir. I've been near the Hollow, but never in it."

"Then take my advice and go. If I were you I would always do that. Go and examine a property yourself and then you'll know what it amounts to."

The major hadn't been gone long when three other visitors entered. The first was Egbert, the second was Fatty and the third shall speak for himself.

IX

IT MAY indeed be true, as the ancient writers had it, that man is the noblest work of creation. But so far as modern records go, it would sometimes seem that the claim is not yet proved. A man may be nobler than a mountain, but who shall stand before Mount McKinley and claim a greater measure of nobility? Shall any of the three, for instance, who called on Herbert Peterson that afternoon?

"Mr. Peterson," began the stranger, "if you can give me just five minutes of your time I think I can promise that you will never regret it as long as you live."

"Sit down," said Herbert, impressed by the other's earnestness, the white edging of his waistcoat and his chamois gloves.

They all sat down, Egbert and Fatty taking seats where they could commune with each other unobserved.

"Mr. Peterson," said the stranger, "my name is Hawkes. But I don't want you to think of me as Hawkes. I want you to think of me as Opportunity. Mister Opportunity—that is my name, sir—and perhaps it will serve as introduction that both these gentlemen believe in me, or they wouldn't have brought me here."

Unobserved, Fatty and Egbert exchanged winks, but otherwise preserved the solemnity of their features.

"It is true in a sense that I am selling an investment," continued the stranger, "but in a larger sense I am selling an independent future and freedom from all future financial worries. I will tell you frankly that before I consented to sell a single share of the stock which I represent I bought for myself and my family every share that I could afford to buy. Nay, more. I mortgaged my home and bought shares with that. Nay, more. I borrowed on my life insurance and bought shares with that. I tell you all this quite frankly. I am not a rich man, Mr. Peterson, as you business men of Fairfield would describe a rich man. The utmost that I could scrape together was twenty-four thousand dollars. But every last cent of that went into shares of the Porfirio Gold and Rubber Company, of Mexico, and when I tell you, Mr. Peterson, the names of some of the men who are our largest stockholders, I think you can begin to appreciate one of the sources of my enthusiasm."

"If I could only talk business like that!" thought Herbert. "Did you buy any?" he asked, turning to Egbert.

"Yes, I bought some."

"And you, Nelson?"

"All I could afford."

"Mr. Peterson," continued Opportunity, his eyes never leaving Herbert's face, "I am going to show you something that very few people have seen. I am going to show you maps and photographs of our property, facsimiles of a contract which we have made with a European Power, and a telegram received this very morning telling me of a rich gold strike which has just been made upon our property and ordering me not to sell a single share of Porfirio stock after five o'clock to-day. What time is it now? It is now four-thirty-six. Opportunity still has twenty-four minutes to talk to you, Mr. Peterson. I will open my valise."

Before he closed it again Herbert had bought fifteen thousand dollars' worth of Porfirio stock.

"In less than three months that ought to bring me in a thousand dollars a week," he thought, quoting from Old Opportunity's words after his visitors had gone. "And even if he exaggerated four hundred per cent and it only brings me in a thousand dollars a month, Marion and I can easily be married on that."

Golden dreams followed—golden dreams that might have been dimly associated with Aurora. At least Herbert turned to her picture once.

"You good old mascot," said he, "see what you've done for me already!"

"Yes," she seemed to tell him with an even glance, "I see."

Over in Egbert's office they probably saw it too.

"I wish he hadn't gone down into his roll so deep," said Fatty uneasily.

Even Egbert looked thoughtful.

"Well, anyhow," he said at last, "that's the sort of a financier he is."

X

HERBERT bought his stock upon a Wednesday. On the following Saturday Egbert sauntered over the street, his face doleful and altogether looking like one who brings sad tidings from afar.

"Say, Herb," he began, "that guy Hawkes with the Mexican stock—I'm sorry he stung you so hard."

"Why?" demanded the other, his heart contracting.

"We've just found out he's a faker and his stock isn't worth a cent. Lucky for Fatty and me we couldn't afford to buy much—just a few hundred shares at ten cents a share. Too bad you let yourself in so deep. I tried to catch your eye and tip you off at the time, but you were so excited ——"

"Oh, well," said the young professor, smiling uncertainly, "it might have been worse. I suppose ——"

For the next ten minutes he sat at his desk, as the victim of a tornado, miraculously saved himself, might sit among the ruins of his easy-chair and stare at the wreckage around him.

"What a fool Marion will think I am!" he thought.

The farther this sunk in the more it hurt him. For whether it's instinct, reason or vanity, there are few men who like to be the butt of the play when Beauty's looking on.

"Spotlight! Spotlight!" the aspiring lover cries in his heart—and then to have the clown sneak behind him and hit him with a slap stick while the audience jeers and the horn goes "Bla-a-a-a!"

"It seems to me that I have always been—unfortunate," thought Herbert with a growing feeling of dreary helplessness—"all my life—ever since I can remember; always trying to do something, and something else always pulling me back." Whereupon he voiced another of those reflections which probably began with Adam and have come right down the ages: "Everybody's fool—that's me."

He chewed on this for a while in bitter rumination, but it was not until his next thought that he caught the full flavor:

"I suppose I had better go and see Marion to-night—and get it over with."

He stopped there, because from away down deep in his breast the sound of a sob rose. He listened for a moment with a sorrowful countenance, and then "You stop that!" he exclaimed, as though to some invisible, subconscious self. After another muffled explosion or two he drew a deep breath and knew that the music was over. Aurora's picture suddenly caught his eye.

"Damn you, anyway!" he cried, and threw it in the wastebasket. "Call yourself a mascot!" Aurora lay there, face upward, in her fallen estate, but still looked at the young professor with tranquil eyes.

"If I could only go back to where I was before I met Marion," he thought, voicing another world-old reflection. "But, for one thing, I know how much I'm going to miss her; and for another thing, I only just managed to get along on twenty-five dollars a week. I couldn't begin to do it on ten."

At that he drew another deep breath and mournfully closed his desk.

"Done all the way round," he thought, and a minute later, when he locked the door, he probably felt a measure of astonishment that the sun was still shining and

(Concluded on Page 91)

"DISTINCTION IN DRESS"

Haven't you, at some time, known a woman whose clothes were always so delightfully becoming that the impression she left with you, after each meeting, remained like the delicate odor of an exquisite perfume?

And, just between your mirror and yourself, haven't you been a bit envious — knowing that your clothes were probably far more expensive, yet feeling that they lacked that something which would give you the same touch of individuality?

It is a woman's birthright to want to dress stylishly and becomingly, no matter what her walk in life. Nature has blessed her with this instinct and it is one of her feminine charms.

This little touch of romance and the understanding of it is what gives Printzess tailors the right to add "Distinction in Dress" to their signature on every garment they make.

Way back in the beginning when Printzess designers undertook the very important task of developing a quality standard for Printzess garments, they realized that success could be obtained only through understanding what women want in coats and suits, then making these coats and suits as perfect as possible.

The visible ensemble, called style, was naturally their first consideration. But, there was also something quite as important as the style to be considered if Printzess was always to mean "Distinction in Dress." Excellent materials, perfect contour of line and an accepted design produce the latest decree of fashion, but there is an unseen quality which determines the life of the garment. And upon that, everything is dependent.

With this idea in mind, Printzess designers and tailors have built the foundation for Printzess "Distinction in Dress." While specialists in style interpretation create ideals, skilled workers are busy in the Printzess laboratories, where colors are tested and materials thoroughly shrunk, even to the canvas lining and finishing tape. Dozens of these seemingly insignificant items must enter into the preparation so that the first unexpected shower or flurry of snow will not cause seams to pucker or straight lines to sag.

Nothing is overlooked. Perfection is the sole aim of each Printzess worker. And it is this ideal carried out in every minute detail which gives the woman who desires individuality perfect confidence in the "Distinction in Dress" label. She is secure in the knowledge that she will not only reflect good style but good taste not only during the first entire season but other seasons that she wears her "Printzess."

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY

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The self-draining cover, never attempted on any washing machine before, and superior type all-metal swinging wringer are other new features which all women will appreciate.

Visit your nearby Thor dealer. He will take great pride in showing you this new Thor, which he will sell you on very liberal terms.

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Thor-32

ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

With Thor All Metal Swinging Wringer

(Concluded from Page 88)

the life of Main Street going on as though Old Opportunity had never passed that way.

"I wonder what Major Hubbard will say?" he asked himself, and the question reminded him that he hadn't been over to Hell Hollow yet to look at that desirable farm.

"Perhaps I'd feel better if I rode out in the country," he thought. "I can run over that way, and then if he happens to ask me I can tell him, 'Yes, I've been there.'"

It was nearly an hour later when he stopped his car at the brink of Hell Hollow—a low-lying, flat piece of land, roughly bordered by a circle of hills. Outside of this circle the grass grew green and the farms were prosperous; but in the Hollow itself the vegetation had a sickly look, and the neighbors had already told him that the water there had such a brackish taste that even some of the calves that were born in the Hollow wouldn't drink it but had to be sold as soon as they were old enough to be turned out to grass.

"Glacial formation apparently," thought Herbert, viewing the scene with lackluster eyes. "Sandy soil. Taste of the water probably due to alkali. Now I wonder which of these farms belongs to that old man?"

He was carefully steering his way along the road when he came to a flat stone sticking up at an angle by the side of the brush.

"A homemade gravestone," he thought, stopping his car, "but what a queer place for it."

He found that the stone was thicker than he had thought.

"A piece of ledge apparently," he told himself after trying to budge it. "Funny—I never heard of stone round here."

Discovering next that it shelled off easily, he broke off a specimen, and if you had been there then you would have seen a young geologist in action. He looked at the specimen, blinked his eyes, felt it, rubbed it, smelled it and, finally, like the skipper of the We're Here, he verily tasted it, and rolled up his eyes like a high-school girl eating her first toasted marshmallows.

"Desirable?" he breathed. "I'll say it's desirable!"

And all that afternoon he spent browsing round Hell Hollow.

XI

WHEN Fatty Hubbard saw the sign in Herbert's window the following Monday morning he stopped short and stared at it with eyes and mouth equally wide open.

"Hell Hollow Development Company," read the placard. "Shares for sale here. One dollar each."

"Going crazy, I guess," said Fatty to himself, and hurried across the street to Egbert's office. Five minutes later they both came out.

"Say, Herb, what's this Hell Hollow business?" asked Egbert. "You're going to have the whole town guessing before night unless you loosen up."

"I'm sure there's nothing to guess at," said Herbert primly enough. "I was there the other day, and I believe that the property can be developed. I either bought or acquired options on all the farms in the Hollow—there are only five, to be exact—and I am firmly of the opinion that with proper management the land can be made to pay attractive dividends."

"Going to farm it?"

"I am not quite sure of its ultimate use. In that, of course, I should expect to confer with the stockholders."

"Oh! You've got some stockholders, then?"

"Not yet."

Egbert nearly choked at that.

"Have you tried Major Hubbard?" he asked.

"Not yet. The fact is, I have been very busy. Naturally, the first requirement of the Hollow is an adequate supply of suitable drinking water, and I have been over to Colfax hiring an outfit—I believe they call it an outfit—to bore an artesian well. Now to business. My name is Opportunity, and I would like to sell you gentlemen some stock in my new company."

"Nothing doing," said Egbert with a meaning glance. "I lost all I could afford in that Mexican company. Say, Herbert, you aren't trying to make up your Mexican losses in this Hell Hollow business, are you?"

"Certainly not! But just as certainly I am going to do all I can to get you and Nelson interested in my company."

He was as good as his word. In season and out of season, both publicly and privately, he urged Egbert and Fatty to become shareholders in Hell Hollow—an invitation which both gentlemen turned down with increasing impatience.

"What do you take me for?" Egbert indignantly asked on the last occasion, when he was offered a full half interest in the company for a thousand dollars. "Do I look like a bonehead who would put good money into a joke?"

For that was what the Hell Hollow Company had become—the town joke—and it wasn't long before Herbert Peterson was included with the company. When he had first returned to Fairfield to make his fortune he had tried to look as businesslike as possible, but since his first visit to the Hollow he had let his hair grow and resumed his horn spectacles. Major Hubbard nearly reared up on his hind legs at the sight of him.

Even Marion began to look worried at the tales she heard. Along toward the end of the month one might have thought that the scholarly Herbert had some vague idea of trying to stampede the public into an orgy of buying.

"Buy Now—To-day," he added to his sign. "To-morrow May be Too Late."

The next evening Egbert was sitting with his feet at ease on the veranda rail of the Fairfield House when a car came rushing down the street.

"Great guns! Who's this wild Indian?" thought Egbert. "He'll be pinched if he isn't careful."

It turned out to be Fatty Hubbard and, catching sight of Egbert, he stepped on his brake and brought the car to a shuddering stop in front of the hotel.

"Got any loose money?" he demanded as soon as Egbert joined him.

"A little. Why?"

"Come on then! Maybe it isn't too late!"

As the car gathered speed again Fatty began an excited explanation.

"I was coming past Hell Hollow—quarter of an hour ago—when I heard a noise as if the whole top of the world was blowing off. Say! You know that fool Herbert Peterson isn't a fool at all? No, sir! It's oil that he's been drilling for—not water—and they've struck a gusher the very first clip! I gave one of the drill men a ride coming home and dropped him at his boarding house. I think he's come in to tell Herb the news, but wanted to change his clothes first. He says it looks like fifteen thousand barrels a day to him—and crude oil's fetching eight dollars a barrel! Figure it out for yourself!"

Evidently they both figured it out, for a moment later they both swore under their breath in concert.

"You're right!" said Fatty. "And all the time we thought it was him who was the darned fool, and everybody knows how he offered each of us a half interest in the whole business for a thousand dollars! Say, Bert, do you know that we'll never hear the last of this as long as we live? Gosh, I hope he doesn't know about it yet and has still got that big sign in the window offering it at a dollar a share!"

Yes, the sign was still there.

"Buy Now—To-day," it closed. "To-Morrow May be Too Late!"

Just as they stopped the young professor came out of his office with a bottle of red ink in one hand and a marking brush in the other, his horn spectacles never so conspicuous, his expression never so gravely precise.

"How do you do?" he said to the two in the car. "I'll be with you in a moment."

They watched him with fascinated eyes, some of the passers-by stopping, too, as he dipped his brush in the ink.

"Too Late!" he slowly printed at the top of the sign; and again at the bottom, "Too Late!"

XII

DOWN the road that winds along the slope of Mt. Aurora rolled an automobile—a lordly make, with fittings worthy of a royal coach. To the right was the mountain, and to the left was a drop so deep that the trees below resembled bushes and the cows were painted toys from a child's Noah's ark. On such a road, and with such a car, you might have thought that the driver would proceed with caution, but the automobile with which this story ends first swung to the right and then to the left as though upon destruction bent.

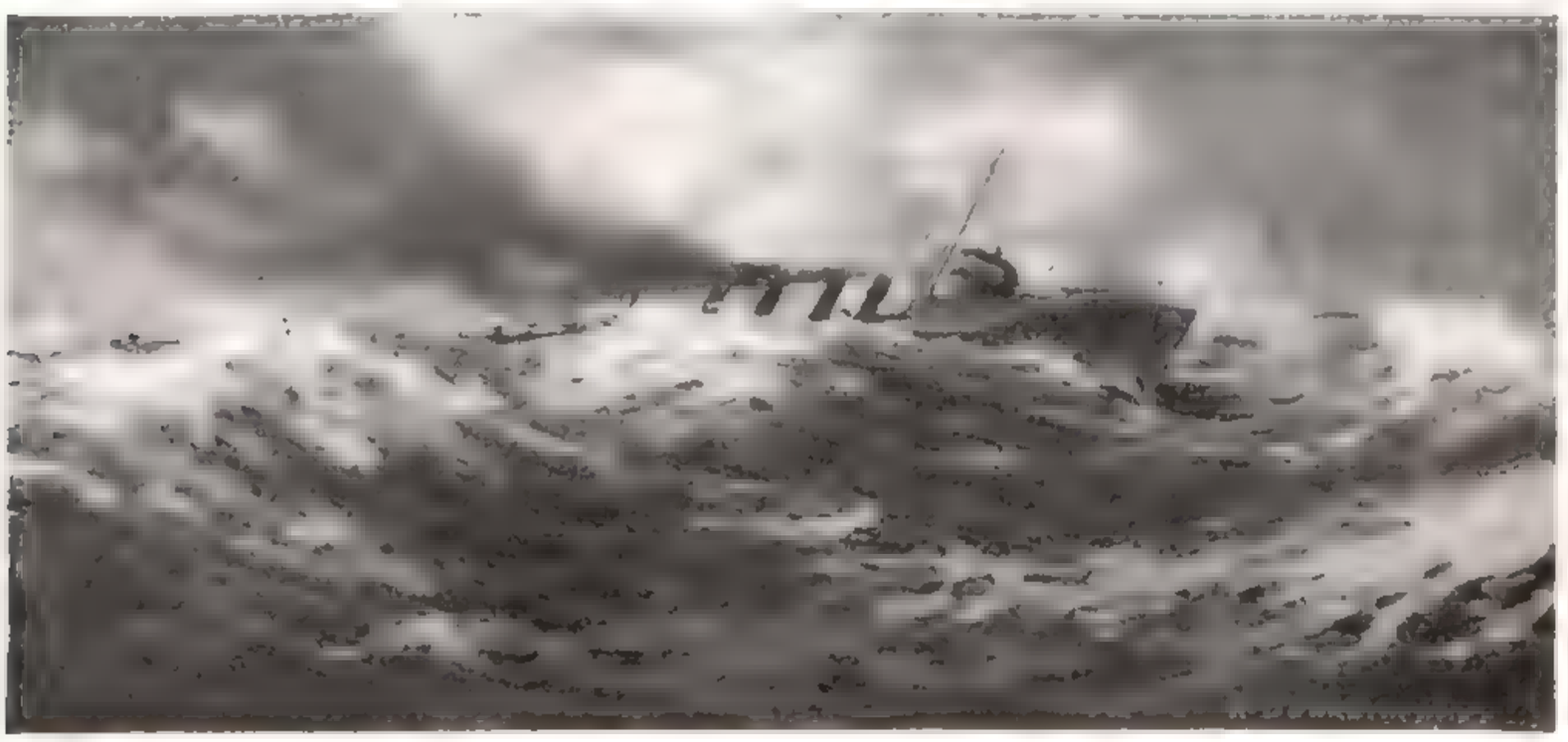
A glance inside the car, however, would have explained it all. On the back seat were two suitcases shining with newness; and on the front seat were young Professor Peterson and Marion, acting quite—quite—quite in the immemorial manner.

"Hey, you!" suddenly shouted a voice behind them. "Ain't you got any sense?"

The young professor swung over to the right, and as a runabout roared past them he caught sight of the driver—a frowning young man with a small square trunk fastened to the seat by his side.

"Why, he seems to be touring alone," said Marion in surprise.

"Poor thing, it's all he knows," said Herbert as he started comfortably down the mountain again with Marion snuggled against his shoulder. "He'll wake up some day. I only hope he won't wake up too late."



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BEFORE THE DUN

AUTOMOBILE

The automobile of today represents not a single great achievement but the sum of many. Of these, few, if any, are more important than the pneumatic tire.

When the crude "horseless carriage" arrived, paving the way for today's automobile, it found Dunlop Tires—the first successful pneumatics—developed and in widespread use on bicycles.

Not only did Dunlop make available for the purposes of the automobile the invention of an inflated tire, but it perfected and commercialized the two principal types of tires, clincher and straight-side.

From that time to this the history of Dunlop is a record of steady progress from a small organization—the first and, for some time, the only one of its kind—to a vast international institution.

Today, for its far-flung operations, Dunlop requires factories in many countries—the United States, England, France, Japan and Canada. Its branches and depots are scattered over the globe. It is one of the largest rubber growers in the world, owning sixty thousand acres of rubber plantations in the Malayan Peninsula and Ceylon. Its four cotton mills abroad, which make fabric for Dunlop Tires, place it among the biggest manufacturers of cotton cloth across the seas, and upon entering the United States it acquired another cotton mill, at Utica, New York, the original capacity of which is even now being doubled.

To serve tire-users in the United States, Dunlop is organizing its activities in this country on a vast scale. The Dunlop plant at Buffalo, from the start, will rank among the large tire factories in the country, and excepting solid tires, tubes and tire accessories, it is planned to devote the entire plant to the making of cord tires.

The tires soon to be produced at Buffalo will sum up Dunlop's knowledge and ability, gained by experience in tire making which began with the very origin of the pneumatic tire and which has long since been world-wide in its scope.

To its operations in this country, moreover, Dunlop brings not alone Dunlop manufacturing ability and Dunlop reputation but also the established Dunlop policy—a policy of mutual interest between maker, merchant and user, to produce the utmost in transportation value that knowledge, resources and sincerity of purpose can achieve.

This policy views the retail merchant as something more than simply a vendor of tires—it calls for retailers who are interested in building up successful business enterprises by really serving the public. It calls, too, for lasting interest in the performance of Dunlop Tires and a recognition of responsibility for such performance. In accord with it, Dunlop considers that it has an obligation to stand back of its tires beyond any stated mileage period to the last day the tire is in use.

* * * *

Dunlop Tires will be ready for distribution through retail channels at an early date, and production will reach large figures at the end of the year. We will welcome the opportunity to discuss Dunlop distribution plans with any retail tire merchants who are interested in a policy which involves satisfaction to users of tires and a permanent, growing and satisfactory business for every Dunlop dealer.

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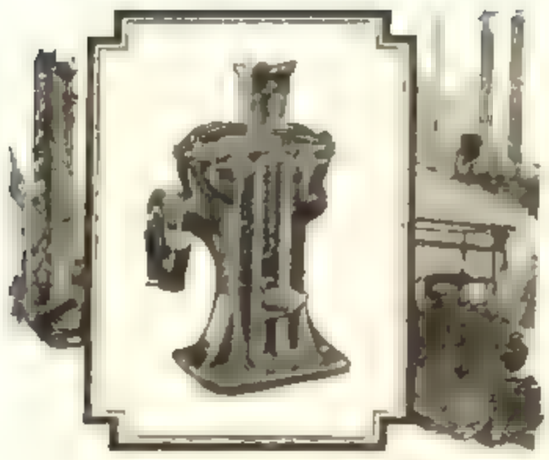

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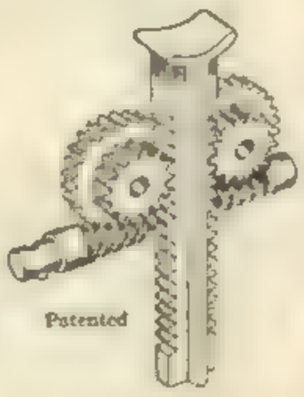

Patented

THE LIZARD

(Continued from Page 7)

A sudden paroxysm of rage seized her at the trick that fate, that her husband, that life had played her. Not for an instant did it occur to her that such tricks are played us to see how sporting we can be.

Her delicate fingers rent the lace to shreds. She tore at it in uncontrollable fury, rolled it into a ball, nails still buried in it, and tossed it aside. Then she went into her dressing room, sat down and tried to control the unaccustomed and unpleasant emotion that had seized her. Three tiny creases had appeared between her slender eyebrows, and the fascinatingly petulant lips, like those of a pampered child, had gone pale. "And all for what?" she asked herself. Jim was hers to command—had been for years—and if she did not choose to let him push her arbitrarily to a decision that might wreck her whole life, his devotion, his love would still be hers. She was wise enough in her knowledge of men and her own power to realize that mere postponement does not cool ardor. Not by any means!

The deep cleft in Nina's chin had not been drawn there by Nature for nothing.

She rose thoughtfully, the creases vanishing, and pressed a button that was the elongated tongue of a little Hindu idol perched on her dressing table. Her maid, a French girl with fingers that flew, stripped her of clothing, wrapped a robe that was yards of chiffon round her, ran a tepid bath and perfumed it. And all the while, in her native tongue, she helped Nina weigh the more immediate problem of what to wear, a vital one when there is a man—and other women—to consider.

She appeared at dinner in a gown of silky white velvet whose luster matched her pearls. If pearls are tears a giant might have shed the one on the third finger of the hand that swayed her three-plumed black fan. She wore no other jewels. The gold of her hair was parted with almost Greek severity. Helen of Troy herself could not have been more simply—or expensively—gowned.

Her house party was small. She had frankly wanted to keep Jim Nichols to herself, and so there had come across the continent this trip only Cliff and Elsie Pemberton, who had not yet emerged from the ether of their honeymoon, and Sam McCutcheon, who had been invited with the hope of insuring Joan's future.

McCutcheon had the build of a man who had tried athletics in his youth, but tired of the effort before he was forty. He had been too busy keeping his feet from slipping on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange to attempt to keep them exercising for the preservation of his figure at the same time. He was slightly pouched and wore collars too tight as armor for a neck slightly too thick. Hence his face was too red and his blue eyes had a bulgy look. To-night they wore an expression of astonishment, as if something utterly unforeseen had occurred; something to which the brain back of them had not yet wakened.

Joan Murray, sitting next to him at the cozily small oval table, tasted the food set before her with the slack interest of one who has already eaten and wishes merely to be polite. The avocado cocktail topped by flakes of red peppers was taken away untouched. She tried one sip of a tempting asparagus broth on which unsweetened whipped cream floated. Soufflé of fish, jellied squab, vegetables, hearts-of-palm salad, mammoth strawberries soaked in wine—all were put before her and removed with barely the touch of her fork.

Nina's glance came down the table to her with knowing curiosity and traveled on to Sam, linking the two. The eyes of Joan were oddly brilliant, though she had not once taken up her glass of champagne. They were dark, fighting eyes—eyes that might have been tender if life had given them a chance to smile. When they did one had a sudden wish that the vividness of that smile might stay always. It sent them upward, crinkling at the corners like some laughing puck's, and the swift color came and went in her cheeks, splashed on by the brush of humor. But they had watched for pitfalls too long to develop the habit of tenderness. Joan's shoulders were flung back, after the manner of shoulders that square themselves again and again just as they're about to droop and give up; and her head, with one wide braid of brown hair coroneted round it, was held high. About her mouth in repose and in the slim artistic hands was a look of weariness, but both animated when she talked. She was background for Nina. Somehow one got the impression of fires burned out that had never blazed. Joan belonged to an old, perfectly penniless family, and Nina rather enjoyed the fact that of all the women she knew Joan was the one who would not allow the Blake millions to patronize her. It was piquant, like a new sauce on a daily dish.

Nina drooped her lids, watching the girl, who tried to cover the fact that she was not eating by joining eagerly in the ripple of banter round the table. The quick catch in her voice as she laughed at some witty story or at others less witty was puzzling. Nina made up her mind to discover whether it was the drive with Sam that accounted for the strange brightness of Joan's eyes.

They had coffee on the terrace under an orange moon that silvered as it mounted higher. It was so big, so full, and seemed so near the earth that you would not have believed the sky could hold anything else. Young Pemberton went upstairs presently for his wife's cloak, and they vanished like magic into the night.

Nina gazed after them, then down at the sweep of silvered terrace. You could hear the wings of romance sighing through the air. She held out her cape to Nichols. Its white velvet seemed cut from the moonlight.

"Jim, take me down to the garden, will you? It looks so fascinating and mysterious."

Nichols got up silently—he had been silent most of the evening—and sent his cigarette like a flying spark over the balustrade. She had a comforting sense of satisfaction when he put a hand under her elbow just as he had under Joan's that afternoon. It was absurd, of course, to feel that way. He would have done the same with any other woman—a purely mechanical movement. Nevertheless, she did feel satisfaction.

She glanced back at the two figures silhouetted against the white house. She saw Sam put down his cigar and lean toward the girl in the chair opposite.

"Did you and Joan have a pleasant walk?" she asked when the bottom of the steps was reached.

"Yes. She wanted to show me a spot in the woods that she discovered a few days ago. You wouldn't believe it could exist in this civilized place, it's so wild and dense."

"In these woods, you mean?" She pointed to the shadowy brush that grew thicker as it spread away from the garden. "Why, I didn't know there was such a thing!"

"Not a quarter of a mile from here. That's the odd part of it."

"Take me there," she commanded.

He looked down at her white slippers, cut like sandals with a thong up the front held in place by an ankle strap and modernized by spindle heels.

"In those things?" he laughed.

"I can manage it."

"But I'm not sure I can."

"Please, Jimmy."

He led the way across the grass and along a narrow path bordered by bushes until the brush became denser, and at last the woods closed behind them. There was no need to feel one's way. Even as it grew more peopled with trees the wood was as illumined as if the leaves had been silver white. The waxen blossoms of the yucca tree looked like snow.

He paused.

"Nina, did you happen to see Barrie's Dear Brutus when it played in New York last winter?"

"No. Why?"

"There was an enchanted wood in it, a wood of might-have-been, and those who wandered into it on midsummer eve got the thing they wanted most."

"And was it like this wood?"

"Yes, I dare say. You see, by the time they wandered out of it most of them were quite ready to go back to the thing they had." He smiled. "Only two profited through the experience."

"And they?"

"Found in the wood the child they had never been willing to have."

She didn't know just how to answer him, but he evidently anticipated no answer. He went on, thrusting aside branches that her way might be easy. They came to a trail and he reached out a hand. She put hers in it.

"Steady now! This is a bit steep. Want to turn back?"

"No."

Upward they went, Nina tripping and stumbling over stones to which her feet were unaccustomed, and not exactly happy, but determined to follow him to the top. He tried to help her, slipping an arm round her and lifting her over the rough places.

"I'll wager you didn't have to do this with Joan," she put to him as he set her down. He laughed.

"No. But then one might say she had the advantage of you in the matter of clothes."

Nina smiled softly to herself. She let her cape swing outward. It caught on the low straight branch of a manzanita bush. Nichols bent down, loosened it without touching her and stood upright again.

"Better wrap that thing tighter round you," he said, "or it'll tear like your mantilla this afternoon."

Through the line into which the curve of Nina's lips had suddenly tightened came a laugh.

"Mantilla! That wasn't a mantilla, Jimmy."

"Wasn't it? Well, it was lace anyway."

"I don't believe you know a thing about women."

"I know enough."

"For what?"

"To realize that the best thing for a man is not to attempt to know them."

"That doesn't sound like you."

"Why?"

"It isn't the conqueror spirit."

"Some things we can't conquer."

"What?"

"The might-have-beens, for instance." She felt the hand that held hers go a bit unsteady.

"They're in about the same class as the never-was," he pursued.

They came to a little plateau, a clear patch of the moon's reflection among the trees. There was a steep lift up to it. Jim made it and reached out his other hand to help her.

"We'll rest here a minute."

She looked up at his tall figure, held with a singular rigidity that carved it like a statue in the moonlight. The long, soft smile came once more to her lips. She clung to the hand and stepped up without taking her eyes from him.

"Look out!" he warned.

But her foot, seeking a firm hold, had already turned on the spindle heel. She was thrown full force against him. His arms went round her.

"Are you hurt?" he whispered.

"I don't know."

"Try to stand."

He led her a few paces. There was no actual pain in her ankle. It had been merely momentary, but she made no attempt to go alone.

"It's only a wrench. I'll be all right in a moment. But don't let go of me, please."

"I won't," came, strained. "I don't want to."

She was clinging to him with all her weight. Suddenly his arms went round her again. The thing she had pictured and longed for and warded off happened. He held her crushed against him. She lifted her lips.

The iron of his control met fire and the love that had fed on itself so long poured recklessly into her ears.

"Nina—Nina—it's you I want! You know it! Say you love me—say it, dear! I've waited so long to hear it!"

Her lips answered his without words.

"Don't let our love be a might-have-been," he rushed on. "Don't let's look back when we grow old and feel that life's slipped by us. Nina ——"

The wings of romance sighed near. They brushed her hair, her throat, her mouth, as he did. Pliant in his arms, with eyes closed, she gave herself to the moment. Problems, decisions, questions, were as far off as the vague night sounds in the distance. Only Jim was real and Jim's ardor, wrapping round her, a living flame.

"You've been my goal, my inspiration, Nina. I've built my life round you. Now I want the thing that will make it all worth while. I want you. I want your arms. I want your love. Do you know what that

(Continued on Page 97)

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Wilson

*Front Axles

(Continued from Page 94)

means? I want you to make my life with me, Nina."

Still she did not yield her mind with her lips. He held her closer. Now that he had crossed the bridge which had kept them at opposite sides of a chasm, there was no fight he would not make to keep her. He had the poor blind conviction of love that the chasm was no longer there.

"Mine! My sweetheart—my own! It's come at last! You do care! Let me hear you say it!"

"I do care! I love you!"

"How long, dear?"

"I don't know," she answered vaguely, conscious only of the grip of his arms. "Always, I guess."

He brought his face to the shimmering thickness of her hair, rested it there. They stood as one in the silent moonlight.

"Nina," he whispered, "I know you've thought often I hadn't the right to. I've thought so myself."

"But now nothing else matters—nothing."

"You'll never regret it?"

"Just go on loving me," she murmured. "We can forget everything else."

His lips traveled to her forehead with something approaching reverence.

"You've held me off because you felt I hadn't the right to take you out of all this. I haven't—perhaps. I've told myself time and again that I was all kinds of a beast to think of asking it. But you care, don't you? You care enough—and I'll make it up to you. I won't let you miss it. Nina"—he sought her eyes—"Nina—when?"

Before his mouth had fairly formed the words her hand covered it.

"Don't!" she breathed. "Don't—not now! Isn't this enough?" And her arms clung round his neck. "I love you—I love you! I adore you! There's no one like you!"

"And I'm asking you to marry me, Nina."

He drew back a bit, and the fire of his eyes was slowly—very slowly—extinguished. In the long silence the wings of romance lifted. Nina could feel the tense grip that held her relaxing. She could almost see the quick mind cut through his passion and come at her in his direct gaze. She would have given worlds to thrust that gaze away, to hold down forever the flapping wings.

"I'm asking you to be my wife," he repeated.

"Yes," was the reply he drew from her finally, but it was not an answer.

He led her quietly to a rock that mounded itself out of the ground.

"Suppose we see this thing to a finish here and now," came with an authority she could not combat.

She sat down and he beside her. He did not turn to look at the lovely line of her profile or the throat he had caressed. He bent his eyes stubbornly to the ground.

"I realize, of course," he began, "that I'm turning things upside down. A night like this should be legitimate playtime, and day the time to face facts. But we've come this far, I'm afraid, without thoroughly understanding each other, and it's too late now to turn back. You've let me love you for a good many years, Nina. Oh, I'm not complaining—it's given me something fine to slave for, and even a man has to have his dreams. But you've just allowed yourself to confess that you love me—and for the first time. Did you mean it?"

"Yes," came very low after a moment.

Drawn toward him, her evading eyes noticed that his hands had not yet steadied themselves. She waited for them to come to hers. But he locked them tight and did not lift his head.

"Enough to make a necessary sacrifice for me, Nina?"

Her reply did not come for many minutes. She knew there was no escape. He had driven her to meet the issue just as she had vowed he should not. She lifted her head with a gesture of defiance. Why should he have this power to make her feel petty and small? No one else had.

"You want me to give up all—all this?" Her arm, white as the moon, flung itself out, embracing what seemed the universe.

"I don't want you to give up anything, Nina, that's too important. I want you to keep the thing you want most." He hesitated, then turned his head in her direction, and she saw that his face was drawn, that even the moon's touch could not mellow the tense lines of it. "Only please consider this—it's to win you I've planned and worked. It's for you I want to plan and work always. I said I'd built my whole life round you. Well, that's true. I want to give you more than Hiram Blake could give you. I want to beat him at his own game. I want to make you more completely mine than his money has made you his."

"You—you think that's possible?"

"Not in millions, perhaps. But there are other things. There's youth and companionship, and the privilege of growing old together; and I can take you to Florida or to California when you like. That moon doesn't belong to the Blake fortune, nor the sea out there, nor those mountains. And the eucalyptus and orange trees and flowers do grow outside these walls. We've the world to investigate, Nina, and enjoy, even though it doesn't belong to us."

She listened to him with eyelids drooped, and for an instant it all seemed very simple and possible. Beautiful, even, with his deep, tender voice painting it so.

"I know it would be hard at first—the readjustment," he went on. "I'm not underestimating that. But I'd try to help you in every possible way—and I would love you like the very dickens."

He said the last boyishly, with a plea undisguised in his voice. She swayed toward him, then pulled herself up sharp with an inward laugh. The folly of it! She conquered the impulse that stirred her to yield.

"Jimmy, you—you said we were to face facts. Do you mind if I ask a rather personal question?"

He glanced up then for the first time, sidewise, with shoulders still bent.

"Go to it."

"Jimmy, I ——" She hesitated. It was more difficult than she had anticipated. "I don't know how to put it. You'll think me brutal and material, and—we've never talked about such things, and I don't know how ——"

"I've thought a lot about them," he broke in abruptly. "You want to know what income my profession yields me."

She neither looked at him nor gave reply. But he did not wait for one.

"I want to be straight with you, Nina. Last year I paid an income tax on twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, and that represented net earnings, not dividends."

She looked at him then—rather sadly, and after a moment she spoke.

"I spend that a year on my gowns, Jimmy, and then consider myself lucky if the bills don't lap over."

It was as if she had added, "You see how impossible it is." But he was fighting to keep her on his side of the chasm, and there was not room enough for the two of them and pride.

"How old was Blake when you married him?"

"Fifty-nine." She admitted it with a sudden wave of regret that he had asked her.

"I'm thirty-five. That's quite a way to travel, isn't it?"

"But I wouldn't have a cent, you know. Of course, my jewels are worth a lot. I could sell them."

He smiled.

"That would hardly be necessary."

She raised her graceful arms and clasped them above her head, and her lids dropped over the vision of a New York flat; or worse still, a house in the country with a grass plot at either side. That, she told herself, was what Jim Nichols would be able to give her, and a shudder of disgust ran down her spine.

"I'd be unhappy, Jimmy—terribly unhappy. I'd make you unhappy, too, because you couldn't give me the things I'm used to. And you'd grow to hate me. You would—I know it."

He smiled again, a bit ruefully.

"And I used to think twenty thousand a year would be a fortune!"

"And if you stopped loving me," came breathlessly, "what would either of us have? How do I know that your love is going to last? I might lose it, and then I should have lost everything."

"My love's the kind I'd have to be cured of, Nina." He emphasized the first pronoun. "Nothing else would kill it. You know, a wag once said that love is like an egg—when there's any doubt about it there's no doubt about it."

She considered a moment, then her voice came low.

"That funny boy we saw on the wall this afternoon—you remember, he was afraid of the shadows."

"Yes."

"Well, I understood just how he felt."

(Continued on Page 99)

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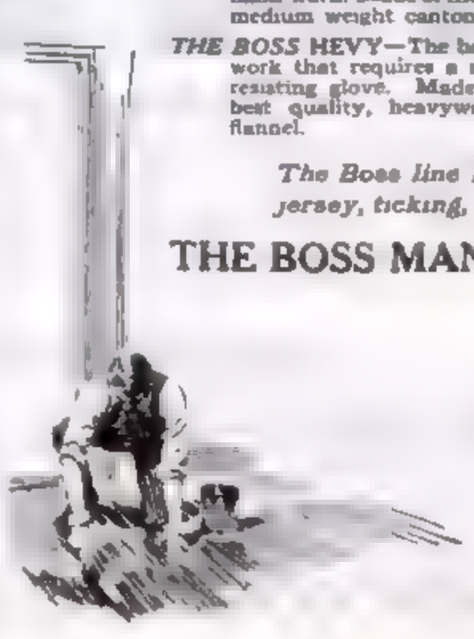

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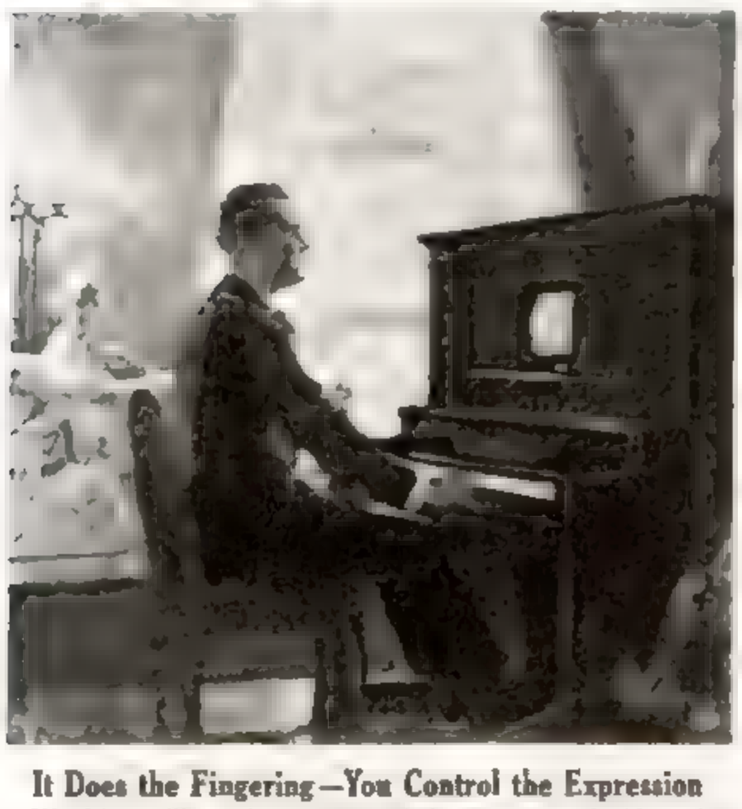

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(Continued from Page 97)

He picked up a twig and swished it thoughtfully along the ground.

"I wonder," he observed, "if a fellow can know the sun and appreciate it thoroughly until he's sampled the shadows."

But he made it less a plea than a question put to himself. He stared out to where a stretch of sea glimmered beyond the woods, and it was as if the realization of the chasm and its depth had come back to him.

"I dare say I am selfish," he told her a bit huskily. "You see, I was thinking only of the sunshine of having you."

She felt an insane desire to fling herself into his arms again, recklessly, demandingly, without taking count, but there was something grim and impersonal about the way he said it, quite as if she were not there beside him.

"I can't help it, Jimmy," she almost sobbed. "Luxury is as necessary to me as the air I breathe. I couldn't give it up. I couldn't—I couldn't!"

He got up, and taking her hands raised her gently.

"I've been a fool," he said. "Forgive me—and forget it."

They went back without seeking Joan's wild spot, and with scarcely a word exchanged. But Nina did not realize that she hadn't reached the top. When they came to the steps he turned and looked backward.

"The wood of might-have-been," she heard him say.

She put one white-sandaled foot on the lowest step. It was smudged and streaked from her venture into the woodland.

"If you don't mind"—he stopped—"I think I'll take a turn down here."

He did not say "alone," but she knew he meant it. She watched the uncertain sputter of the match he held to his cigarette.

"Jimmy," she ventured with the impulse he always roused in her, "don't judge me harshly. Don't stop caring, and don't go away. Give me a month—a month to think it over and decide. You will, won't you?"

She was tempted to add some swift term of endearment, but something about the quiet rigidity of him, as if he had already taken himself away from the temptation of her, halted her. He smiled then.

"I can manage to wait a month—longer."

She watched him walk away toward the garden with slow, regular stride until only the occasional red point of his cigarette told her where he was. She stood uncertainly, lips drawn together, took a sudden step down, then, pulling her cape tight, mounted quickly and went through the dripping moonlight to the house that was like a white mosque set high on a dusky hill.

III

CLOSE against the west window commanding a view of the garden the chaise longue was pulled, and on it Nina stretched. She had been lying so for an hour or more, not quietly, with the pleasant relaxation that invites sleep, but with eyes measuring a figure scarcely more than a moving shadow below, and a restless twisting of the body that no softness of cushion could put at ease.

She had slipped into the house and up the stairs, grateful for the blessed quiet free of voices. Nina imposed on her guests only one obligation, and that was lack of obligation. They came and went precisely as they pleased. At eleven-fifteen on a night like this it was not surprising that only the little Jap butler in his white linen coat moved softly about the lower hall.

But in spite of the scented balmy air that circled into her room, she could not sleep. She had tossed uneasily until it seemed that she was lying on boards, and at last with nerves throbbing she had swept aside the curtains and pulled the couch close to the west window. In this position she could follow that moving shadow which somehow to-night she did not want to lose sight of. Not that following it helped her any. Rather did it make her more unsure of herself. But she lay there concentrating on it until a knock that sounded unusually sharp in the stillness roused her. She drew the curtains hastily, went to the door and opened it.

Joan stood there—Joan in a Japanese kimono, with her brown hair tumbled on top of her head and held with one big pin, and her eyes on fire.

"Nina," she said, and her voice had a choking sound, "please let me come in and talk to you. I can't sleep, and I'm not particularly good company for myself."

Nina hesitated without widening the door. Looking out into the lighted hall from the darkness, she saw that Joan's lips were trembling. As at dinner, there came the impression of some force pounding at the girl's steadfast control. There were signs unmistakable of tears under the brilliant eyes, and the thought of another woman and another woman's burdens at this time was thoroughly distasteful. So she held the door only slightly ajar. Joan turned instantly.

"It's all right," came, strangled. "Don't bother. It was beastly of me to get you up. I just had an insane longing to talk to someone. Go back to bed."

"To-morrow?" Nina suggested.

"Yes, to-morrow."

However, the following day Joan acted as if the incident had not happened. Nina came down at eleven to find her playing tennis with Jim and the Pembertons. In the revealing light of a new day it seemed in fact as though the night before had been itself unreal—had occurred only in her dreams.

Jim was enjoying the exercise as thoroughly as if he had not under the moon been given the greatest defeat—from a feminine viewpoint—that life can hand a man. Joan's eyes were still feverishly brilliant, but the flush on her cheeks made it appear more natural. As Jim's partner she played a cracking good game, but then, he was so agile, so expert himself that he could have shouldered the burden of any less adequate player.

Nina glanced sidewise at the comfortable figure of Sam McCutcheon seated beside her just outside the court, and wondered whether Joan had wanted to talk about him last night. He sat with hands folded over the paunch that politely escaped obesity. His jaw fell a bit, resting fondly upon his collar, but from his open mouth no words came. There was just one time when Sam waxed eloquent. That was when he discussed the market. But then, one couldn't talk stocks and bonds all the time. At least, Nina observed, he wouldn't weary Joan with conversation.

When the game had been finished and Joan—with skin scarlet down to the V of her shirtwaist—went upstairs to change for luncheon Nina followed.

"I hope you didn't mind about last night, old dear," she began.

Joan shook her head.

"What was troubling you?"

"Oh, nothing."

"But you'd been crying." Then as the girl looked round defensively: "Oh, I don't mean to pry, but something had upset you, hadn't it?"

"No—nothing. Only I was bored with myself, I guess. I—I couldn't bear to be alone any longer."

"Hadn't you been with Sam all evening?"

"Yes, but that's about the same as being alone."

Nina stared confusedly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, you wouldn't call him stimulating, would you? And besides, he—he ——"

"He's going to ask you to marry him," Nina assured her.

"He has asked me, or rather he's informed me."

Nina sat up.

"When?"

"Yesterday afternoon when we were driving up to the summit. I was looking out over the country and thinking how tiny we were. I'd almost forgotten he was there, when he put his arm round me and gave me a squeeze and said, 'Little girl, I've got a surprise for you. I'm going to marry you.' I could have killed him!"

Nina laughed.

"That's just Sam's way. You'll get used to it."

"Thank heaven, I don't have to!"

Nina moved round so that she could study Joan's face in the mirror of her dressing table. It took the fervor that accompanied the words to convince her she had heard them right.

"Joan, you don't mean you've refused him!"

Joan smiled then, that pucklike, crinkling smile that lifted her eyes at the corners and made her mouth curve naughtily.

"Nina," she mimicked, "you don't mean you think I ought to accept him!"

"Of course you ought," Nina vouchsafed after the first gasp of astonishment had escaped her.

"And let you have me up for murder within a week?"

"Oh, come! He isn't as bad as all that."

"Of course he isn't. He's an old dear. But where's your sense of humor? Can you see me living with him?" She had been brushing the dark hair that rippled round her face as it fell. Now she let the brush fall, and with elbows on the dressing table she rested her chin on the back of her interlaced hands and gazed into the mirror. "It's bad enough being lonely alone, but it's worse being lonely with someone else."

Nina had not yet recovered herself.

"You can't convince me that you've refused him for keeps," she protested.

Joan gave a little laugh.

"I can't convince him either."

"Joan, don't be a fool! Why, I asked him here for you. I saw that he was impressed when you met that night at the opera last winter, and I thought it would be just the thing for you."

Joan wheeled round suddenly.

"Nina, are you letting anyone tell you that it would be just the thing for you to marry Jim Nichols?"

The suddenness of the come-back staggered the woman whose poise was so seldom shaken. She made no attempt to refute it, but the slow congealing of her soft graciousness was a wall rising between her and the girl whose eyes searched her.

"I realize," said Joan, her voice low and contained, "that I haven't the right to place myself in your position. I haven't your—shall I say material independence? But marriage with Jim Nichols would be just the thing for you. You're a lucky woman, Nina, to have his love."

"Independence?" Nina laughed shortly then, and what was in her soul surged to her lips. "Independence! Why, I'm more tied than you—far more. You have everything to gain. I have only much to lose."

"You'd have Jim," was the answer, almost whispered.

"Of course I couldn't expect you to understand. Why, Hiram didn't even endow me when we married."

Joan proceeded as if she had not spoken: "You'd have Jim's future to make with him—the joy of seeing him do big things. Why, it's an adventure, Nina! It's something you've never tried. And he wouldn't exactly be taking you to the poorhouse."

The softness of Nina's lips compressed into a thin line.

"Everything's relative. It would be the poorhouse to me."

A kind of wonder spread foggily across Joan's bright eyes.

"But you care for him, don't you?" And without waiting, "Anyone can see that you do."

"Yes." It was spoken after a pause and with a swift resoftening of lips and eyes.

"Then unless your love for him is reflected love of yourself, there seems only one course to take. Haven't you enough faith in him to believe he'll be a millionaire some day? I have."

Joan got up as she finished, and for a moment disappeared into the clothes closet where her gowns huddled together, quite lost in its spaciousness.

Nina went to the dressing table, dipped her gauzy handkerchief into the face powder and touched it to her nose with the abstract movements of an automaton. She did not look into the glass. She was not even conscious of what she was doing. She had scarcely heard Joan's words. Her whole mind had concentrated furiously on the injustice of the problem she had to solve. And suddenly there came hissing to her lips the invective Joan herself had so often hurled at the late but somehow still living Hiram Blake:

"The beast! The dog! To have ruined my life that way!"

For the first time Joan rose in defense of him.

"On the contrary," came from the closet depths, "we've both done poor old Hiram a great injustice. If you hadn't been foolish enough to marry him you'd never have met Jim. You see, he's really given you the chance to live."

She came out of the closet with a lawn dress the shade of ripe raspberries thrown over her shoulder, and the contrast of the sharp color against her face was startling. Flushed as it had been half an hour earlier, it was as white now as if the blood had been drained from it. She dropped her kimono and slipped the dress over her head without looking in Nina's direction. Back turned, she stood silent an instant, then wheeled round.

Nina was jarred back to consciousness of her by the look of her eyes. They had the thrust of a rapier.

"He's given you Jim's love. Are you going to throw it away? Are you going to wrap yourself in cotton wadding and roll downhill to the grave without knowing what it means to live for somebody else, to be happy because you're able to make that somebody happy when things go wrong, to share and suffer and love and help? For heaven's sake, live, Nina, live! Why, you haven't even had a taste of living!" And then without warning, her head went back and she gave a long choked laugh, a laugh that had something eerie, unhuman in it. "What a joke life is! What a terrific, side-splitting joke!"

Nina went to her, frightened, caught her arm and shook it.

"Joan, don't—don't! What's wrong? What do you mean?"

"Nothing." She laughed again. "I don't mean—anything. Only I'm an idiot, that's all."

She picked up a hat quickly, one that happened to be lying on a chair, and without a glance toward the mirror opened the door.

"Let's go down," she said. "They'll be waiting."

More than once after that Nina Blake wondered over the uncanny note in Joan's voice, the weary sadness that followed like a veil drawn across Joan's face. The unnatural brilliance Nina had noticed passed from her eyes like a light put out, and even the flush of exercise when she played tennis or a foursome with the Pembertons and Jim did not bring it again. Her eyes seemed to have died.

Nina, however, very soon shelved any concern over the girl. She was too absorbed in her own affairs. Joan would see reason—and Sam McCutcheon—eventually. For herself, she began to watch Jim Nichols from under her lids, nervously, apprehensively, but with a casual smile so that he might not know. His attitude had become perfectly polite, perfectly friendly, perfectly impersonal. He sat next to her at dinner and chatted about the day's news in his usual understanding way, but precisely as he might have discussed it with a man. He drove with her or walked with her or danced with her, but not once did he look at her with that direct gray gaze that magnetized. When he smiled it was as much for them all as for Nina. When he dropped her hand at the end of a dance there was not so much as a trace of lingering. He never took up his plea, nor even referred to it. It was plain that he refused to influence her.

He was with Joan a lot. He would sit silent and listen to her play or sing, or plunge with her into the warm, gentle waters of the Pacific, or take long tramps into the mountains. But always they seemed thrown together casually, and the two straight Norfolk-coated backs as they strode in the direction of the beach or wood might have been those of two boys, particularly when Joan wore the khaki breeches and high-laced boots that left her free to swing over fences and up steep places. Only on a few occasions did he appear deliberately to seek her. Then Nina would see them stroll off together and would wonder—in spite of the effort not to—what they were talking about.

One night, very like the magic one she would always remember, except that the moon was late and cut in half, Jim turned to the girl immediately after dinner and with a smile of whimsy said: "Joan, that place you showed me in the wood—can it be found at night?"

Joan looked over her coffee cup and out to the woodland.

"It ought to be, unless the fairies move it round with them."

"Well, I tried to locate it once, and it didn't seem to be there. Show me the way again, will you?"

Nina watched them out of sight, and merely smiled. His singling of Joan—it was the one invariable sign of a lover's concern! He was doing it to make her jealous, to force her admission of the importance of his love.

She did admit it later—when she was cut off from curious glances and within the walls of her own room. She looked out at the night as she had a few weeks before, but this time with hands clenched and determination in her soul. Her thoughts swept her back to that journey into the might-have-been, to his arms holding her close; and she wanted them again madly, with a longing that surged over her, a tidal wave of fire.

She would not be cheated! She would not be shackled! She would not stand by,

(Concluded on Page 103)

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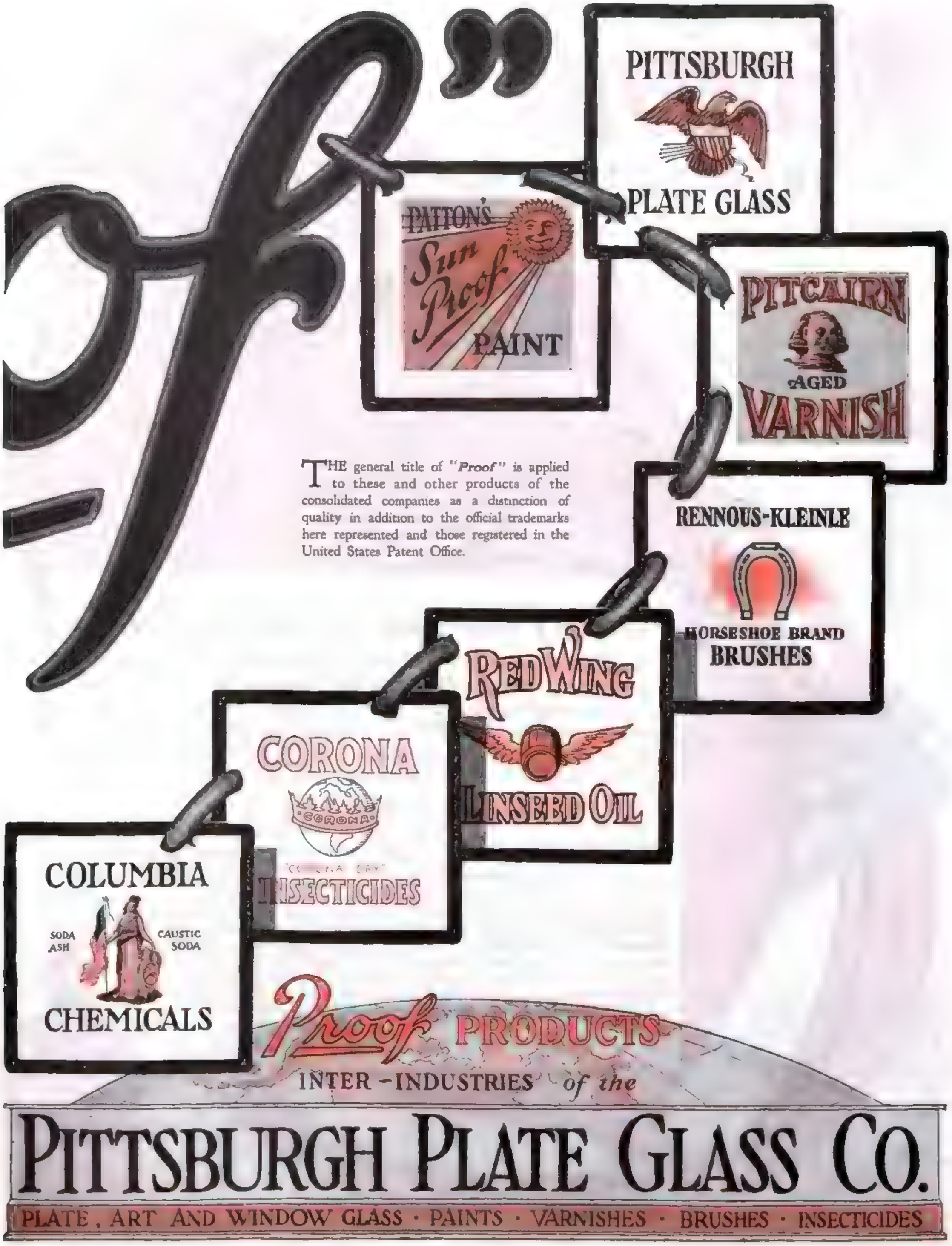

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Keep in mind that the articles pictured on this page are only three of our *complete* line of dependable rubber articles for use in the nursery, in the bath room, in the sick room and throughout the home. You can identify these articles by the trade names **"FAULTLESS"** and **"WEAREVER"**—when you buy anything in household rubber goods bearing either of these names, rest assured you are getting something that will serve you well and give complete satisfaction in every way. You will find these goods in the stores of representative druggists and leading merchants everywhere.

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No. 40 "WEAREVER" Water Bottle is known from one end of the country to the other for the splendid satisfaction it gives its users. It provides the ideal method of utilizing either *HOT* or *COLD* applications—or *both* at one time, by using two "40s." Made in *SIX SIZES* from the smallest face bottle holding a half-pint to the largest water bottle size holding approximately four quarts. Each size has the Patented Oval Neck Construction which makes all "No. 40s" strong where other bottles are weak.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY *(Ashland Rubber Works)*, Ashland, Ohio, U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 99)

bound hand and foot, and let life get away from her! She would live! She had the right to—and she would!

A faint tracing of fog like a film of tears drifted across the moon. She drew the curtains, turned back into the room. Only a short while and Jim would demand his answer. Very well, she would have it for him!

But whether he meant her to take the initiative or whether he intended waiting until the full month had lapsed, Jim Nichols made no demands of any kind. Nina waited for some word, some hint of anxiety, of eagerness, some reference to the night when he had pulled down the barrier of silence. None came. It was as if after years of dangling he had found solid ground and taken a firm stand in his own defense. This time it was she who felt the chasm; she who tried to keep it from widening; she who reached over to bridge it.

They were alone one night on the terrace watching an airplane from the field near there skim through the sky. From indoors came Joan's voice singing the Venetian Moon in a caressing contralto, her fingers lingering on the keys with the touch of one who loves them. The others hummed a soft accompaniment.

Nina had kept Jim outside. She had deliberately contrived it, deliberately chosen the gown she had on, a long one of green sequins that clung as if weighted. When she moved with her long, languid grace it caught points of light like a shining coat. Long emeralds hung from her ears and a square one gleamed on her hand. Deliberately now she drew her chair closer to his, and their heads almost touched as they followed the swooping shadow that blotted out the stars in its flight. It sped out of vision, but the two heads remained close. Jim turned abruptly as if only at the moment aware of her nearness. She was the first to speak.

"Do you know, Jimmy, that we've been together very little of late—really together, I mean?"

He said nothing.

"Of course I know why you've done it," she went on. "But I've missed you—and I want you to stop doing it."

Still he said nothing. His hands were clasped loosely and hanging between his knees, and as he looked down at them she could not even see his expression. She leaned nearer anxiously, her voice very low and full of a soft cadence.

"Jimmy"—she rested a hand on his arm, paused, then—"there's no reason why we should build up this wall between us—none in the world. It—it's just as if you were shutting me off from you completely, and you mustn't do that. You mustn't feel that telling me you loved me made any difference. Why, it was something I already knew, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he said finally, after another stubborn silence.

"Something I'd known for a long time," she pursued.

"Yes."

"Then why let anything come between us—why anything in the world? Jimmy, won't you—won't you look at me?"

He looked up suddenly. Still she could not read his eyes.

"What are you trying to tell me, Nina?"

She hesitated, and now it was she who looked away. If only she could bring back the magic of that night in the wood, the glory of it! To-night was just as wonderful, even though the moon had gone and the shadows were deeper. But something was different. She could not tell what. Joan's voice drifted out to them:

"'Neath the pale Venetian moon,
Drifting on a blue lagoon,
Melodies you sang to me;
Memories shall ever be
Long ago and far away.
Still in dreams I hear you say,
We shall meet some other June,
'Neath the pale Venetian moon."

Jim sat stonily waiting for her to answer him, without a move in her direction, without a sign of impatience. She did finally, with all her gleaming beauty swayed toward him, with both white hands clasping his arm and the pools of her eyes shining through their lashes.

"Jimmy, why do we have to create a problem at all? There isn't any, really."

"Isn't there?"

"No. You've your place to make. I've mine to hold. It ought not to be hard—for either of us."

"You were the one who found it hard."

"You don't understand, dear." Her fingers plucked at his sleeve. The fragrance of her so close was like an aura. "You told me you cared. After all, that's all that matters, isn't it?"

"No, I'm afraid not. Caring entails a lot of obligations, you know. It means home—and mutual responsibilities—and mutual sacrifices."

"Why should it? Why must we face all that? We—we're both young," came from her, a whispered appeal. "Haven't we the right to love?"

"That's a funny thing to ask me."

"Jimmy"—all the urge of all that was in her soul throbbed in her voice and in the swift movement to him—"Jimmy, if two people really love, and there's an obstacle in the way of their marriage, don't you think they have the right to love—anyway?"

Jim's eyes came slowly to hers, and in that moment of violent stillness they seemed to shred her of her luxuriant beauty as cleanly as a taxidermist peels an outer skin.

"Nina, if two people really love—unless one or the other of them is already married—there is no obstacle to their marriage."

The music stopped. Joan's voice drifted into nothingness. Nina drew back as the shadows of the others fell across the light from the French window. For the first time she was desperately glad of an interruption.

IV

A BIG touring car that must have looked like a slow-moving beetle from the road below glided up the mountain side. As a matter of fact, it was going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour up a grade of forty degrees. But six of the seven passengers were too accustomed to Southern California's steep grades, narrow mountain roads and hairpin curves to do more than glance out now and then at the swift-changing landscape that melted mirage-like into mist as they mounted higher.

There had been few words spoken during the drive; except for the chatter of the little Pemberton bride and the teasing answers of her husband, none. Seated next to the chauffeur, Sam McCutcheon maintained his habitual silence. Nichols, between Nina and Joan on the back seat, was the only one of the seven whose gaze did not stir from the receding country beneath them.

In a smaller car that followed were jammed suitcases and hatboxes for a last week-end outing before Jim's departure for the East. They were going to one of those camps on the mountain top, difficult of access but with the world at one's feet on arrival.

It had been Nina's suggestion. All the gay activities possible had been crowded by her into these last weeks. She had wanted to find some way to blot out for them both the memory of their talk on the terrace. Particularly she had wanted to hide from the expression of Jim's face when he rose as the others joined them. She had never caught it again after that night, but it was one not easy to forget, not pleasant to remember.

And this was the end of their month; the month that would swing all the years to follow. In her two white hands the destiny, or destinies, of them both!

She was glad of the chiffon veil wrapped round her face and floating out behind; glad that he was concentrating on the landscape as it swept from under them. It gave her the chance to study the sharp-hewn profile against the glare of noonday sun, the stern, decisive mouth, the eyes narrowed under his peaked cap, the brows drawn together. What a fool she had been! Of course Jim would never be satisfied with half measures! That was the thing that made her love him, that stimulated her, the all-or-nothing force of his mind that whipped hers into an enjoyment of life no more commonplace man could give her. Jim was odd—an idealist. What a fool she had been!

They rounded a curve so sharp that the narrow road they swung into almost paralleled the one they had left. A sheer wall of sand cliff rose at one side of them, and at the other a straight descent into what seemed a world made up of beckoning shadows. Joan leaned out over her side of the car.

"There seems to be no bottom to it, does there?" She pulled back as if the beckoning shadows had arms that reached up to her.

Jim turned.

"Does it frighten you?"

"No, not exactly. But I would feel safer if I were down there looking up instead of up here looking down."

"Well, don't look down," he smiled, and directed her attention to a hazy blue peak. "Look out there! Do you know what mountain that little hill is? It's the one we thought such a deuce of a climb the day we got to the top. Remember'"

"Yes. It seems an ant hill now, doesn't it? And how terribly far away!"

"It isn't, though."

"No—only fifteen miles or so, and we can see much farther than that."

"The higher you go the broader your vision."

"Do you think that's true?"

She turned and looked up at him, questioning him with more than the mere words. He looked down at her eyes and smiled understandingly.

"Not always, but it ought to be."

Nina had a sudden uncomfortable feeling that they were talking exactly as if they were alone, with unconsciousness of anyone listening. She broke in to ask the time. Pemberton told her it was twelve-twenty-five.

"Better hurry"—she bent forward to the chauffeur—"or we'll be too late for luncheon."

He put on speed and they dashed across a wooden bridge and upward on the narrow road without pause, as if they were gliding on the very air. Round another hairpin curve the car flew and, with rear wheels that had not yet made the turn, came sharp against a bowlder that had loosened itself from the cliff and rolled downward, a stolid instrument of devastation. The front wheels lifted from the ground and the car poised over eternity. A low moan from the occupants was the only sound. For a second eyes and throats closed, and bodies surged forward in realization of utter human helplessness. And then came a cry that crossed the air:

"Joan—Joan!"

That was all—not a word more. But as the chauffeur, with God-given presence of mind, backed like a flash round the curve and the car gained the ground again Nina opened her eyes.

Jim Nichols had in that one revealing second clasped Joan close and his lips were against her forehead. In their moment of death, it was the girl his impulse had sought to save!

The car came to a stop at the other side of the bend, and the chauffeur descended. A ripple of hysterical relief ran from lip to lip, from voice to voice. But Nina did not move. Neither did the two at her side They seemed to have forgotten those about them, forgotten the danger past, that flash of eternity which had revealed the truth. They were clasped in each other's arms as if for all time, and in the eyes of both were tears.

On the top of a white wall, dazzling under the California sun, a lizard lay. He was long and green and scintillant, and for days he had stretched on the warm white wall, blinking in the luxury of utter laziness, moving only as the sun moved, so that the shadows never so much as touched his tail.

In the garden below a woman sat in one of those high, fan-backed chairs that Japan has fashioned to frame a beauty's face. But to-day she did not watch him.

Before her swung the vision of a man about to step into a car piled with luggage, as she had seen him an hour earlier. He was holding her hand in farewell, bending over it as a courtier might, and he was saying, "I'm glad we both found out our mistake, Nina, before it was too late."

A girl had come out of the house at this moment—a girl with erect shoulders and head flung back and eyes that dazzled with the soul of them. The woman had walked away that she might not hear.

"Good-by, Jim dear, but not for long."

"Grand Central, New York, Lake Shore Limited, five-twenty-five next Sunday," he had recited, and then she was in his arms. "Good-by, my Joan."

The woman sat now visualizing the scene she could not believe to be true. For long hours she did not move, not even to shift the position of her chair. The shadows fell slantwise, deepened. They crawled up over the wall, spreading as a sea might spread, until they submerged the fan-backed chair. The woman shivered and pulled a scarf round her shoulders. She got up, brushed a hand before her eyes as if to thrust away the picture that obsessed her.

She took a step forward, and then her glance fell upon the wall. The lizard was still there. For some ungodly reason he had not flung his lithe body away from the shadows. They had crept up on him. They had covered him. Under them his scintillant coat had dulled.

The woman turned to go up to the house, and then because she could not help it her gaze went backward over her shoulder. The lizard lay quite still. She paused, turned again, went to where he lay and with hesitant white finger touched him. He was dead.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

BAKERS—

None Such Mince Meat is put up in 5 lb. packages, condensed, and No. 10 tins (7¾ lbs.), ready for use for bakers, restaurants, hotels, etc. Write for selling and service plan for 1920.

Condensed

The Best Mince Pie

WHEN you buy None Such Mince Meat of your grocer or a None Such Mince Pie of your baker, you get the best.

None Such Mince Meat is made of a wide variety of ingredients of the highest quality. It is prepared in our model kitchens under spick-and-span conditions that satisfy the neatest housewife.

When you use None Such Mince Meat you save yourself a great deal of work, for it comes to you with nine-tenths of the labor of pie-making done.

We save you all the worry of ordering, assembling, chopping, mixing, and cooking and stirring the eleven ingredients. You have only to add the finishing touches.

Wholesome, economical, satisfying, None Such Mince Pie is recognized as the proof of a good meal. Its appetizing qualities long ago made it America's favorite pie.

You add no sugar to None Such—the sugar is in it

Thursday is None Such Mince Pie Day and as such is observed nationally.

MERRELL-SOULE SALES CORPORATION, Syracuse, N.Y.

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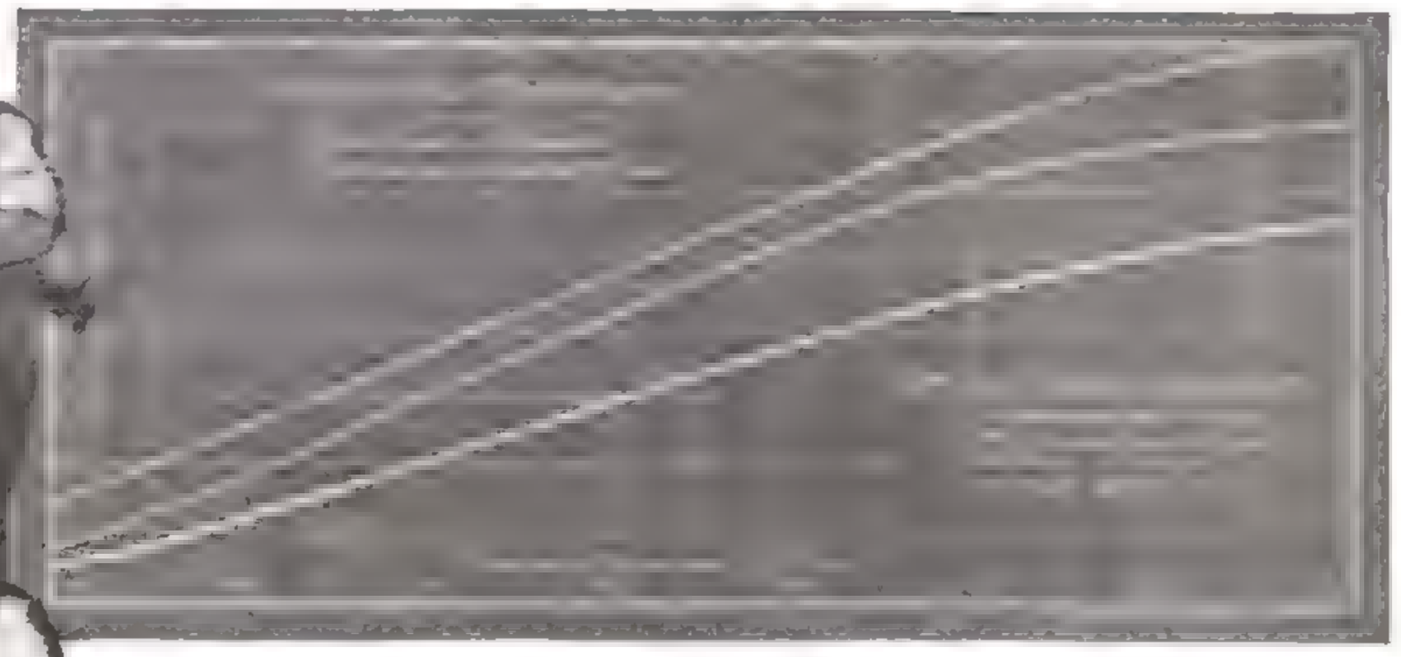
"Like mother used to make"



The curves shown above are the composite result of a series of fifty tests on actual installations of the three different principles of passenger elevator construction. The same test men and test instruments were used throughout. Vertical distances between curves "A" and "B" and between curves "A" and "C" represent the saving of current by the Haughton Geared Elevator over the two other types.

Much of this saving is accomplished by the Haughton method of retarding and stopping the motor, which not only saves current but also insures accurate floor landing and thereby eliminates current waste in jockeying for floors. To illustration of this fact it will be noted that the power saving indicated by the above curves increases with the number of stops, which in the case of most passenger elevators ranges from 150 to 500 stops per car per mile.

10 to 20 Per Cent Greater Efficiency

The Result of Individual Methods

HAUGHTON elevators have been developed to a very great extent without regard for the practices generally prevailing in the elevator industry.

Building for efficiency first of all, many accepted theories have been discarded whenever better results appeared probable by using some different method.

Instead of building for low first cost, emphasis has always been placed on the importance of the highest possible economy of operation.

As a result, principles of construction have been perfected that have proved in tests to be 10 to 20 per cent more efficient than other standard types of elevator design.

Haughton construction standards also guarantee unusual strength and durability, increasing the life of the equipment and greatly lessening the expense of upkeep and repairs.

THE HAUGHTON
ELEVATOR & MACHINE CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO

HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

THE WRONG TWIN

(Continued from Page 21)

"He made an excellent impression on me after church to-day," said Harvey D. "Quite refined."

"Re-fined," said Sharon, "is something anyone can get to be. It's manners you learn." But again he was ignored.

"Something clean and manly about him," said Harvey D. "I should like him—like him for my son."

"Has it occurred to either of you," asked Gideon, "that this absurd father will have to be consulted in such a matter?"

"But naturally!" said Harvey D. "An arrangement would have to be made."

"But has it occurred to you," persisted Gideon, "that he might be absurd enough not to want one of his children taken over by strangers?"

"Strangers?" said Harvey D. in mild surprise, as if Whipples could with any justice be thus described.

Gideon, however, was able to reason upon this.

"He might seem loath at first, I dare say; but we can make plain to him the advantages the boy would enjoy. I imagine they would appeal to him. I imagine he would consent readily."

"Oh, but of course," said Harvey D. "The father is a nobody, and the boy, left to himself, would probably become another nobody, without training, without education, without advantages. The father would know all this."

"Perhaps he doesn't even know he is a nobody," suggested Sharon.

"I think we can persuade him," said Harvey D., for once not meaning precisely what his words would seem to mean.

"I hope so," said Gideon. "Pat will be pleased."

"I shall like to have a son," said Harvey D., frankly wistful.

"Other one has the gumption," said Sharon, casting a final rain of cigar ash upon the abused rug at his feet.

"The sands of the Whipple family were running out—we renew them," said Gideon cheerily.

CHAPTER VII

THE ensuing week was marked for the Cowan-Penniman household by sensational developments. To Dave Cowan on Monday morning, standing at his case in the Advance office, nimbly filling his stick with type, following the loosely written copy turned in by Sam Pickering, the editor, had portentously come a messenger from the First National Bank to know if Mr. Cowan could find it convenient that day to give Harvey D. Whipple a few moments of his time. Dave's business life had hitherto not included any contact with bankers; he had simply never been in a bank. The message left him not a little disturbed.

The messenger, Julius Farrow, a bookkeeper, could answer no questions. He knew only that Harvey D. had been very polite about it, and if Dave couldn't find it convenient to-day he was to say when he might find it convenient to have a conference. Dave felt relieved at hearing the word "conference." A mere summons to a strange place like a bank might be sinister, but a polite invitation to a conference at his convenience was different. He put down his half-filled stick. He had been at work on the Advance locals for the Wednesday paper, two and three line items to tell of the trivial going and coming of nobodies which he was wont to set up with an accompaniment of satirical comment on small-town activities. He had broken off in the midst of perpetuating in brevier type the circumstance that Adelia May Simsbury was home from normal school over Sunday to visit her parents, Rufus G. Simsbury and wife, north of town.

"I'll go with you," Dave told Julius Farrow. "I can always find a little time for bankers. I never kept one waiting yet, and I won't begin now. Ask any of 'em—they'll tell you I come when called."

Julius looked puzzled, but offered no comment. Dave doffed his green shade and his apron of striped ticking, hastily dampened his hands in the tin washbasin and wiped them on a roller towel rich in historic associations. He spent a moment upon his hair before a small, wavy and diagonally cracked mirror, put on his blue cutaway coat and his derby hat and called "Back in five minutes, Sam," casually into the open door of another room, where Sam Pickering wrestled with a fearless editorial on the need of better street lighting. It seemed to Dave that five minutes would amply suffice for any talk a banker might be needing with him.

In the back office of the First National Bank he was presently ensconced at a shining table of mahogany across from Harvey D. Whipple and his father—the dubious trousers and worn shoes hidden beneath the table so that visibly he was all but well dressed.

"Smoke?" asked Gideon, and proffered an open cigar case.

"Thanks," said Dave. "I'll smoke it later."

He placed a cigar in the upper left-hand pocket of the eminently plaid waistcoat, from whence already protruded the handle of a toothbrush and a fountain pen. He preened his mustache, smoothed his hair, waited.

Harvey D. coughed in a promising manner, set a wire basket of papers square with the corners of the table and began.

"We have been thinking, Mr. Cowan, my father and I—you see ——"

He talked on, but without appeasing Dave's curiosity. Something about Dave's having boys, he gathered, and about the Whipples not having them; but it occurred to Dave again and again as Harvey wandered on that this was a discrepancy not in his power to correct. Once a monstrous suspicion startled him—this conference, so called, was shaping into nothing less than a proposal on behalf of the person he had so carelessly saluted the day before. It was terrifying; he grew cold with pure fright. But that was like some women—once show them a little attention, they expected everything!

Gideon Whipple mercifully broke in while Harvey D. floundered upon an inconclusive period. Gideon was not nervous, and saw little need for strategy with this rather vagabondish fellow.

"In short, Mr. Cowan, my son offers to adopt that boy of yours—make him his own son in name—and opportunities and advantages—his own son."

So it was only that! Dave drew a long, pleasant breath and wiped his brow. Then he took a pencil from the table and began to draw squares and triangles and diamond patterns upon a pad of soft paper that lay at hand.

"Well—I don't know." His eyes followed the pencil point. Nor did he know until it presently developed that the desired adoption was of the Merle twin. He had supposed, without debate, that they would be meaning the other. "You mean Merle," he said at last on some leading of Gideon's.

"To be sure!" said Harvey D., as if there could have been no question of another.

"Oh, him!" said Dave—there was relief in his tone. "You're sure you mean him?"

"But of course!" said Harvey D., brightening.

"All right," said Dave. He felt they were taking the wrong twin, but he felt also that he must not let them see this—they might then want the other. "All right; I'll agree to that. He's a bright boy; it ought to be a good thing for him."

"Ought to be!" quoted Harvey D. with humorous warmth. "But, of course, it will be! You realize what it will mean for him—advantages, opportunities, education, travel, family, a future—the Whipple estate—but, of course, we feel that under our training he will be a credit to us. He will be one of us—a Whipple in name and in fact."

Dave Cowan ceased to draw angled designs on his pad; he now drew circles, ovals, ellipses, things fluent with curves.

"All right," he said; "I'm willing. I want to do the best I can for the boy. I'm glad you feel he's the right one for you. Of course the other boy—well, they're twins, but he's different."

"We are certain you will never regret it," said Harvey D. warmly.

"We feel that you are wise to agree," said Gideon. "So then ——"

"Papers to sign?" said Dave.

"Our lawyer will have them to-morrow," said Harvey D.

"Good!" said Dave.

He was presently back at his case, embalming for posterity the knowledge that Grandma Milledge was able to be out again these sunny days after a hard tussle with her old enemy, sciatica. But before passing to the next item he took Gideon's choice cigar from the upper waistcoat pocket, crumpled it, rubbed it to fine bits between the palms of his hands and filled the calabash pipe with its débris. As he smoked he looked out the window that gave on River Street. Across the way was the yellow brick structure of the bank he had just left. He was seeing a future president of that sound institution, Merle Whipple, born Cowan. He was glad they hadn't wanted the other one. The other one would want to be something more interesting surely than a small-town bank president. Have him learn a good loose trade and see the world—get into real life! But they'd had him going for a minute—when the only meaning he could get from Harvey D.'s roundabout talk was that the old girl of yesterday had misunderstood his attentions. That would have been a nice fix to find himself in! But Merle was off his mind; he would become a real Whipple and some day be the head of the family. Funny thing for a Cowan to fall into! He turned to his dusty case and set up the next item on his yellow copy paper.

"Rumor hath it that Sandy Seaver's Sunday trips out of town mean business, and that a certain bright resident of Geneseo will shortly become Mrs. Sandy."

He paused again. All at once it seemed to him that the Whipples had been hasty. They would get to thinking the thing over and drop it; never mention it to him again. Well, he was willing to let it drop. He wouldn't mention it again if they didn't. He would tell no one.

II

NOR did he speak of it until the following evening, after the Whipples had surprisingly not only mentioned it again but had operated in the little bank office, under the supervision of Squire Culbreth, a simple mechanism of the law which left him the legal father of but one son. Then he went to astonish the Penniman with his news, only to find that Winona had secretively nursed it even longer than he had. Mrs. Penniman had also been told of the probability of this great event, but, nevertheless, wept gently when Dave certified to her its irrevocable consummation. Only Judge Penniman remained to be startled; and he, being irritated that others had enjoyed a foreknowledge guiltily withheld from him, chose to pretend that he, too, had been mysteriously enlightened. He had, he said, seen the thing coming. He became at the supper table a creature of gnawing and baffled curiosity which he must hide by boasting an intimate acquaintance with Whipple motives and intentions. He intimated that but for his advice and counsel the great event might not have come about.

(Continued on Page 110)

"I Can Always Find a Little Time for Bankers. I Never Kept One Waiting Yet, and I Won't Begin Now"

From Humble Beginnings to World Dominance

The history of the factory which produces Fairbanks Scales, on which more than seventy-five per cent of the world's commerce is weighed, is a story with few parallels in American industry.

The product of a Vermont inventor who made his own tools, patterns and dies, and who checked each stage of manufacture from the iron in the foundry to the finished product, Fairbanks Scales reflect the rugged honesty of Thaddeus Fairbanks and his infinite capacity for absolute, undeviating accuracy in every stage of their manufacture.

The first Fairbanks Scale factory was a shed adjoining the Fairbanks implement works in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. In this factory in 1831 was made the first Fairbanks Scale, to be used for weighing hemp. In the present factory on the same site are employed thousands of skilled workmen who each year produce Fairbanks Scales by the thousands.

The reputation of Fairbanks Scales for accuracy, honesty and dependability has stood the test of 90 years of the world's industrial development, so that today they are justly dominant.

ATLANTIC
OCEAN
FAIRBANKS
SCALES
SO
PACIFIC
OCEAN

(Continued from Page 107)

The initiative had been his, though certain other people might claim the credit. Of course he hadn't wanted to talk about it before. He guessed he could keep a close mouth as well as the next one.

The Merle twin at this momentous meal sat as one enthroned, receiving tribute from fawning subjects. His name was already Merle Whipple, and he was going to have a pony to ride, and he would come sometimes to see them. His cordial tolerance of them quite overcame Mrs. Penniman again. She had to feign an errand to the kitchen stove, and came back dropping the edge of her apron from her eyes. Winona was exalted; she felt that her careful training of the child had raised him to this eminence, and she rejoiced in it as a tribute to her capacity. Her labors had been richly rewarded. Dave Cowan alone seemed not to be enough impressed by the honors heaped upon his son. He jestingly spoke of him as a crown prince. He said if you really had to stay in a small town you might as well be adopted by the Whipples as anyone else.

The Wilbur twin was abashed and puzzled. The detail most impressing him seemed to be that, having no longer a brother, he would cease to be a twin. His life long he had been made intensely conscious of being a twin—he was one of a pair—and now suddenly, he gathered, he was something whole and complete in himself. He demanded assurance on this point.

"Then I'm not going to be a twin any longer? I mean, I'm not going to be one of a twins? It won't change my name, too, will it?"

His father enlightened him.

"No, there's still a couple of Cowans left to keep the name going. We won't have to be small-towners unless we want to," he added.

He suspected that the Wilbur twin felt slighted and hurt at being passed over, and would be needing comfort. But it appeared that the severed twin felt nothing of that sort. He was merely curious—not wounded or envious.

"I wouldn't want to change to a new name," he declared. "I'd forget and go back to the old one."

He wanted to add that maybe his new dog would not know him under another name, but he was afraid of being laughed at for that.

"Merle never forgets," said Winona. "He will be a shining credit to his new name." She helped the chosen one to more jelly, which he accepted amiably. "And he will be a lovely little brother to Patricia Whipple," she fondly added.

This left the Wilbur twin cold. He would like to have a pony, but he would not wish to be Patricia Whipple's brother. He now recalled her unpleasantly. She was a difficult person

"Give Merle another bit of the steak, mother," urged Judge Penniman.

The judge had begun to dwell upon his own new importance. This thing made him by law a connection of the Whipple family, didn't it? He, Rufus Tyler Penniman, had become at least a partial Whipple. He reflected pleasantly upon the consequences.

"Will he go home to-night?" suddenly demanded the Wilbur twin, pointing at his brother so there should be no mistake. The Merle twin seemed already a stranger to him.

"Not to-night, dear, but in a few days, I would suppose." It sent Mrs. Penniman to the stove again.

"I don't just know when I will go," said the Merle twin, surveying a replenished plate. "But I guess I'll give you back that knife you bought me; I probably won't need it up there. I'll probably have plenty of better knives than that knife."

The Wilbur twin questioned this, but hid his doubt. Surely there could be few better knives in the whole world than one with a thing to dig stones out of horses' feet. Anyway, he would be glad to have it, and was glad the promise had been made before witnesses.

After supper on the porch Dave Cowan in the hammock picked chords and scraps of melody from his guitar, quite as if nothing had happened. Judge Penniman, in his wicker chair, continued to muse upon certain pleasant contingencies of this new situation.

It had occurred to him that Dave Cowan himself would be even more a Whipple than any Penniman, and would enjoy superior advantages inevitably rising from this circumstance.

"That family will naturally want to do something for you, too, Dave," he said at last

"Do something for me?" Dave's fingers hung waiting above the strings.

"Why not? You're the boy's father, ain't you? Facts is facts, no matter what the law says. You're his absolute progenitor, ain't you? Well, you living here in the same town, they'll naturally want you to be somebody, won't they?"

"Oh!" Dave struck the waiting chord. "Well, I am somebody, ain't I?"

The judge waved this aside with a fat, deprecating hand.

"Oh, in that way! Of course, everybody's somebody—every living, breathing soul. But what I'm getting at—they'll naturally try to make something out of you, instead of just being kind of a no-account tramp printer."

"Ha! Is that so, old small-towner?"

"Shouldn't wonder if they'd want to take you into the bank, mebbe—cashier or something, or manage one of the farms or factories, or set you up in business of some kind. You might git to be president of the First National."

"They might make you a director, too, I suppose."

"Well, you can snicker, but stranger things have happened."

The judge reflected, seeing himself truly a bank director, wearing his silk hat and frock coat every day—perhaps playing checkers with Harvey D. in the back office at quiet moments. Bank directing would surely be a suitable occupation for an invalid. Dave muted the vibrant strings with a hand.

"Listen, Old Flapdoodle! I wouldn't tie myself up in this one-horse bunch of hovels, not if they'd give me the bank and all the money in it and all the Whipple farms and throw in the post office and the jail and the depot. Get that?"

"Ho! Sour grapes!" returned the judge, stung to a biting wit by the coarse form of address. But Dave played music above the taunt.

III

NEVERTHELESS, he was not wholly surprised the following day when, politely invited to another conference at the bank, old Gideon Whipple, alone there, put the matter of his future somewhat after the manner of Judge Penniman, though far less crudely. Old Gideon sat across the table from him, and after Dave had put a cigar in his upper left-hand waistcoat pocket he became considerate but pointed.

"My son and I have been talking, Mr. Cowan, and we agree that something is due you as the boy's father. We want to show you every consideration—show it liberally. You seem to have led rather an—shall we say an unsettled life up to this time? Not that it's anything to be criticized; you follow your own tastes, as every man should. But it occurred to us that you might care to feel more settled in some stable occupation where you could look forward to a solid future all that sort of thing."

Dave nodded, waiting, trying to word the talk the old man and his son would have had about him. Harvey Whipple would have been troubled at the near presence of the father of his new son as a mere journeyman printer. Undoubtedly the two would have used the phrase the judge had used—they would want him to make something of himself.

"So we've felt," went on Gideon, "that you might care to engage in some business here in Newbern—establish yourself, soundly and prosperously, as it were, so that your son, though maturing under different circumstances, would yet feel a pride in your standing in the community. Of course, this is tentative I'm sounding you only. You may have quite other ideas. You may have laid out an entirely different future for yourself in some other field. But I wanted to let you know that we stand ready to finance liberally any business you would care to engage in, either here or elsewhere. It isn't that we are crudely offering you money. I wish you to understand that. But we offer you help, both in money and counsel and influence In the event of your caring to establish yourself here, we would see that your foundation was substantial. I think that says what I wanted to say."

During much of this Dave Cowan had been musing in a lively manner upon the other's supposition that he should have laid out a future for himself. He was amused at the notion. Of course he had laid out a future, but not the sort a Whipple would lay out. He was already living his future and found it good. Yet he felt the genuine good will of the old man, and sought words to reject his offer gracefully. He must not put it so bluntly as he had to Judge Penniman. The old man would not be able to understand that no bribe within human reach would tempt him to remain in Newbern Center; nor did he wish to be established on a sound basis anywhere else. He did not wish to be established at all.

"I'm much obliged," he said at last, "but I guess I won't trouble you and your son in any way. You see, I kind of like to live round and see things and go places—I don't know that I can explain it exactly."

"We had even thought you might like to acquire the journal on which you are now employed," said Gideon. "We understand it can be bought; we stand ready to purchase it and make it over to you."

"Any country newspaper can always be bought any time," said Dave. "Their owners always want to sell, and it's mighty kind of you and your son, but—well, I just couldn't settle down to be a country editor. I'd go crazy," he confessed in a sudden burst of frankness, and beaming upon Gideon; "I'd as soon be shut in jail."

"Or anything else you might think of," said Gideon cordially, "not necessarily in this town."

"Well, I'd rather not; I guess I'm not one to have responsibilities; I wouldn't have an easy minute spending your money. I wouldn't ever be able to feel free with it, not the way I feel with my own. I guess I just better kind of go my own way; I like to work when I want to and stop when I want to, and no one having any right to ask me what I quit for and why don't I keep on and make something of myself. I guess it's no good your trying to help me in any way. Of course I appreciate it and all that. It was kindly thought of by you. But—I hope my boy will be a credit to you just the same."

The conference closed upon this. Dave left it feeling that he had eased his refusal into soft, ambiguous phrases; but old Gideon, reporting to Harvey D., said: "That chap hates a small town. What he really wanted to tell me was that he wouldn't settle down here for all the money in the world. He really laughed at me inside for offering him the chance. He pities us for having to stay here, I do believe And he wouldn't talk of taking money for any enterprise elsewhere either He's either independent or shiftless—both, maybe. He said," Gideon laughed noiselessly, "he said he wouldn't ever be able to feel free with our money the way he does with his own."

IV

THE Whipples, it proved, would be in no indecent haste to remove their new member from his humbler environment. On Wednesday it was conveyed to Winona that they would come for Merle in a few days, which left the Penniman household and the twins variously concerned as to the precise meaning of this phrase. It sounded elastic. But on Thursday Winona was able to announce that the day would be Saturday. They would come for Merle Saturday afternoon. She had been told this distinctly by Mrs Harvey D. Though her informant had set no hour, Winona thought it would be three o'clock. She believed the importance of the affair demanded the setting of an exact hour, and there was something about three o'clock that commended itself to her. From this moment the atmosphere of the Penniman house was increasingly strained. There were preparations. The slender wardrobe of the crown prince of the Whipple dynasty was put in perfect order, and two items newly added to it by the direction of Dave Cowan. The boy must have a new hat and new shoes. The judge pointed out to the prodigal father that these purchases should rightly be made with Whipple money. Dave needn't buy shoes and hats for Merle Whipple any more than he need buy them for any other Whipple, but Dave had stubbornly squandered his own money. His boy wasn't going up to the big house like a ragamuffin.

It came to the Wilbur twin that these days until Saturday were like the days intervening in a house of death until the funeral. He became increasingly shy and uncomfortable. It seemed to him that his brother had passed on, as they said, his mortal remains to be disposed of on Saturday at three o'clock. Having led a good life he would go to heaven, where he would have a pony and a thousand knives if he wanted them. The strain in the house, the excitement of Winona, the periodic, furtive weeping of Mrs. Penniman, the detached, uplifted manner of the chief figure, all confirmed him in this impression. Even Judge Penniman, who had been wont to speak of "them twins," now spoke of "that boy," meaning but the Wilbur twin.

By two o'clock of the momentous Saturday afternoon the tension was at its highest. Merle, dressed in his Sunday clothes, trod squeakily in the new shoes, which were button shoes surpassing in elegance any he had hitherto worn. As Dave Cowan had remarked, they were as good shoes as Whipple money would ever buy him. And the new hat, firm of line and rich in texture, a hat such as no boy could possibly wear except on Sunday, unless he were a very rich boy, reposed on the center table in the parlor. Winona, flushed and tightly dressed, nervously altered the arrangement of chairs in the parlor, or remembered some belonging of the deceased that should go into the suitcase containing his freshly starched blouses. Mrs. Penniman, also flushed and tightly dressed, affected to busy herself likewise with minor preparations for the departure, but this chiefly afforded her opportunities for quiet weeping in secluded corners. After these moments of relief she would become elaborately cheerful, as if the occasion were festal. Even the judge grew nervous with anticipation. In his frock coat and striped gray trousers he walked heavily from room to room, comparing the clock with his watch, forgetting that he was not supposed to walk freely except with acute suffering. Merle chattered blithely about how he would come back to see them, with unfortunate effects upon Mrs. Penniman.

The Wilbur twin knew this atmosphere. When little Georgie Finkboner had died a few months before, had he not been taken to the house of mourning and compelled to stay through a distressing funeral? It was like that now, and he was uncomfortable beyond endurance. Twice Winona had reminded him that he must go and put on his own Sunday clothes—nothing less than this would be thought suitable. He had said he would, but had dawdled skillfully, and was still unfitly in bare feet and the shabby garments of a weekday. He knew definitely now that he was not going to be present at this terrible ceremony.

He had no doubt there would be a ceremony—all the Whipples arriving in their own Sunday clothes, maybe the preacher coming with them; and they would sit silently in the parlor the way they did at the Finkboner house, and maybe the preacher would talk, and maybe they would sing or pray or something, and then they would take Merle away. He was not to be blamed for this happily inaccurate picture; he was justified by the behavior of Winona and her mother. And he was not going to be there! He wouldn't exactly run away; he felt a morbid wish to watch the thing if he could be apart from it; but he was going to be apart. He remembered too well the scene at the Finkboner house—and the smell of tuberoses. Winona had unaccustomed flowers in the parlor now—not tuberoses, but almost as bad. Until a quarter to three he expertly shuffled and dawdled and evaded. Then Winona took a stand with him.

"Wilbur Cowan, go at once and dress yourself properly! Do you expect to appear before the Whipples that way?"

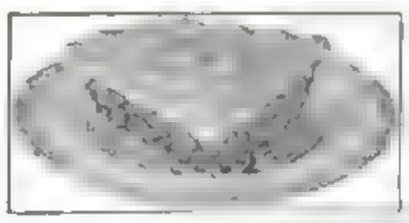
He vanished in a flurry of seeming obedience. He went openly through the front door of the little house in the side yard, but paused not until he reached its back door, where he stood waiting. When he guessed he had been there fifteen minutes he prepared to change his lurking place. Winona would be coming for him. He stepped out and looked round the corner of the little house, feeling inconsequently the thrill of a scout among hostile red Indians as described in a favored romance.

The lawn between the little house and the big house was free of searchers. He drew a long breath and made a swift dash to further obscurity in the lee of the Penniman woodshed. He skirted the end of this structure and peered about its corner, estimating the distance to the side door. But this was risky; it would bring him in view of a kitchen window whence some busybody might observe him. But there was an open window above him giving entrance to the woodshed. He leaped to catch its sill and clambered up to look in. The woodshed was vacant of Pennimans, and its shadowy

(Continued on Page 114)

Hot Fruited Toast

An Epicurean Breakfast Dish That Everyone Can Have



ASK your grocer or bake shop for "California Raisin Bread, made with SUN-MAID Raisins."

Put it in the oven or on your toaster and toast to a golden brown.

Butter while hot. Taste with the coffee. That is luscious toast.

The Palace Hotel in San Francisco is famous for this raisin toast.

You can make it just as well as chefs do, and be famous in *your home*.

The flavor of plump, meaty, tender raisins permeates the bread. The toasting heats the raisins and accentuates their juiciness.

You will wonder that you never tried such toast as this before.

It combines a healthful breakfast fruit and a nutritious cereal in a most enticing form. There are many reasons why you should serve it often.

Try it for tomorrow's breakfast. Get a loaf of the bread now. Baked fresh daily by your best local bakeries and delivered fresh to the stores.

Loading Truck at Vineyard for Delivering Raisins to Packing Plant

Also ask grocers and bake shops for California Raisin Pie, made with SUN-MAID Raisins.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Use SUN-MAID Raisins always for home cooking. Made from tender, juicy, sweet California table grapes. Too fragile to ship fresh, they make the tenderest, finest raisins known.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed)*; Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds)*; Sun-Maid Clusters *(on the stem)*. All dealers'.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing scores of ways to use.

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Membership 10,000 Growers
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

ASSURANCE OF

A few minutes with his Burroughs every day keeps Mr. Kester in constant touch with his business.

How an Accident Resulted

By George M. Kester,
Proprietor of Kester's Market, Worcester, Mass.

Did you ever hear of a grocer making money lying on a cot in a hospital? Probably not.

Well, I'm one grocer who did just that thing.

Crippled by an accident, I was being kept away from a meat and grocery business whose very existence seemed to depend on my being on the job morning, night, and noon.

A calamity? Yes—to me, for I lost a leg. But it proved a blessing to my business.

On the hospital cot, relieved of the pressure of store-keeping duties, I came to the conclusion that the answer to inadequate profits was adequate records—facts in figures to assure intelligent and efficient control. But how to get at these figure facts—how to find time to do the necessary figuring—that was the question.

Back on the job, I solved my problem, not by burning the midnight oil, but by installing a machine—a Burroughs Adding Machine, whose figuring speed and mechanical accuracy enabled me to assemble easily and quickly the figures that keep me in constant touch with every detail of my business. Incidentally the Burroughs injected speed and accuracy into all my figuring operations, from checking invoices to keeping books.

The Value of Figures

Business control through figure facts is becoming the foundation of modern business and applies to retail stores of every character just as it does to so-called "big business."

The adaptation of Burroughs Machines to your business will result in the same time and labor saving in figuring that made possible the quick, easy assembly of business facts for Mr. Kester.

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING

A-B-C

BUSINESS CONTROL

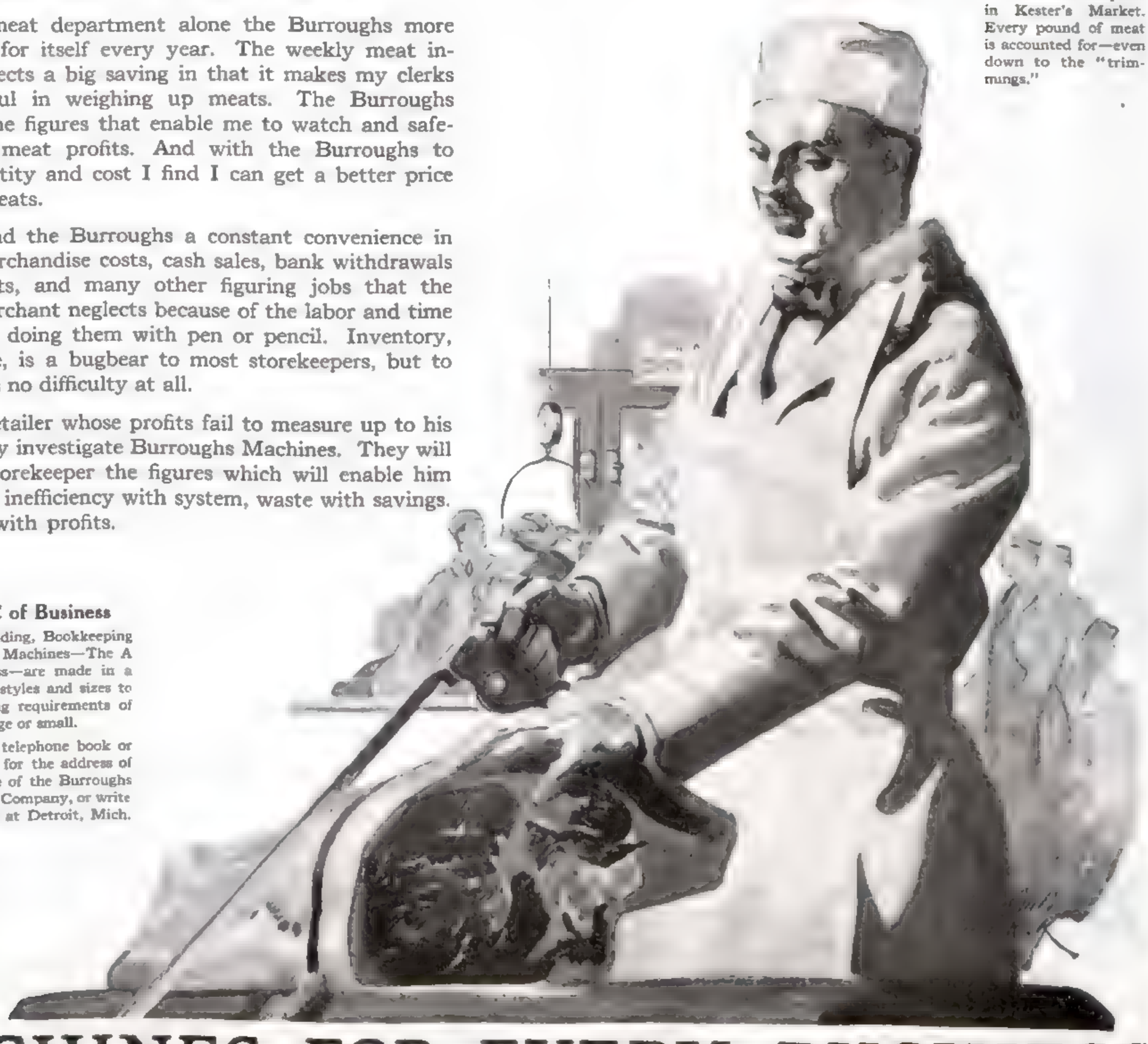
In Better Storekeeping

The Burroughs put within the limits of my time a weekly inventory of goods, which, together with other Burroughs records of purchases, sales, cost of doing business, etc., gave me a new grip on my business.

In my meat department alone the Burroughs more than pays for itself every year. The weekly meat inventory effects a big saving in that it makes my clerks more careful in weighing up meats. The Burroughs gives me the figures that enable me to watch and safeguard my meat profits. And with the Burroughs to figure quantity and cost I find I can get a better price for scrap meats.

I also find the Burroughs a constant convenience in figuring merchandise costs, cash sales, bank withdrawals and deposits, and many other figuring jobs that the average merchant neglects because of the labor and time involved in doing them with pen or pencil. Inventory, for example, is a bugbear to most storekeepers, but to me presents no difficulty at all.

To the retailer whose profits fail to measure up to his efforts, I say investigate Burroughs Machines. They will give any storekeeper the figures which will enable him to supplant inefficiency with system, waste with savings, and losses with profits.



Waste has no place in Kester's Market. Every pound of meat is accounted for—even down to the "trimmings."

The A B C of Business

Burroughs Adding, Bookkeeping and Calculating Machines—The A B C of Business—are made in a wide variety of styles and sizes to meet the figuring requirements of any business, large or small.

Look in your telephone book or ask your banker for the address of the nearest office of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, or write the Home Office at Detroit, Mich.

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

Burroughs

For 121 Places Hard to Heat

Every industry has a multitude of cold weather uses for Cutler-Hammer Electric Space Heaters. In crane cabs, valve and riser houses of sprinkler systems, garages, theater ticket booths, ovens, chicken houses; keeping frost from show windows; drying negatives and blue prints; for melting, thawing out, baking—in fact, wherever warmth is needed, C-H Space Heaters supply safe, economical heat. Over 150,000 in use.

Two Feet of Electrical Heat

Price, $3.00

Each heater is 24 inches long, 3-16 inch thick, 500 watts capacity In stalled singly or in groups on electric light or motor circuits No assembly required.

Perhaps you can prevent freeze-ups, provide convenient heat for many processes or eliminate fire hazard by the application of one or more C-H Electric Space Heaters. In cartons of ten, $2 75 each.

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Works: Milwaukee and New York

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1920 ART PLAN BOOKS—"Modern Bungalows" containing perspective and floor plans, interior and exterior, of 75 new artistic large and small bungalows. "Modern Homes" 50 large floor plans of homes two and three stories 24 to 40 feet wide. All priced for actual building and full working plans. Either book postpaid $1, both $1 50. Send today, newest and best home ideas in America.
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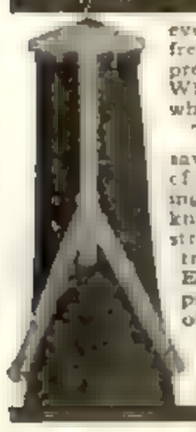
WAKE UP



every morning with your trousers freshly and perfectly creased Well pressed clothes denote prosperity When the trousers are pressed, the whole suit looks neat

The Ford Trouser Creaser

saves tailor bills and lengthens life of clothes by reducing steam pressings Removes wrinkles and baggy knees over night Made of light strong wood, felt padded, folds for traveling bag lasts a lifetime Easy to operate Parcel post prepaid on receipt of $1 50 stamps or other form of remittance

Wisconsin Textile Mfg Co.
Two Rivers, Wisconsin
Mfrs. Hardwood Specialties

(Continued from Page 110)

silence promised security. He dropped from the window ledge. There was no floor beneath, so that the drop was greater than he had counted on. He fell among loose kindling wood with more noise than he would have desired, quickly rose, stumbled in the dusk against a bucket half filled with whitewash and sprawled again into a pile of soft coal.

"Gee, gosh!" he muttered heartily as he rose a second time.

Both the well-spread pallor of the whitewash and the sable sprinkling of coal dust put him beyond any chance of a felicitous public appearance. But he was safe in a dusky corner. He remained there, breathing heavily. At last he heard Winona call him from the Penniman porch. Twice she called; then he knew she would be crossing to the little house to know what detained him. He heard her call again—knew that she would be searching the four rooms over there. She wouldn't think of the woodshed. He sat there a long while, steadily regarding the closed screen door that led to the kitchen, ready to mingle deceptively with the coal should anyone appear.

At last he heard a bustle within the house. There were hurried steppings to and fro by Winona and her mother, the heavy tread of the judge, a murmur of high voices. The Whipples must have come, and everyone would be at the front of the house. He crept from his corner, climbed to the floor from where it had been opened for wood and coal, and went softly to the kitchen door. He listened a moment through the screen, then entered and went noiselessly up the back stairs. Coming to the head of the front stairway, he listened again. There were other voices in front, and he shrank to the wall. He gathered that only the Whipple stepmother and Patricia had come—no other Whipples, no preacher. It might not have been so bad. Still he didn't want to be there.

They were at the front door now, headed for the parlor. Someone paused at the foot of the stairs, and in quick alarm he darted along the hall and into an open door. He was in the neat bedroom of Winona, short-breathed, made doubly nervous by boards that had creaked under his tread. He stood listening. They were in the parlor, a babble of voices coming up to him; excited voices, but not funeral voices. His eyes roved the chamber of Winona, where everything was precisely in its place. He mapped out a dive under her bed if steps came up the stairs. He heard now the piping voice of Patricia Whipple:

"It's like in the book about Ben Blunt that was adopted by a kind old gentleman and went up from rags to riches."

This for some reason seemed to cause laughter below.

He heard, from Winona: "Do try a piece of mother's cake. Merle, dear, give Mrs. Whipple a plate and napkin."

Cake! Certainly nothing like cake for this occasion had been intimated to him! They hadn't had cake at the Finkboners. Things might have been different, but they had kept still about cake. He listened intently, hearing laughing references to Merle in his new home. Then once more Winona came to the front door and called him.

"Wilbur—Wil-bur-r-r! Where can that child be!" he heard her demand. She went to the back of the house and, more faintly, he heard her again call his name—"Wilbur, Wil-bur-r-r!" Then, with discernible impatience, more shortly, "Wilbur Cowan!" He was intently regarding a printed placard that hung on the wall beside Winona's bureau. It read:

"A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene."—Emerson.

He remained silent. He was not going to make any noise. At length he could hear preparations for departure.

"Merle, dear, your hat is on the piano—mother, hand him his hat—I'll bring his suitcase."

"Well, I'll be sure to come back to see you all some day."

"Yes, now don't forget us—no, we mustn't let him do that."

They were out on the porch, going down the walk. The listener stepped lightly to a window and became also a watcher. Ahead walked Patricia Whipple and her new brother. The stepmother and Mrs. Penniman followed. Then came Winona with the suitcase, which was of wicker. Judge Penniman lumbered ponderously behind. At the hitching post in front was the pony cart and the fat pony of sickening memory. Merle was politely helping the stepmother to the driver's seat. It was over. But the watcher suddenly recalled something.

In swift silence, descending the stairs, he entered the parlor. On a stand beneath the powerful picture of the lion behind real bars was a frosted cake of rare beauty. Three pieces were gone and two more were cut. On top of each piece was the half of a walnut meat. He tenderly seized one of these and stole through the deserted house, through kitchen and woodshed, out to the free air again. Back of the woodshed he sat down on the hard bare ground, his back to its wall, looking into the garden where Judge Penniman, in the intervals of his suffering, raised a few vegetables. It was safe seclusion for the pleasant task in hand. He gloated rapturously over the cake, eating first the half of the walnut meat, which he carefully removed. But he thought it didn't taste right.

He now regarded the cake itself uncertainly. It was surely perfect cake. He broke a fragment from the thin edge and tasted it almost fearfully. It wasn't going right. He persisted with a larger fragment, but upon this he was like to choke; his mouth was dry and curiously no place for even the choicest cake. He wondered about it in something like panic, staring at it in puzzled consternation. There was the choice thing and he couldn't eat it. Then he became aware that his eyes were hot, the lids burning; and there came a choking, even though he no longer had any cake in his mouth. Suddenly he knew that he couldn't eat the cake because he had lost his brother—his brother who had passed on. He gulped alarmingly as the full knowledge overwhelmed him. He was wishing that Merle had kept the knife, even if it wasn't such a good knife, so he would have something to remember him by. Now he would have nothing. He, Wilbur, would always remember Merle, even if he was no longer a twin, but Merle would surely forget him. He had passed on.

Over by the little house he heard the bark of Frank, the dog. Frank's voice was changing, and his bark was now a promising barytone. His owner tried to whistle, but made poor work of this, so he called, "Here, Frank! Here, Frank!" reckless of betraying his own whereabouts. His voice was not clear, it still choked, but it carried; Frank came bounding to him. He had a dog left anyway—a good fighting dog. His eyes still burned, but they were no longer dry, and his gulps were periodic, threatening a catastrophe of the most dreadful sort.

Frank, the dog, swallowed the cake hungrily, eating it with a terrible ease, as he was wont to eat enemy dogs.

PART TWO
CHAPTER VIII

MIDSUMMER faded into late summer, and Dave Cowan was still small-towning it. To the uninformed he might have seemed a staff, fixed and permanent, to Sam Pickering and the Newbern Center Advance. But Sam was not uninformed. He was wise in Dave's ways; he knew the longer Dave stayed the more casually would he flit; an hour's warning and the Advance would be needing a printer. So Sam became aware on a day in early September that he would be wise to have a substitute ready. He knew the signs. Dave would become abstracted, stand longer and oftener at the window overlooking the slow life of Newbern. His mind would already be off and away. Then on an afternoon he would tell Sam that he must see a man in Seattle, and if Sam had taken forethought there would be a new printer at the case next day. The present sojourn of Dave's had been longer than any Sam Pickering could remember, for the reason, it seemed, that Dave had been interested in teaching his remaining son a good loose trade.

Directly after the apotheosis of Merle his brother had been taken to the Advance office where, perched upon a high stool, his bare legs intricately entwined among its rungs, he had been taught the surface mysteries of typesetting. At first he was merely let to set up quads in his stick, though putting leads between the lines and learning the use of his steel rule. Then he was taught the location of the boxes in the case and was allowed to set real type. By the time Sam Pickering noted the moving signs in Dave the boy was struggling with copy and winning his father's praise for his aptitude. True, he too often neglected to reach to the upper case for capital letters, and the galley proofs of his takes were not as clean as they should have been, but he was learning. His father said so.

Every Wednesday he earned a real quarter by sitting against the wall back of the hand press and inking the forms while his father ran off the edition. This was better fun than typesetting. Before you was a long roller on two other long rollers, and at your right hand was a small roller with which you picked up ink from a stone, rolling it across and across with a spirited crackle; then you ran the small roller the length of the long roller; then you turned a crank that revolved the two lower rollers, thus distributing the ink evenly over the upper one. After that you ran the upper roller out over the two forms of type on the press bed.

Dave Cowan, across the press, the sleeves of his pink-striped shirt rolled to his elbows, then let down a frame in which he had fixed a virgin sheet of paper, ran the bed of the press back under a weighted shelf and pulled a mighty lever to make the imprint. Wilbur had heard the phrase "power of the press." He conceived that this was what the phrase meant—this pulling of the lever. Surmounting the framework of the press was a bronze eagle with wings outspread for flight. His father told him, the first day of his service, that this bird would flap its wings and scream three times when the last paper was run off. This would be the signal for Terry Stamper, the devil, to go across to Vielhaber's and fetch a pail of beer. Wilbur had waited for this phenomenon, only to believe, after repeated disappointments, that it was one of his father's jokes, though it was true that Terry Stamper brought the beer, which was drunk by Dave and Terry and Sam Pickering. Sam had been folding the printed papers, while Terry Stamper operated a machine that left upon each the name of a subscriber, dropping them into a clothes basket, which he later conveyed to the post office. Wilbur enjoyed this work, running the long roller across the forms after each impression, spotting himself and his clothes with ink. After he had learned some more he would be a printer's devil like Terry, and fetch the beer and run the job press and do other interesting things. There was a little thrill for him in knowing you could say devil in this connection without having people think you were using a bad word.

But Dave's time had come. He "yearned over the sky line, where the strange roads go down," though he put it more sharply to Sam Pickering one late afternoon:

"Well, Sam, I feel itchy-footed."

"I knew it," said Sam. "When are you leaving?"

"No train out till the six-fifty-eight."

And Sam knew he would be meaning the six-fifty-eight of that same day. He never meant the day after, or the day after that.

That evening Dave sauntered down to the depot, accompanied by his son. There was no strained air of expectancy about him, and no tedious management of bags. He might have been seeking merely the refreshment of watching the six-fifty-eight come in and go out, as did a dozen or so of the more leisured class of Newbern. When the train came he greeted the conductor by his Christian name, and chatted with his son until it started. Then he stepped casually aboard and surrendered himself to its will. He had wanted suddenly to go somewhere on a train, and now he was going. "Got to see a man in San Diego," he had told the boy. "I'll drop back some of these days."

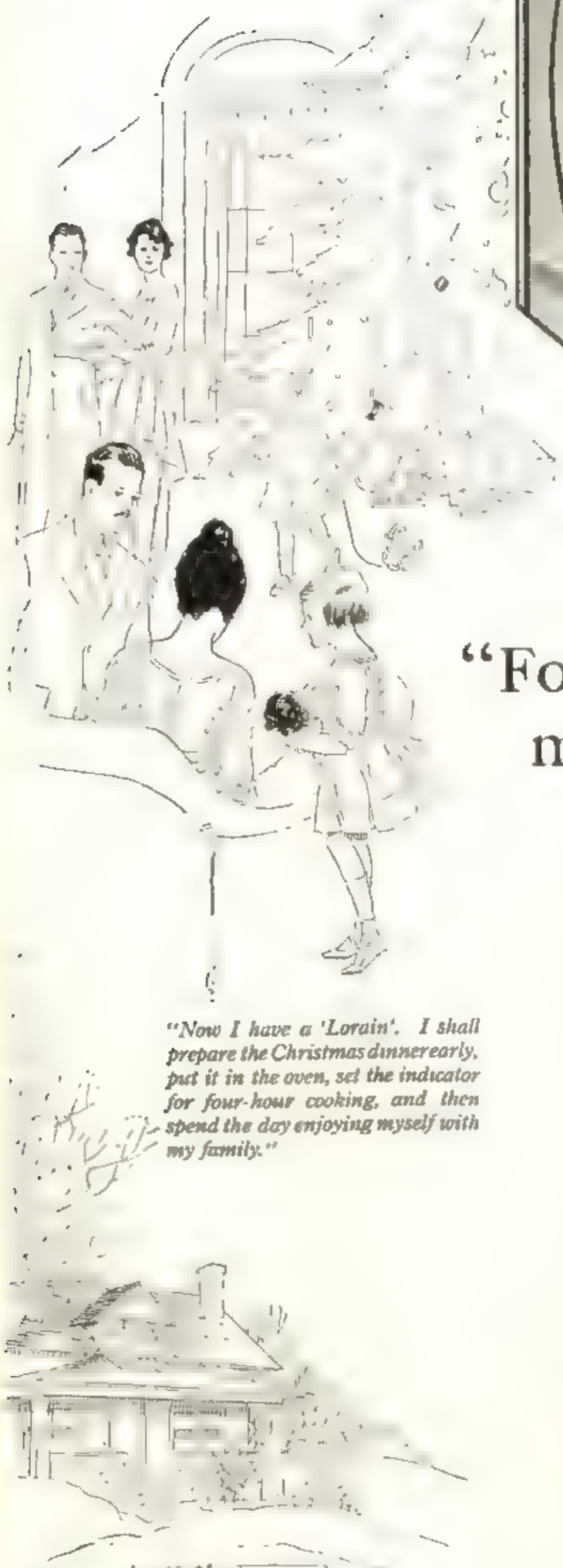
"Maybe you'll see the gypsies again," said Wilbur a bit wistfully.

But he was not cast down by his father's going; that was a thing that happened or not, like bad weather. He had learned this about his father. And pretty soon, after he went to school a little more and learned to spell better, to use punctuation marks the way the copy said, and capital letters, even if you did have to reach for them, he, too, could swing onto the smoking car of the six-fifty-eight—after she had really started—and go off where gypsies went, and people that had learned good loose trades.

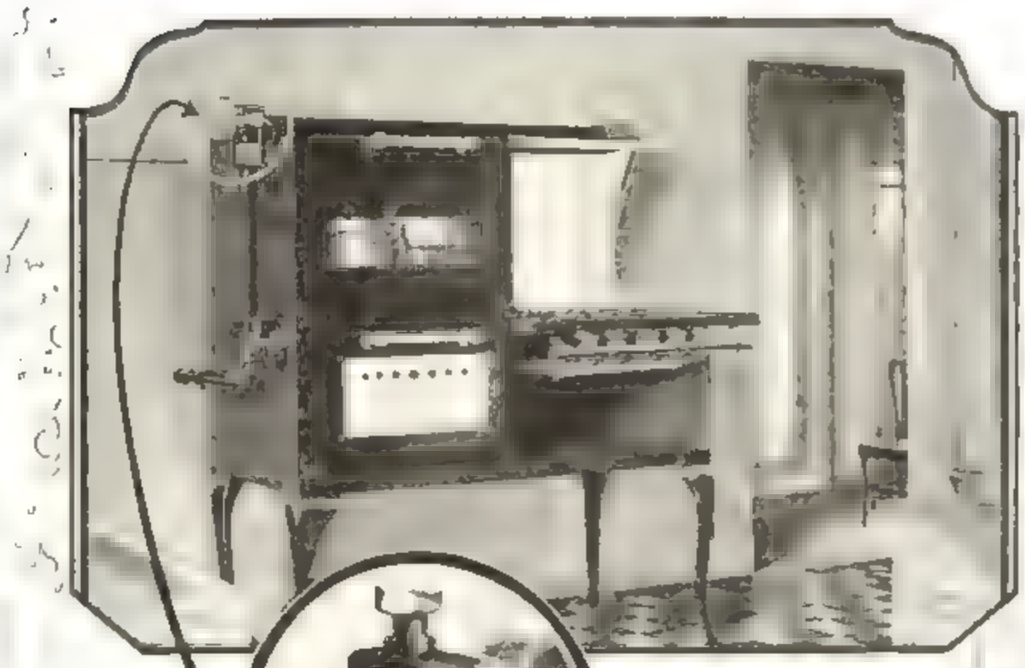
II

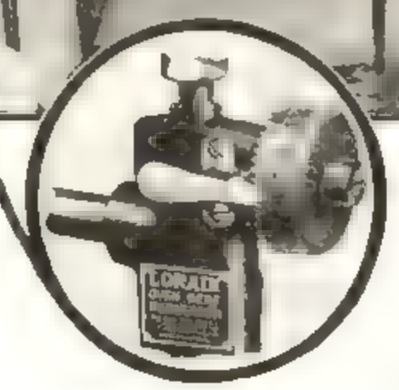
THERE was a new printer at the case in the Advance office the following morning, one of those who constantly drifted in and out of that exciting nowhere into which they so lightly disappeared by whim; a gaunt, silent man, almost wholly deaf, who stood in Dave Cowan's place and set type with machinelike accuracy or distributed it with loose-fingered nimbleness, seizing

(Continued on Page 116)



"Now I have a 'Lorain'. I shall prepare the Christmas dinner early, put it in the oven, set the indicator for four-hour cooking, and then spend the day enjoying myself with my family."





"Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator places 44 measured and controlled oven temperatures at your command. It cooks your dinner, unwatched, while you are miles away.

"In the past I spent Christmas day in the kitchen, preparing and cooking the Christmas dinner."

"For the first time I shall enjoy Christmas with my family instead of slaving in the kitchen"

"Christmas is coming. For the first time I shall have practically the whole day to enjoy the holiday with my family.

"In the past I spent Christmas in the kitchen, preparing and cooking the holiday dinner. Now I have a 'Lorain'-equipped gas range. I shall prepare the whole meal, put it in the oven, set the indicator for four-hour cooking and then forget all about it while I romp with my children and share their joy over the gifts Santa Claus has brought them.

"I will sit down to the feast with a real zest, which has never been the case before, because hanging over a hot stove for hours is not conducive to a good appetite or a Christmas spirit. Another thing, the meal will be more deliciously cooked than ever before.

"'Lorain' is the greatest of the many blessings the past year has brought me."

HOW many wives and mothers, like the one quoted above, dread holidays because they mean more hours and harder work in the kitchen?

How many wives and mothers have found their holiday appetite spoiled by hanging for hours over a hot kitchen stove concocting dainties for the feast?

"Whole meal cooking" with a "Lorain"-equipped gas range frees women from the drudgery of "pot-watching."

"Whole meal cooking" is not the only recommendation for the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator. This device makes possible to the ordinary cook those feats of cooking which only experts achieve.

There are no "unlucky" baking days with a "Lorain." It places 44 measured and controlled oven temperatures at your command.

It provides exact, sustained oven heats to suit all requirements.

Famous cooking authorities, like Mrs. Rorer, Dr. Goudiss, and many others, declare "Lorain" is the century's greatest advance in cooking.

Visit the local dealer who advertises "Lorain"-equipped ranges. Ask him for our booklet, "An Easier Day's Work." Have him explain to you "whole meal cooking" by the "Lorain" low temperature method. Find out for yourself how "Lorain" simplifies housekeeping and gives you each day many hours of spare time for pleasure, for outdoor enjoyment, for profitable occupations. If your dealer can't supply this book, "An Easier Day's Work," we will gladly mail you a copy.

Mr. Householder, make Christmas a day of real pleasure for your wife by presenting her with a "Lorain"-equipped range as a Christmas gift.

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Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

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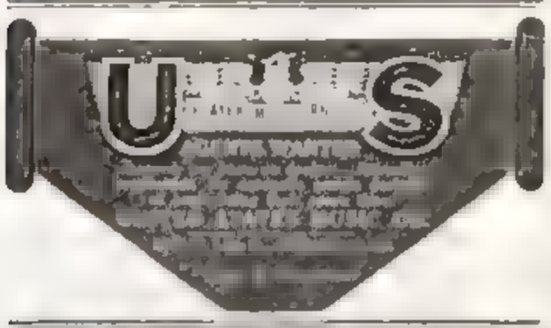

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many types at a time and scattering them to their boxes with the apparent abandon of a sower strewing seed. He, too, was but a transient, wherever he might be found, but he had no talk of the outland where gypsies were, and to Wilbur he proved to be of no human interest, so that the boy neglected the dusty office for the more attractive out-of-doors, though still inking the forms for the Wednesday edition, because a quarter is a good thing to have.

When Terry Stamper brought the pail of beer now the new printer drank abundantly of the frothy stuff, and for a time glowed gently with a suggestive radiance, as if he, too, were almost moved to tell of strange cities; but he never did. Nor did he talk instructively about the beginnings of life and how humans were but slightly advanced simians. He would continue to set type, silent and detached, until an evening when he would want to go somewhere on a train—and go. He did not smoke, but he chewed tobacco; and Wilbur, the apprentice, desiring to do all things that printers did, strove to emulate him in this interesting vice; but it proved to offer only the weakest of appeals, so he presently abandoned the effort—especially after Winona had detected him with the stuff in his mouth, striving to spit like an elderly printer. Winona was horrified. Smoking was bad enough!

Winona was even opposed to his becoming a printer. Those advantages of the craft extolled by Dave Cowan were precisely what Winona deemed undesirable. A boy should rather be studious and of good habits and learn to write a good hand so that he could become a bookkeeper, perhaps even in the First National Bank itself—and always stay in one place. Winona disapproved of gypsies and all their ways. Gypsies were rolling stones. She strove to entice the better nature of Wilbur with moral placards bearing printed bits from the best authors. She gave him an entire calendar with an uplifting sentiment on each leaf. One paying proper attention could scarcely have lived the year of that calendar without being improved. Unfortunately Wilbur Cowan never in the least cared to know what day in the month it was, and whole weeks of these homilies went unread. Winona was watchful, however, and fertile of resource. Aforetime she had devoted her efforts chiefly to Merle, as being the better worth saving. Now that she had indeed saved him, made and uplifted him beyond human expectation, she redoubled her attentions to his less responsive, less plastic brother. Almost fiercely she was bent upon making him the moral perfectionist she had made Merle.

As one of the means to this end she regaled him often with tales of his brother's social and moral refulgence under his new name. The severance of Merle from his former environment had been complete. Not yet had he come back to see them. But Winona from church and Sunday school brought weekly reports of his progress in the esteem of the family which he now adorned. Harvey D. Whipple was proud of his new son; had already come to feel a real fatherhood for him, and could deny him nothing. He was such a son as Harvey D. had hoped to have. Old Gideon Whipple, too, was proud of his new grandson. The stepmother, for whom Fate had been circumvented by this device of adoption, looked up to the boy and rejoiced in her roundabout motherhood, and Miss Murtree declared that he was a perfect little gentleman. Also, by her account, he was studious, with a natural fondness for the best in literature, and betrayed signs of an intellect such as, in her confidentially imparted opinion, the Whipple family, neither in root nor branch, had yet revealed. Patricia, the sister, had abandoned all intention of running away from home to obtain the right sort of companionship.

Winona meant to pique and inspire Wilbur to new endeavor with these tales, which, for a good purpose, she took the liberty of embellishing where they seemed to invite it—as how the Whipples were often heard to wish that the other twin had been as good and well-mannered a boy as Merle—who did not use tobacco in any form—so they might have adopted him too. Winona was perhaps never to understand that Wilbur could not picture himself as despised and rejected. His assertion that he had not wished to be adopted by any Whipples she put down to envious bravado. Had he not from afar on more than one occasion beheld his brother riding the prophesied pony? But he would have felt embarrassed at meeting his brother now face to face. He liked to see him at a distance, on the wonderful pony, or being driven in the cart with other Whipples, and he felt a great pride that he should have been thus exalted. But he was shyly determined to have no contact with this splendid being.

When school began in the fall he was again constrained to the halls of learning. He would have preferred not to go to school, finding the free outer life of superior interest; but he couldn't learn the good loose trade without improving his knowledge of the printed word—though he had not been warned that printers must be informed about fractions, or even long division—but Winona being his teacher it was impracticable to be absent on private affairs even for a day without annoying consequences.

During the long summer every day but Sunday had been a Saturday in all essentials; now, though the hillsides blazed with autumn color, ripe nuts were dropping, the mornings sparkled a frosty invitation and there was a provocative tang of brush fires in the keen air, he must earn his Saturdays, and might even of these earn but one in a long week. Sunday, to be sure, had the advantage of no school, but it had the disadvantage of church attendance, where one fell sleepy while the minister scolded; and Sunday afternoon, even if one might fare abroad, was clouded by reminders of the imminent Monday morning. It was rather a relief when snow came to shroud the affable woods, bringing such cold that one might as well be in a schoolroom as any place; when, as Winona put down in her journal, the vale of Newbern was "locked in winter's icy embrace," and poor old Judge Penniman was compelled to while away the long forenoons with his feet on a stock of wood in the kitchen oven.

From Dave Cowan came picture post cards addressed to his son, gay-colored scenes of street life or public buildings, and on these Dave had written, "Having a good time; hope you are the same." One of them portrayed a scene of revelry by night, and was entitled Sans Souci Dance Hall, Denver, Colorado. Winona bribed this away from the recipient with money. She wished Dave would use better judgment—choose the picture of some good church or a public library.

The Whipple family, including its latest recruit, continued remote. Wilbur would happily observe his one-time brother, muffled in robes of fur, glide swiftly past in a sleigh of curved beauty, drawn by horses that showered music along the roadway from a hundred golden bells, but there were no direct encounters save with old Sharon Whipple. Sharon, even before winter came, had formed a habit of stopping to speak to Wilbur, pulling up the long-striding, gaunt roan horse and the buggy which his weight caused to sag on one side to ask the boy idle questions. Throughout the winter he continued these attentions, and once, on a day sparkling with new snow, he took the rejected twin into a cutter, enveloped him in the buffalo robe and gave him a joyous ride out over West Hill along the icy road that wound through the sleeping, still woods. They were silent for the most of this drive.

"You don't talk much," said Sharon when the roan slowed for the ascent of West Hill and the music of the bells became only a silver murmur of chords. The boy was silent even at this, for while he was trying to think of a suitable answer, trying to think what Winona would have him reply, Sharon flicked the roan and the music came loud again. There was no more talk until Sharon pulled up in the village, the boy being too shy to volunteer any speech while this splendid hospitality endured.

"Have a good time?" demanded Sharon at parting.

Wilbur tried earnestly to remember that he should reply in Winona's formula, "I have had a delightful time and thank you so much for asking me," but he stared at Sharon, muffled in a great fur coat and cap, holding the taut lines with enormous driving gloves, and could only say "Fine!" after which he stopped, merely looking his thanks.

"Good!" said Sharon and, touching the outer tips of his frosted eyebrows with a huge gloved thumb, he clicked to the roan and was off to a sprinkle of bell chimes.

Wilbur resolved not to tell Winona of this ride, because he would have to confess that he had awkwardly forgotten to say the proper words at the end. Merle would not have forgotten. Probably Mr. Sharon Whipple, having found him wanting in polish, would never speak to him again. But Sharon did, for a week later, when Wilbur passed him where he had stopped the cutter in River Street, the old man not only hailed him but called him Buck. From his hearty manner of calling, "Hello, there, Buck!" it seemed that he had decided to overlook the past.

III

THE advent of the following summer was marked by two events of importance. Mouser, the Penniman cat, after being repeatedly foiled throughout the winter, had gained access to the little house on a day when windows and doors were open for cleaning, stalked the immobile blue jay and, falling upon his prey, had rent the choice bird limb from limb, scattering over a wide space wings, feathers, cotton and twisted wire. Mouser had apparently found it beyond belief that so beautiful a bird should not be toothsome in any single part. But the discoverer of this sacrilege was not horrified as he would have been a year before. He had even the breadth of mind to feel an honest sympathy for poor Mouser, who had come upon arsenic where it could not by any known law of Nature have been apprehended, and who for two days remained beneath the woodshed sick unto death, and was not his old self for weeks thereafter. Wilbur was growing up.

Soon after this the other notable event transpired. Frank, the dog, became the proud but worried mother of five puppies, all multicolored like himself. It is these ordeals that mature the soul, and it was an older Wilbur who went again to the Advance office to learn the loose trade, as his father had written him from New Orleans that he must be sure to do. He had increased his knowledge of convention in the use of capital letters, and that summer, as a day's work, he set up a column of leaded long primer which won him the difficult praise of Sam Pickering. Sam wrote a notice of the performance and printed it in the Advance—the budding craftsman feeling a double glow when he set this up too. The item predicted that Wilbur Cowan, son of our fellow townsman, Dave Cowan, would soon become one of the swiftest of compositors.

This summer he not only inked the forms on Wednesday but he was permitted to operate the job press. You stood before this and turned a large wheel at the left to start it, after which you kept it going with one foot on a treadle. Then rhythmically the press opened wide its maw and you took out the printed card or small bill and put in another before the jaws closed down. It was especially thrilling, because if you should keep your hand in there until the jaws closed you wouldn't have it any longer.

But there was disquieting news about the loose trade he intended to follow. A new printer brought this. He was the second since the deaf one of the year before, the latter on an hour's notice having taken the six-fifty-eight for Florida one night in early winter—like one of the idle rich, Sam Pickering said. The new printer, a sour, bald one of middle age, reported bitterly that hand composition was getting to be no good nowadays; you had to learn the linotype, a machine that was taking the bread out of the mouths of honest typesetters. He had beheld one of these heinous mechanisms operated in a city office—by a slip of a girl that wouldn't know how to hold a real stick in her hand—and things had come to a pretty pass. It was an intricate machine, with thousands of parts, far more than seemed at all necessary. If you weren't bright about machinery, and too old to learn new tricks, what were you going to do? Get sent to the printers' home, that was all! The new printer drank heavily to assuage his gloom, even to a degree that caused Herman Vielhaber to decline his custom, so that he must lean the gloomy hours away on the bar of Pegleg McCarron, where they didn't mind such things. Sam Pickering warned him that if this kept on there would no longer be jobs for hand compositors even in country printing offices; that he, for one, would probably solve his own labor problem by installing a machine and running it himself. But the sad printer refused to be warned and went from bad to worse.

Wilbur Cowan partook of this pessimism about the craft, and wondered if his father

(Continued on Page 119)

"Yes, it takes time, but—

steady pluggin' in the right direction
is the surest short-cut to Success.
An' that's the Life Story of Velvet."

Velvet Joe

The way of a man with Success is the way of Nature with Velvet.

Just slow, patient ageing of the Burley Tobacco *heart* leaf grown in the limestone section of Kentucky—America's Tobacco Wonderland.

During those two years in wooden hogsheads Velvet is ripened to richness and mellowness. And, when Nature completes her good work, then comes true smoothness!

There are "get-ripe-quick" methods of curing tobacco, just as there is a "pick-me-up" kind of learning. But ripened knowledge and ripened tobacco must both be won the *long way*. Remember, it takes a long time to make Velvet *right* for you, but it's worth it.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Velvet tobacco, foil-wrapped and sealed, in metal canisters, keeps fine—rain or shine. In pound and half-pound sizes

America's smoothest smoke

AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT ABOUT HOSIERY

THERE are two methods of dyeing hosiery. Under one method the fabric of the hosiery is weakened to such an extent that decay starts before you wear it at all. This is the principal reason for the poor wearing quality of much hosiery.

The Durham Hosiery Mills have perfected and are using a *harmless* process of dyeing which preserves the full strength of the material. This is perhaps the chief reason for the extra wear which has made Durable-DURHAM the largest selling brand of hosiery in the world.

You know how easily most hosiery tears. Sometimes it rips when you put it on. But you cannot tear a Durable-DURHAM stocking or sock with all the strength of your two hands. Take hold of it any place—pull it as hard as you can—cross-wise or length-wise, it makes no difference. Even at the place where the top is sewed to the rest of the leg you cannot pull it apart.

For Christmas

Hosiery is one of the great American Christmas gifts—always welcome to everybody. You can get Durable-DURHAM Hosiery in special Holiday gift boxes—each box containing two pairs.

For Men, Women and Children

All Durable-DURHAM colors are *fast* colors. Black stockings and socks *stay* black—they do not take on a greenish hue after they have been washed.

All makes of hosiery are reinforced in places—Durable-DURHAM hosiery is *doubly* reinforced at *all* points of greatest wear and strain. Wear Durable-DURHAM and you will know why it is the largest selling brand of hosiery in the world.

Cotton and mercerised, 20c to 50c per pair; silk, $1.00 to $2.50 per pair.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.

Export Selling Agents—Amory, Browne & Company, New York. Agencies in London, Paris, Sydney, N. S. W.

DURHAM HOSIERY

Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

(Continued from Page 116)

had heard the news. If it had ceased to be important that a bright boy should set up a column of long primer, leaded, in a day, he might as well learn some other loose trade in which they couldn't invent a machine to take the bread out of your mouth. It was that summer he spent many forenoons on the steps of the ice wagon driven by his good friend, Bill Bardin. Bill said you made good enough money delivering ice, and it was pleasant on a hot morning to rumble along the streets on the back steps of the covered wagon, cooled by the great blocks of ice still in its sawdust.

When they came to a house that took only twenty-five pounds Bill would let him carry it in with the tongs—unless it was one where Bill, a knightly person, chanced to sustain more or less social relations with the bondmaid. And you could chip off pieces of ice to hold in your mouth, or cool your bare feet in the cold wet sawdust; and you didn't have to be anywhere at a certain hour, but could just loaf along, giving people their ice when you happened to get there. He wondered, indeed, if delivering ice were not as loose a trade as typesetting had been, and whether his father would approve of it. It was pleasanter than sitting in a dusty printing office, and the smells were less obtrusive. Also, Bill Bardin went about bareheaded and clad above the waist only in a sleeveless jersey that was tight across his broad chest and gave his big arms free play. He chewed tobacco, too, like a printer, but cautioned his young helper against this habit in early youth. He said if indulged in at too tender an age it turned your blood to water and you died in great suffering. Wilbur longed for the return of his father, so he could tell him about the typesetting machine and about this other good loose trade that had opened so opportunely.

And there were other trades—seemingly loose enough—in which one drove the most delightful wagons, and which endured the year round, and not, as with the ice trade, merely for the summer. There was, for example, driving an express wagon. Afternoons, when the ice chests of Newbern had been replenished and Bill Bardin disappeared in the more obscure interests of his craft, Wilbur would often ride with Rufus Paulding, Newbern's express agent. Rufus drove one excellent horse to a smart green wagon, and brought packages from the depot, which he delivered about the town. Being a companionable sort, he was not averse to Wilbur Cowan's company on his cushioned seat.

It was not as cool work as delivering ice, and lacked a certain dash of romance present in the other trade, but it was lively and interesting in its own way, especially when Rufus would remain on his seat and let him carry packages in to people with a book for them to sign.

And there was the dray, driven by Trimble Cushman, drawn by two proud black horses of great strength. This trade was a sort of elder, heavier brother of the express trade, conveying huge cases of merchandise from the freight depot to the shops of the town. Progress was slower here than with the express wagon, or even the ice wagon; you had to do lots of backing, with much stern calling to the big horses, and often it took a long time to ease the big boxes to the sidewalk—time and grunting exclamations. Still it was not unattractive to the dilettante, and he rode beside Trimble with profit to his knowledge of men and affairs.

But better than all, for a good loose trade involving the direction of horses, was driving the bus from the Mansion House to the depot. The majestic yellow vehicle, with its cushioned, lavishly decorated interior, its thronelike seat above the world, was an exciting affair, even when it rested in the stable yard. When the horses were hitched to it, and Starling Tucker from the high seat, with whip and reins, directed its swift progress, with rattles and rumbles like a real circus wagon, it was thrilling indeed. This summer marked the first admission of Wilbur to an intimacy with the privileged driver which entitled him to mount dizzily to the high seat and rattle off to trains. He had patiently courted Starling Tucker in the office of the Mansion House livery stable, sitting by him in silent admiration while he discoursed learnedly of men and horses, helping to hitch up the dappled grays to the bus, fetching his whip, holding his gloves, until it became a matter of course that he should mount to the high seat with him.

This seemed really to be the best of all loose trades. On that high seat, one hand grasping an iron railing at the side, sitting by grim-faced Starling Tucker in his battered hat, who drove carelessly with one hand and tugged at his long red mustache with the other, it was pleasantly appalling to reflect that he might be at any moment dashed to pieces on the road below; to remember that Starling himself, the daily associate of horses and a man of high adventure, had once fallen from this very seat and broken bones—the most natural kind of accident, Starling averred, though gossip had blamed it on Pegleg McCarron's whisky. Not only was it delectable to ride in the high place, to watch trains come and go, to carry your load of travelers back to the Mansion House, but there were interludes of relaxation when you could sit about in the office of the stables and listen to agreeable talk from the choice spirits of abundant leisure, with whom work seemed to be a tribal taboo, daily assembled there. The flow of anecdote was often of a pungent quality, and the amateur learned some words and phrases that would have caused Winona acute distress; but he learned about men and horses and dogs, and enlarged his knowledge of Newbern's inner life, having peculiar angles of his own upon it from his other contacts with its needs for ice and express packages and crates of bulkier merchandise.

His father had once said barbering was a good loose trade that enabled one to go freely about the world, but the boy had definitely eliminated this from the list of possible crafts, owing to unfortunate experiences with none other than Judge Penniman, for the judge cut his hair. At spaced intervals through the year Winona would give the order and the judge would complainingly make his preparations. The victim was taken to the woodshed and perched on a box which was set on a chair. The judge swathed him with one of Mrs. Penniman's aprons, crowding folds of it inside his neckband. Then with stern orders to hold his head still the rite was consummated with a pair of shears commandeered from plain and fancy dressmaking. Loath himself to begin the work, the judge always came to feel, as it progressed, a fussy pride in his artistry—a pride never in the least justified by results. To Wilbur, after these ordeals, his own mirrored head was a strange and fearsome apparition, the ears appearing to have been too carelessly affixed and the scanty remainder of his hair left in furrows, with pallid scalp showing through. And there were always hairs down his neck, despite the apron. Barbering was not for him—not when you could drive a bus to all trains, or even a dray.

IV

THERE were also street encounters that summer with old Sharon Whipple, who called the boy Buck and jocularly asked him what he was doing to make a man of himself, and whom he would vote for at the next election. One sunny morning, while Wilbur on River Street weighed the possible attractions of the livery-stable office against the immediate certainty of some pleasant hours with Rufus Paulding, off to the depot to get a load of express packages for people, Sharon in his sagging buggy pulled up to the curb before him and told him to jump in if he wanted a ride. So he had jumped in without further debate.

Sharon's plump figure was loosely clad in gray, and his whimsical eyes twinkled under a wide-brimmed hat of soft straw. He paused to light a cigar after the boy was at his side—the buggy continuing to sag as before—then he pushed up the ends of his eyebrows with the blunt thumb, clicked to the long-striding roan and they were off at a telling trot. Out over West Hill they went, leaving a thick fog of summer dust in their wake, and on through cool woods to a ridge from which the valley opened, revealing a broad checkerboard of ripening grain fields.

"Got to make three of my farms," volunteered Sharon after a silent hour's drive.

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur, which seemed enough for them both until the first of the farms was reached.

Sharon there descended, passing the reins to a proud Wilbur, for talk with his tenant on the steps of the yellow frame farmhouse. Sharon bent his thick round leg to raise a foot to a rustic seat, and upon the cushion thus provided made figures in a notebook. After a time of this, while Wilbur excitingly held the roan horse, made nervous by a hive of bees against the whitewashed fence, he came back to the buggy—which sagged from habit even when disburdened of its owner—and they drove to another farm—a red brick farmhouse, this time, with yellow roses climbing its front. Here Sharon tarried longer in consultation. Wilbur staunchly held the roan, listened to the high-keyed drone of a reaper in a neighboring field, and watched the old man make more figures in his black notebook. He liked this one of the Whipples pretty well. He was less talkative than Bill Bardin, and his speech was less picturesque than Starling Tucker's or even Trimble Cushman's, who would often threaten to do interesting and horrible things to his big dray horses when they didn't back properly; but Wilbur felt at ease with Sharon, even if he didn't say much or say it in startling words.

When Sharon had done his business the farmer came to lead the roan to the barn, and Sharon, taking a pasteboard box from the back of the buggy, beckoned Wilbur to follow him. They went round the red farmhouse, along a grassy path carelessly bordered with flowers that grew as they would, and at the back came to a little white spring house in which were many pans of milk on shelves, and a big churn. The interior was cool and dim, and a stream of clear water trickled along a passage in the cement floor.

They sat on a bench, and Sharon opened his box to produce an astonishing number of sandwiches wrapped in tissue paper, a generous oblong of yellow cheese and some segments of brown cake splendidly enriched with raisins.

"Pitch in!" said Sharon.

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur, and did so with an admirable restraint, such as Winona would have applauded, nibbling politely at one of the sandwiches.

"Ain't you got your health?" demanded the observant Sharon, capably engulfing half a sandwich.

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"Eat like it then."

So the boy became less conscious of his manners, and ate like it, to Sharon's apparent satisfaction. Midway in the destruction of the sandwiches the old man drew from the churn a tin cup of what proved to be buttermilk. His guest had not learned to like this, so for him he procured another cup, and brought it brimming with sweet milk which he had daringly taken from one of the many pans, quite as if he were at home in the place.

"Milk's good for you," said Sharon.

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"A regular food, as much as anything you want to name."

"Yes, sir." The boy agreed wholly, without wishing to name anything in disparagement of milk.

They ate the sandwiches and cheese, and upon the guest was conferred the cake. There were three pieces, and he managed the first swiftly, but was compelled to linger on the second, even with the lubricating help of another cup of milk.

"Bring it along," directed the host. So it was brought along to the buggy, one piece in course of consumption and one carried to be eaten at superb leisure as the fed roan carried them down the hot road to still another farm.

They drove back to Newbern in the late afternoon, still largely silent, though there was a little talk at the close on stretches of hill where the roan would consent to slacken his pace.

"What you think of him?" Sharon demanded, nodding obliquely at the roan.

"He's got good hocks and feet—good head and shoulders too," said the boy.

"He has that," affirmed Sharon. "Know horses?"

"Well, I ——"

He faltered, but suddenly warmed to talk and betrayed an intimate knowledge of every prominent horse in Newbern. He knew Charley and Dick, the big dray horses; and Dexter, who drew the express wagon; he knew Bob and George, who hauled the ice wagon; he knew the driving horses in the Mansion stables by name and point, and especially the two dapple grays that drew the bus. Not for nothing had he listened to the wise talk in the stable office, or sat at the feet of Starling Tucker, who knew horses so well he called them hawses. It was the first time he had talked to Sharon forgetfully. Sharon nodded his head from time to time, and the boy presently became shy at the consciousness that he had talked a great deal.

(Continued on Page 123)

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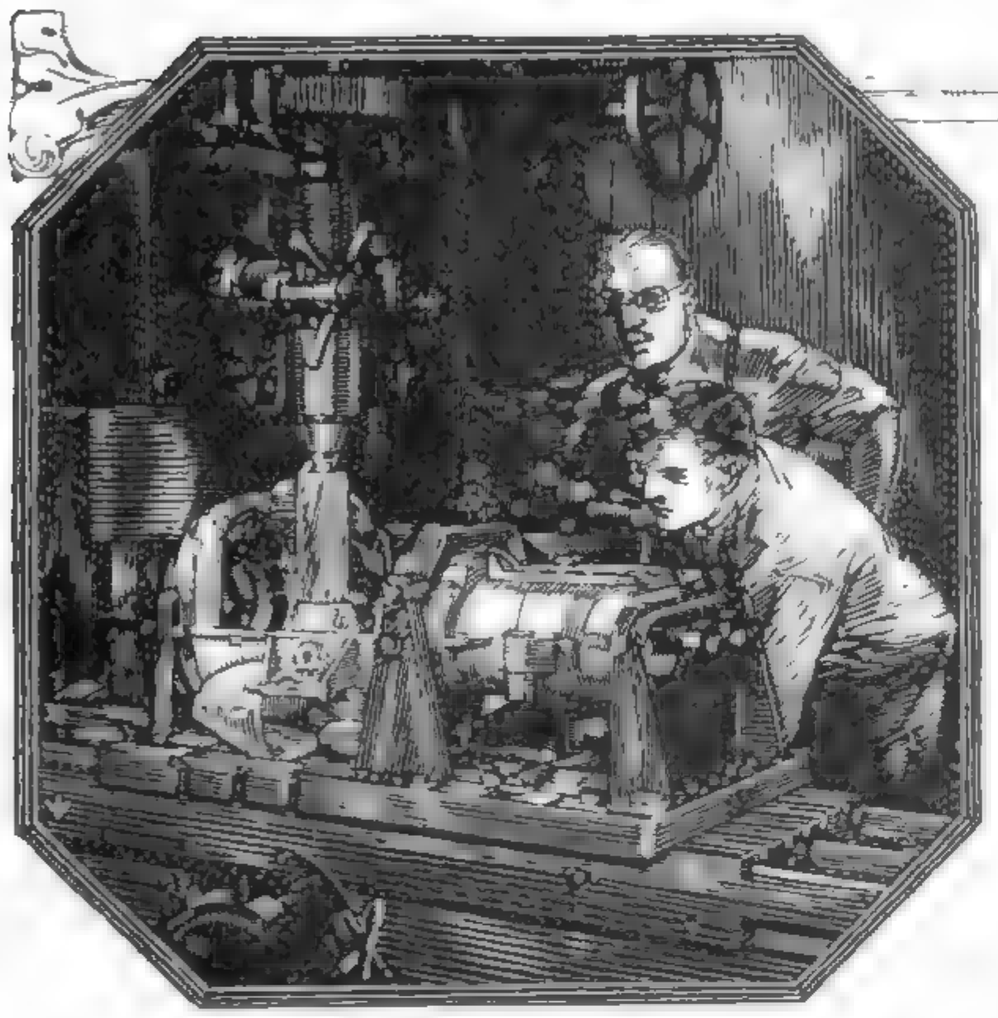

THE old New England tradition and practice of binding out boys as apprentices to learn a trade is still bearing fruit today.

Boys are no longer "bound out," of course, even in New England, but when a modern New England boy learns a trade, he *learns* it!

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STEVENS-DURYEA, Inc.
Chicopee Falls: Massachusetts

Stevens-Duryea

(Continued from Page 119)

Then Sharon spoke of rumors that the new horseless carriage would soon do away with horses. He didn't believe the rumors, and he spoke scornfully of the new machines as contraptions. Still he had seen some specimens in Buffalo, and they might have something in them. They might be used in time in place of horse-drawn busses and ice wagons and drays. Wilbur was chilled by this prediction. He had more than half meant to drive horses to one of these useful affairs, but what if they were to be run by machinery? Linotypes to spoil typesetting by hand, and now horseless carriages to stop driving horses! He wondered if it would be any use to learn any trade.

He would have liked to ask Sharon, but hardly dared.

"Well, it's an age of progress," said Sharon Whipple at last. "We got to expect changes."

Wilbur was at home on this topic. He became what Winona would have called informative.

"We can't stop change," he said in his father's manner. "First, there was star dust, and electricity or something made it into the earth; and some water and chemicals made life out of this electricity or something ——"

"Hey?" said the startled Sharon, but the story of creation continued.

"And there was just little animals first, but they got to be bigger, because they had to change; and pretty soon they become monkeys, and then they changed some more, and stood up on their hind feet, and so they got to be human beings like us—because—because they had to change," he concluded lucidly.

"My shining stars!" breathed Sharon.

"And they lost their tails and got so they would wear neckties and have post offices and depots and religion," added the historian in a final flash of memory.

"Well, I'll be switched!" said Sharon.

"It's electricity or something," explained the lecturer. "My father said so."

"Oh!" said Sharon.

"But he says there's a catch in it somewhere."

"I should think there was," said Sharon. "By gracious goodness, I should think there was a catch in it somewhere! But you understand the whole thing as easy as crack a nut, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur.

"Giddap there!" said Sharon.

Wilbur did not tell Winona of this day's encounter with an authentic Whipple. He would have done so but for the dollar that Sharon absently bestowed upon him from a crumple of bills when he left the buggy at the entrance to Whipple Old Place. Winona, he instantly knew, would counsel him to save the dollar, and he did not wish to save it. As fast as his bare feet—with a stone bruise on one heel—would carry him he sped to Solly Gumbles. Yet not with wholly selfish intent. A section of plug tobacco, charmingly named Peach and Honey, was purchased for a quarter as a gift to Bill Bardin of the ice wagon. Another quarter secured three pale-brown cigars, with gay bands about their middles, to be lavished upon the hero, Starling Tucker.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

STATISTICS

(Continued from Page 17)

taking one thing with another, it was judged best to remove old Pratt's name from a certain list and let him wait till he was more generally beloved. Rotten for Pratt, wasn't it?"

"A certain list!" Sir Nicholas eyed the younger man searchingly. "You mean Pratt was to have had a peerage?"

The undersecretary nodded. His monocle gave him the effect of having only one eye, and that eye was malicious and mirthful.

"Still"—Sir Nicholas continued to stare at the young, sophisticated face before him—"I don't see how this bears on anything I have been saying."

But he did see; he put a constraint on himself to hide the fact, and knew that he had not hidden it.

"Don't you really?" said the other with a delicate burlesque of surprise. "If a dying burglar costs public ignominy and the postponement of a peerage, at what price would you quote the starving baby population of a whole country? In your position—your present position—it isn't a thing I'd talk much about."

"Is this official?" asked Sir Nicholas.

"My little hint about Pratt's case? Oh, no, that's just my cheek, Sir Nicholas." He grinned. "And as to the honors list—well, it isn't exactly official, but it's all right. The chief told me this afternoon, and I said I should be seeing you here and would break the news. He spoke a good deal about what you'd been doing."

Sir Nicholas was not looking at him now; he was staring in front of him, and very slowly, like the lees of wine spreading in water, a dark flush suffused his face. The undersecretary waited, expecting to hear something conventional and banal. "It'll please my wife" is rather the usual form. He did not know that Sir Nicholas was a widower with one son and a mother. At length Sir Nicholas spoke.

"I'm tremendously grateful," he said. "I've got a boy, you know. I don't feel I've deserved all this."

This was so far outside the range of anything he had looked for that the undersecretary needed a full second in which to get going again.

"Oh, but that's rot," he said cheerfully. "Still, you won't mind my friendly hint, will you? About Pratt, I mean."

"No," said Sir Nicholas. "I'll be careful. I won't shoot any burglars." He smiled.

But it was like a sleepwalker that he rose to go upstairs with the others. He was a man to whom ambition had come late in life—had come in the sober years when his eyes were at their clearest to estimate his powers of realizing it. He had inherited his business from his father; he had nurtured it to the fullest of its capacity for expansion. There were no more worlds to conquer along that line. In politics he had a place that would be modest; in all directions he was hemmed in by the unscalable rampart of his own limitations. He would leave to his son the means of a reasonably secure life, but no record of achievement that would serve him for a springboard. And now there had come to him, as inexplicably as to a child there comes the contents of a Christmas stocking, fame, or a passable substitute for it, honors, rewards beyond his hoping.

It was well in that hour for Sir Nicholas that the undersecretary's idea of humor screened him from any vision of the manner in which the chief had announced his intentions. That great man, white-haired, with the face of an ascetic saint, had sat by his desk, whereon stood a tray with the apparatus of tea. He looked like a figure that has strayed from a stained-glass window, and in answer to a suggestion he spoke thus:

"Cresswell! Do something for Cresswell! I should jolly well think I would! I'm going to abolish him. Here's a fellow goes down to his constituency and makes a blooming speech about—what do you think? Foreign politics, my lad! League of Nations, Fiume, Poland's access to the Baltic, Teschen, and Lord knows what else! If he thinks he's coming back next election on a foreign-policy vote to lecture the House about it he's wrong. House of Lords for him, and he can find his level there among the out-of-work ambassadors. Yes, and you can tell him I said so too!"

Sir Nicholas' country place was a fine old farmhouse some seven miles to the south of Ashford, in Kent. Here he kept a mother and the other accessories of a home and a quiet life. When, upon the following evening, he stepped from the train in Ashford station his mood of mere emotional thankfulness had given place to a pleasurably excited exultation. He was looking forward eagerly to telling his mother.

It was his custom, when he went to London, to drive himself in his car to Ashford and to leave the car in a garage there till he should return to drive himself home. He recovered it now, surprising the garage hand who brought it forth for him by the generosity of his tip. Lamps were already alight in the streets of the little town as he passed through them. Among those who passed on the sidewalks there were many who greeted him, and he had a boyish sense of triumph in picturing their interest when the time should come to publish his good fortune abroad. Then the town was behind him, and his lamps shone upon hedgerows as he swung south for the first taste of his triumph.

Those little roads that go south from Ashford between the fields and the oak woods wind like tangled string. It was at the first hairpin bend that Sir Nicholas, saving himself from the ditch by a matter of inches, realized that in his preoccupation he was driving faster than his prudent wont.

"What a fool I am!" he laughed at himself as he eased his foot on the accelerator; but it was not many minutes more ere he was once again deep in the relish of it, and the car went swinging round the curves like a racer. And where at length the road straightened out for a clear mile and the salt wind from the Channel came up to meet him over the Romney levels, he abandoned himself to the exhilaration of speed that suited so well with his mood of rejoicing and sent the machine along at its top pace. His lamps made a tunnel of light through the gathering dark, a tunnel that broadened a few yards ahead to show the hedges on either hand. He lifted up his face in sheer delight and thanksgiving for this gladness that he had.

It was at that moment that he "shot his burglar."

Afterward, when he theorized and puzzled over it, he could never account to his reason for the manner of the happening. Even if the man had been dazzled and blinded by the glare of the head lamps, he had only to step aside to the grass at the road edge to be safe. He never realized that the car, driven at top speed, with happy and careless hands on the wheel, had swung from side to side of the way. He was aware at the time only of a figure that seemed as though it shot erect out of the ground directly before his off wheel, and his great head lamps seemed to clothe it in a garment of fire. He saw its living face, hideously contorted in fear and effort, and the arms it raised as though it would have pushed the rushing car back. All that he saw, yet in a moment so brief that he had not time to reach for clutch and brake or begin to wrench the wheel over before he felt the horrid impact of the blow and the wheels lift and thump as they passed over the man.

He brought the car to a standstill some twenty paces farther on, leaped out and ran back, quaking, to where a dark heap lay in the road. He bent above it, straining to see it clearly in the gloom, and presently he struck a match. What he saw then caused him to exclaim wordlessly and recoil aghast. Here was no need for a doctor to stanch the leak of life; here was no doubt at all. The very frame and shape of the man were wrecked and demolished; it was death obviously and emphatically.

Sir Nicholas rose with difficulty to his feet. He was sick and faint. In all his life he had never seen a dead body before. Even when his wife died he had been absent in America on business. Of the thousands who had died round him in southeastern Europe he had seen not one. He had had to make one before he could behold it.

He stood trembling and doubtful of how to proceed when, like some night landscape startled into visibility by a lightning flash, he beheld the matter in its whole significance. The undersecretary's warning, his instance of the case of Sir Justin Pratt! What of a motorist, wealthy, prominent, whose car was a Juggernaut with country workmen for victims? And nothing was announced yet; no one was committed to grant him the title that should be his son's after him.

From far up the road came the drone, little in the distance as the hum of a bee, of a car approaching. Already he could see the glow of its lights mounting over the low hedges. There is no impulse so strong as the impulse to flee from harm. With a noise that was between a groan and a cry Sir Nicholas turned and ran to his car. In another minute he was speeding about a corner, heading for safety for safety from the vengeance which that heap in the road could exact from its slayer.

It was fully an hour later, after devious, trail-confounding wanderings in a mesh of by-lanes, that he drove in at his own gates. He was able to get the car round to the coach house and lock it in undetected. He knew that none must see it till certain evidences it bore of the accident had been removed.

He stood for a while outside the coach-house door in the darkness, endeavoring so to compose his face and manner that they should bear no evidences of it either.

Mrs. Cresswell was a little old lady whose cheeriness of countenance and neatness of figure gave a totally false impression of well-preserved skittishness which somewhat obscured to the careless eye her genuinely maternal and housewifely quality. As he entered the room where she sat she uttered a joyous little cry.

"Why, Nicholas! How late you are! And how tired you look! Is anything the matter?"

He bent to her and kissed her warmly. This was the moment he had looked forward to. He tried to find in it the flavor he had anticipated.

"I was delayed, mother," he said, and hastened on to avoid her questions. "And as to anything being the matter—well, you shall judge for yourself."

She was interested at once, and he teased her by withholding his news till a tray with sandwiches and claret had been prepared and brought for him. But finally he told her. She glowed at him.

"Oh, Nicholas," she cried, "how splendid! My glorious boy! But then"—it was funny to see her try to shift her ground and change the aspect of the thing—"why shouldn't you be a lord, after all your noble work? I'm prouder of that than of this, Nicholas. I'm the proudest woman in the world. Don't drink that claret, Nicholas, to-night. I want to have some champagne with you."

It was as good as he had hoped. She had never failed him. When her champagne was poured she rose, straight and taut as a girl, and held up her glass in a hand that had no tremor.

"To Lord Cresswell and his heir!" she cried gallantly.

"To the mother that made him!" answered Sir Nicholas, and they drank.

He set his glass down and kissed her. There was no going back now.

They sat late in happy, intimate talk. When at last he took her to the foot of the stairs and bade her good night, under the eyes of the grim old maid who waited with a dire patience on the landing above, he stood till she turned and gave him her final smile of infinite pride and most loving assurance.

Alone in the drawing-room again, he stood staring at the floor. Motives and excuses moved inextricably in his mind, and at the back of them was an unwelcome perception that he had told his mother in order to force his own hand.

"Confound it!" he said. "I let three thousand innocents die that three thousand others might live, and I get a peerage for it. It isn't as though I could bring the man back to life by sacrificing her."

He hesitated about the room for a time, brooding and lip-biting. And presently he took two candles in silver candlesticks from the mantel and let himself noiselessly out of the house. None saw him enter or leave the coach house.

It was his plan, as his mother learned with joy on the following morning, to remain in the country for a week. He needed a rest, he said. During the forenoon he strolled and sat in the garden with her. They lunched together; and in the afternoon, tweed-clad, ash plant in hand and spaniel at heels, he went forth for a walk. He passed through the village, going easily, exchanging greetings and stopping at doors to bestow genial patronizing notice upon favored images of God. Everyone knew him and was cordial and deferential; but of those who gave news and responded to his invitation to gossip none spoke of a man killed in the dark upon the road. Plainly the victim, if not a tramp, had not been of this village at any rate. And in the days that succeeded there were no more tidings. It was not till Saturday, when the local weekly paper arrived, that the dead man, the shape he had last seen by the light of a match, broke silence. There had been an inquest in Ashford.

So much he saw ere he laid the paper down to reply to his mother's breakfast-table chatter. Afterward in the garden he read of it at length.

(Concluded on Page 126)

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(Concluded from Page 123)

William Heath, had been the dead man's name. He had been a farm laborer living in a neighboring village; and he left behind him, to cherish the memory of him as he was before he met Sir Nicholas, a young wife and two children, whereof the elder was not yet of an age to enter the category. His body had been found by a motorist, who had carried it to the nearest doctor. The coroner was fluent for a third of a column over the character of the unknown killer who had abandoned his victim in such a fashion. Only a consciousness of deep guilt could have impelled the driver of the car thus to flee. The police yet entertained hopes of bringing the miscreant to book.

Then the evidence—the finder of the body, the weeping wife with her children, the doctor, the police. And finally a verdict of manslaughter against some person or persons unknown.

"Manslaughter!" mused Sir Nicholas. "And old Pratt was acquitted! I must be really careful now."

The thing could not be left there of course. All that afternoon he brooded, and next morning, instead of driving to church with his mother, he shut himself in the little room that was called his study and furnished himself with writing materials and divers documents.

"Now," he said to himself—he had the habit of thinking in definite words rather than in images—"now here's a woman aged twenty-four, married, two children, elder four, younger fifteen months." The local reporter had included these facts in his report. "We owe them the means of life of which they have been deprived." He unfolded a printed sheet of figures. "The woman's expectation of life, subject to local conditions, is—let me see ——"

His pen traced a perpendicular and then a horizontal column of figures. It was a table with which he was familiar, a compilation by actuaries, wherein a man's right to live for a certain space of years was reduced to an arithmetical formula, even as a nation's duty to cease existing may be set forth in a vote catcher's pompous phrase.

He worked methodically through the task he had appointed himself.

The mother and the babies were accounted for in years, and the years were translated into pounds, shillings and pence, and these again passed through the sieve of a table showing the rates at which annuities could be purchased.

"For life or until remarriage," he murmured, and extracted the total.

It was not vast—not much more than it costs to catch, train, clothe and equip a soldier, keep him for a year and then kill him. That, too, is done by men in offices following precise figures.

"Next thing is to find a way of doing it," he concluded as he folded up his table of figures and pocketed it.

The neighboring village of which William Heath had been an inhabitant was governed with an iron hand by a rector whom Sir Nicholas knew, as of course he knew nearly everybody for a radius of ten miles about his home. His colossal fame as the savior of the children would render plausible a call in the interests of the new-made orphans, and on Monday afternoon he walked over. The village was not much more than a sleepy street of cottages, culminating in an ivied church, which, like the cottages, was a little dwarfed and put out of its architectural countenance by the splendors of the rectory.

The rector himself, an elderly man whose rat-trap mouth was flanked by iron-gray side whiskers, met Sir Nicholas on the threshold.

"Saw you coming up the drive," he said. "Come in, won't you? You're just in time for a cup of tea with me. My wife's out, though."

"Thanks," assented Sir Nicholas, following his host within. "I came over really, though, to see if I couldn't help in this beastly case you've got here."

"Help!" The rector paused in the act of ringing for tea. "How can you help—now?"

Sir Nicholas looked up, surprised.

"Now!" he repeated. "Why not—if you won't think I'm trespassing on your ground? I read the report of the inquest and it's stuck in my mind. A husband and father killed suddenly like that and a young wife and two children left destitute—it's terrible."

"Oh!" said the rector slowly. "Then you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?"

"They were left destitute indeed," replied the rector. "There were some weeks of rent owing, and various other troubles, which were the sole inheritance they derived from William Heath. They would have been helped of course; and the guardians would have done something. The fact that nothing was done was the fault of the woman herself. She had told various neighbors that she was going to her friends. Those were her words. Precisely what they conveyed to her I can only guess, for it appears that she was an only child and an orphan. But yesterday evening, while we were all at church, she seems to have taken both children and gone down the hill to the military canal and drowned herself and them."

"Good God!" exclaimed Sir Nicholas. "They used to do that out there—a percentage of them!"

The rector nodded and rang for tea.

"No use talking about it," he said. "But tell me, is it true—what we hear—that soon we are to know you by another title?"

"Yes," said Sir Nicholas almost absently. He drew a folded paper from his pocket, tore it in half and dropped it into the grate. "Yes, it's true!"

Mount McKinley

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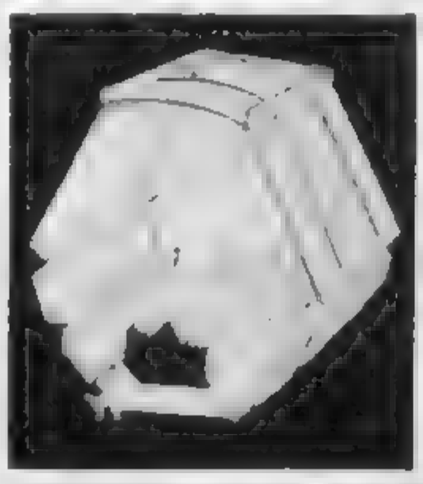
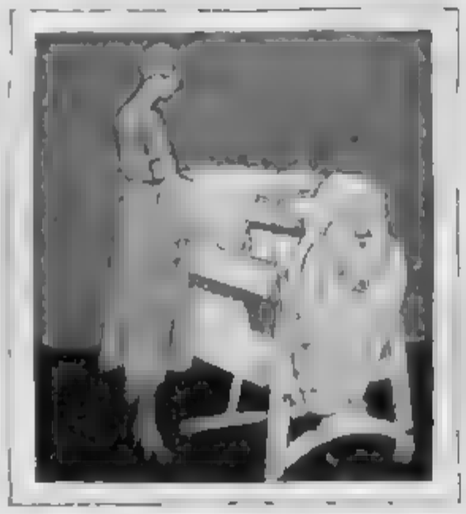
Two tubs in ONE

Here is the Apex oscillating tub, which is exclusive—originated by Apex 12 years ago. The Apex-shaped ridge divides this tub into two large washing chambers. Your clothes get a double-cleansing action—gently swirling back and forth, over and under, in *both* sides by oscillation. Note the "settling chamber" between the two sides, where dirt settles, leaving the water cleaner.



The APEX *Domestic Ironer*

A fine gift for mothers who have a washer. Irons every part of a shirt—and all other pieces except frilliest things. Much faster than working by hand. Also equipped with "apron" to keep clothes off the floor; every control right at the finger tips, many other conveniences. Heats by gas, gasoline or electricity. Operates from any electric socket.



NEW-CROP CAPITALISTS

(Continued from Page 14)

Its operation is to be relied upon just as securely as that of a cake of good fresh yeast in a batch of warm dough. It works every time. I doubt if there is a bond salesman in the country who retails securities to individuals of moderate or small means who does not feel, when he sells a bond to a man who has never bought one before, that he has at the same time secured a salesman who is bound to bring in business. It was not that way in the old days. Then the man who bought a block of bonds was about as anxious to conceal his act as if he had committed a crime. He pussyfooted through the whole transaction as stealthily as if he were stealing champagne from a neighbor. There were exceptions, but that was the general attitude.

"To-day we have almost a complete reversal of that tendency. This is because the new-crop capitalist is so proud of his new position as a financier for industry that he is just naturally impelled to tell the world about it. And he doesn't care particularly if it does cost him a trifle in the way of local taxes either. It's worth the price to him to be able to tell his friends that he holds a bond on the property of this or that corporation, municipality or public utility.

"Then, too, he is also actuated, as a rule, by the motive of helping his friends to become more prosperous. He wants to help them up to the solid ground on which he has just planted his own feet. The value of this impulse as a national asset is hard to exaggerate.

"In a way, it is like the operation of a force of Nature moving spontaneously and powerfully to change a nation of careless spenders into a nation of careful savers.

"In prewar days our average sale was about ten thousand dollars; to-day it is close to twenty-five hundred. When you remember that many of our steady customers are large financial institutions, such as insurance and trust companies, which buy immense blocks of bonds of the choicest character, and buy at regular and frequent intervals—purchases ranging from a hundred thousand to a million or more—it is easily realized that an average purchase of twenty-five hundred dollars means an immense number of small purchases of five hundred dollars down to one hundred."

A city salesman of a big bond house opened a loose-leaf book, and pointing to a column of figures said:

"There are my sales for this month. By far the greater number of them, as you see, are five hundred dollars or less. Take to-day's sales as an example; I have made twelve sales, not one of them for more than five hundred."

Mail-Order Customers

"This year I have brought more than three hundred and seventy new customers to the house, most of them persons who have never bought bonds before, excepting Liberty Bonds. The largest single sale to any of these new customers was a block of twenty-five thousand dollars in very choice bonds; most of the sales were five hundred dollars or less. Here is the way the business of selling bonds works out to-day: I happened to make the acquaintance of a minor executive in the employ of a railroad company. Possibly his salary was thirty-five hundred a year. He bought a five-hundred-dollar public utility bond. Owing to the fact that it was the first private bond he had ever bought, he was so delighted with the sensation which its possession gave him that he called a little private meeting of the thirty-five employees working directly under him, told them all about his first adventure as a capitalist and gave them a good wholesome talk about saving by investment.

"Of that group of thirty-five men, thirty-one have since bought bonds in denominations of one hundred to five hundred dollars. Nearly every one of them has made repeat purchases and about half of them have brought friends and relatives who have become steady buyers. Of course the partial payment is responsible for a large part of this business. It offers a convenient and alluring way for the man or woman of small and even meager income to make a start as a capitalist—a lender to large industry."

Nearly every large or well-organized house dealing in securities has a mail-order department which does a thriving business with thousands of customers with whom they never come in personal contact. One such house of my acquaintance has a corps of ten men who give their entire time to conducting correspondence with mail-order customers. These buyers are not only scattered all over the United States, but many of them are in remote countries. Generally these correspondence customers begin by buying a bond for one hundred dollars. The records show that they are quite as likely to tell their friends of their purchases and induce them to buy as are those customers who come into personal contact with bond salesmen. The head of such a department says:

"Of course our mail-order customers out in the towns and hamlets of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and the other Far Western states become interested originally by reading advertisements in magazines, periodicals and newspapers. They write for particulars and frequently a rather extensive exchange of letters is necessary before they reach the point of making an actual purchase. This step is all that is necessary to make them confirmed investors. Occasionally one of these distant customers comes to the city, and when this happens you may be sure that we receive a call from him."

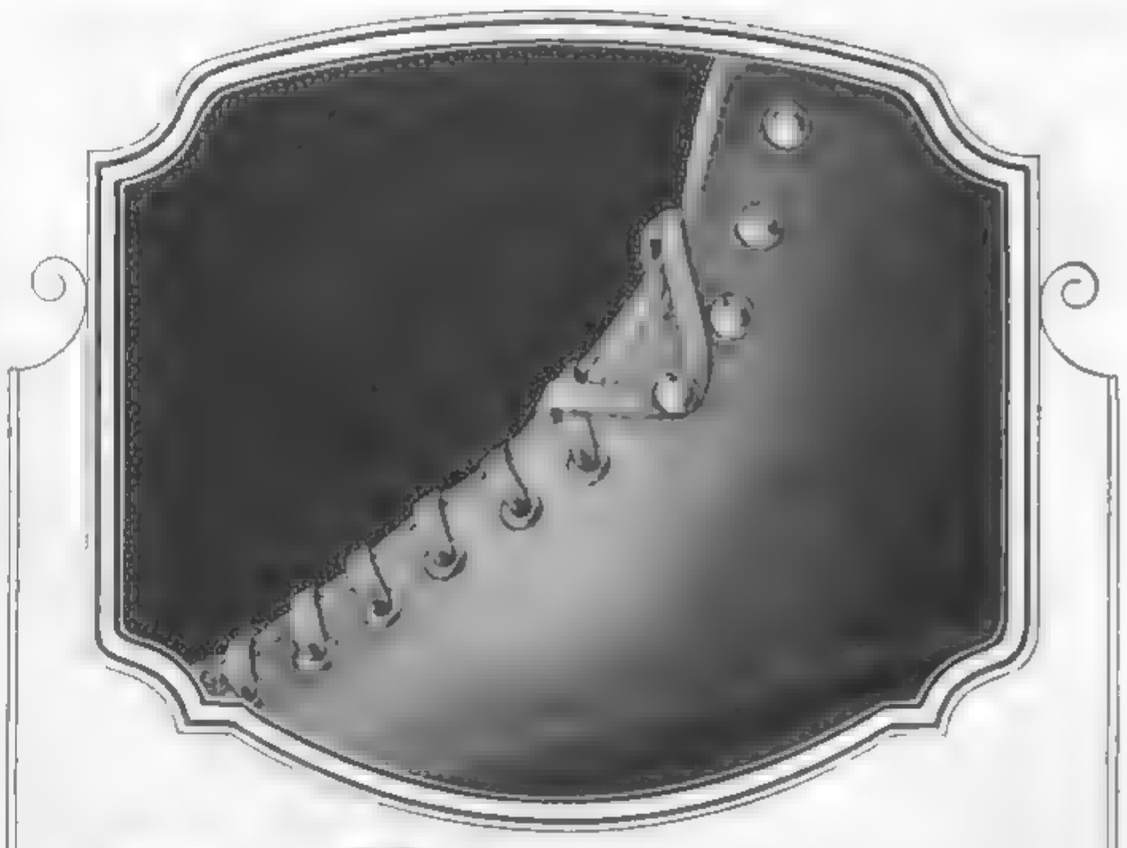
A Converted Spender

"One young man, an ordinary wage earner, evidently sent in his inquiry more out of curiosity than from any intention to buy. Our correspondence with him quite clearly developed the fact at the start that he had conscientious scruples about saving. He admitted that he had always been a free spender and a good dresser and couldn't quite see the use of holding himself down in these respects. He intimated that the penny pinchers were rather a sad lot and liable to feel lonesome in good company. Finally, however, he said that he had decided to find out how it would feel to lend money to one of the big corporations, and sent his check for a small bond. Evidently the sensation was highly satisfying, for he quickly developed into what we call a consistent buyer. His purchases average about a thousand dollars a year. But in order to keep up at this pace he has, as he puts it, been obliged to move out of the silk-shirt class. He was in the other day, and grinned as he called attention to the fact that he was not the dresser that he used to be, and then added almost defiantly: 'Some of my old pals seem to think that I'm not the company for them that I used to be before I moved down into the capitalist class. Well, that's all right with me. I'm getting just as much fun out of lending money to corporations as I ever did out of swelling round with a swift little bunch and figuring if I'd be able to hold out until the next pay day.'

"School-teachers, especially those out in the country, are becoming rather consistent bond buyers. For example, here is a letter from a teacher who began by buying a one-hundred-dollar bond. Now she is returning it, along with a small check, as a part payment on a five-hundred-dollar bond. Meantime she has brought us three other women customers."

Mention of the partial-payment plan of bond buying calls for a word of caution. The buyer should demand and receive, along with the receipt for his initial payment, the numbers or markings which will specifically identify the particular bond which is being sold to him. Any thoroughly responsible bond house will comply with such a request. The wisdom of taking this precaution arises from the fact that some houses have been found to be following the practice of selling short to cover their partial-payment sales. In other words, they take the partial-payment money for a bond of a certain issue and denomination and take their chances on picking up the bond in the open market at the time when the final payment on it is due and delivery must be made. Naturally this practice does not give the partial-payment buyer full protection or complete assurance that the specific bond on which he is making payments will be delivered to him.

Occasionally the partial-payment plan upon buying brings to the surface of the deadly grind an incident which breaks the monotony and bears the exchange of a



Merely an Eyelet—
but Vital to
Handsome Footwear

The steel hooks and eyelets in Nunn-Bush Superfine Shoes are nickel plated and covered with colored celluloid to harmonize with the shoe. They cannot rust or turn "brassy."

This in itself is a small detail, but it is such care in the selection of materials and in the maintaining of standards of workmanship that has given Nunn-Bush Shoes their reputation.

On display in the larger exclusive shops—
in New York at the Nunn-Bush stores,
9 Cortlandt Street and 139 Nassau Street

Style Book on request

NUNN, BUSH & WELDON SHOE CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

NUNN-BUSH

Chromel
MARSH ALLOYS
THE HEAT-RESISTANT METAL

It's the Heating Wire—Not the Frame

When you buy an electric toaster, you pay for a gleaming device built around coils of slender wire that leaps to glowing heat when you turn the current on. The highly polished frame lends beauty and convenience, but the heating wire is the part you buy for service. The toaster is useful to you only as long as the wire doesn't burn out.

In most standard toasters and other electric heating devices, this heating element is Chromel, the original nickel-chromium alloy. It is the most durable and heat-resistant combination of metals ever discovered.

It created the vast electric heating industry. It serves you constantly—lasts almost indefinitely. And because of that fact, your electric appliances keep giving you satisfactory service.

Industrial Uses for Chromel

Chromel's remarkable heat-resistant properties, at temperatures up to 2000° F., suggest its use in many places where high temperatures quickly break down iron and steel.

Its use is particularly recommended where making renewals entails tearing down the apparatus.

Chromel is used in Hoskins Electric Furnaces and is the alloy most widely used for pyrometer thermocouples. Metallurgists, chemists, and production managers confronted with heat problems are invited to write the Research Dept., Hoskins Mfg. Co., Detroit. Note: Chromel as resistance wire is sold only to licensees, except for experimental purposes.

ORIGINATED BY
HOSKINS · DETROIT

smile. Not long since a depositor at a certain Chicago bank paused at the bond window of that institution and asked if he could buy bonds there on the partial-payment plan. He was told rather tersely that they couldn't bother with transactions of that kind; that the game was not worth the candle. He quietly remarked that it seemed to him a very good game, and one which was particularly well calculated to encourage thrift—a tendency which appeared to him to be particularly well worth encouragement in these days.

Leaving the bank, he went immediately into a bond house, related the incident and bought a ten-thousand-dollar bond on the short-time, partial-payment plan.

One of the most consistent customers of a certain Chicago bond house, under the partial-payment plan, is a judge with a salary of about fifteen thousand dollars a year. A very few years ago he made substantially this confession to an intimate friend who had made a fortune amounting to several million dollars:

"I've spent a good many years on the bench, and am credited with knowing considerable about the intricacies of the law; but I'm little better than a babe in the woods when it comes to saving money or getting ahead. Somehow my salary slips away between my fingers, and I have just awakened to the fact that if I am ever going to get together enough to see us through it must be done before long, for I am now at the peak of my life so far as earning is concerned."

The response of his millionaire friend was direct and pointed, as he had expected.

"You're right," was the answer. "I know you and your kind. You will never get ahead if you go on with just a vague, general good intention that you will mend your ways and save something out of your salary. On the other hand, you have a keen sense of obligation. Your experience as a judge has drilled that into you. Your way out to a comfortable competency is to take on a direct and specific obligation to pay a certain amount—not a theoretical obligation, but a real one. Probably you have a dread of debt. I can't see how a judge on the bench could fail to have. In most cases debt spells losses, not gains; dead horses, not live ones.

"If you will figure out just how small a sum will keep you and your family in decent comfort for the next year, and then go in debt to a first-class bond house for gilt-edged securities to the amount of the remainder of your salary you will find yourself, at the end of the year, ahead by just that sum. You may find it hard sledding, but you'll dig out somehow, and you'll have something to show for it. That is about the only way by which you will be able to make a reasonable provision for your family and yourself."

Pickers and Choosers

This advice was followed to the letter, and vigorously. The plan has been just as fruitful and satisfactory as the man who proposed it expected that it would be.

The head salesman for a bond house located a little off the main financial street tells this pertinent experience:

"Within five days five young men strolled into this office, which you see is easily accessible from the sidewalk and not quite so formidable in appearance as some other bond offices, confessed that they had never owned any bonds except Liberties, and admitted that they were doing little more than gratifying an idle curiosity in asking about what securities we had to sell and the terms on which we were selling them. Every one bought a small bond on the partial-payment plan. Only one went in for a five-hundred-dollar investment.

"One of these young men was a salesman, another a bookkeeper, another had a small position in a real-estate office and I imagine that the fourth was a wageworker. My reason for making this guess as to the fourth man is the fact that he elected to buy a first-mortgage security put out by a relatively small concern manufacturing plumbers' supplies. The total issue, as I recall it, was three hundred thousand dollars. The bookkeeper bought a bond issued by the manufacturers of a certain safe cabinet with which he seemed to be instantly familiar. That issue was only a million dollars. One of the other men bought a well-known bond and the other the bond of a big mail-order house. The fifth customer bought a bond of the French Government.

"These men were given the principal points with regard to a dozen or more different securities without having any one of them especially urged. The lines upon which they made their free selection seemed to be decidedly interesting. The two who bought the bonds of the small corporations unquestionably did so because of personal familiarity with the products put out by the concerns issuing the bonds. The two buying the manufacturers' and the mail-order bonds were evidently influenced in their preferences by the fact that the concerns offering these securities were household names and companies doing an immense business. As to the fifth man, I think that the eight-per-cent return was the main consideration. Then, you know, there is a saying that every true American has two countries—his own and France. This feeling may have had something to do with his decision, for he was certainly an upstanding young American.

"Every one of those five young men now feels that he is a regular honest-to-goodness capitalist and he likes the feeling. They are bound to become steady customers and they will bring in their friends. I speak of these young men because they are typical of the new crop of bond buyers. And don't forget that without this new crop of small capitalists industry would be having a mighty hard time right now to finance itself."

Thrifty Wage Earners

The owner of a one-man bond business sketches the situation in these words:

"My business is not a big one compared with that of a number of others on the street. Most of my sales are made personally or are the direct result of a line of advertising to which I give careful attention. When I tell you that this year more than eight hundred new customers have been placed on my books and that nearly all of them are persons who have never before bought bonds, you can see at a glance the trend of the times and get a line on who is furnishing the money for the financing of industry. To my mind this statement tells the whole story.

"Why, just the other day a big husky roughneck walked up to the window of the cashier's cage, pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket and said: 'Gimme three o' them packin'-house bonds. I'm goin' to try this capitalist game and see how I like it. And I'm in a hurry too. I'm a teamster and I've got my wagon round here in the alley. I've got to get back to the horses as soon as I can.'

"There's one machinist on our books who started with a five-hundred-dollar bond and paid out in two months. Since then he has bought fifteen hundred dollars' worth, and has been the direct means of selling five chauffeurs of his acquaintance bonds to the amount of another fifteen hundred dollars. The sale of one baby bond to a man in a small railroad position brought in seven of his friends, who also bought and are bound to become steady customers. In August, 1918, a man drawing a salary of about three thousand a year bought a five-hundred-dollar bond, like the rest of 'em, just to see how it would feel to be a capitalist. To date he has made fourteen separate purchases.

"If you can think of a man any farther removed from a capitalist than a grocery clerk you have a better imagination than I; but I have one steady grocery-clerk customer who pays in to us twenty dollars a month with clocklike regularity. A loader, or caller, on the elevated road is another one of our steadies. A sign painter is another confirmed partial-payment buyer, and so are several drug clerks."

Bond salesmen generally seem to have a keen appreciation of the fact that an employee of a large company putting out an issue of bonds is a first-class prospect as a purchaser. For example, one of the first moves made by a large Chicago bond house in the disposal of its allotment of the bonds of one of the big industrial concerns was to get into immediate touch with the heads of departments and the minor executives of that organization. The sales resulting from this move are reported to be highly satisfactory. In commenting on this point the sales manager of the bond house said:

"Why wouldn't the executives of that concern, from the rank of foreman up, be the best kind of prospects for us? They come into daily contact with the property, the organization and the products of the company. Of course this doesn't imply

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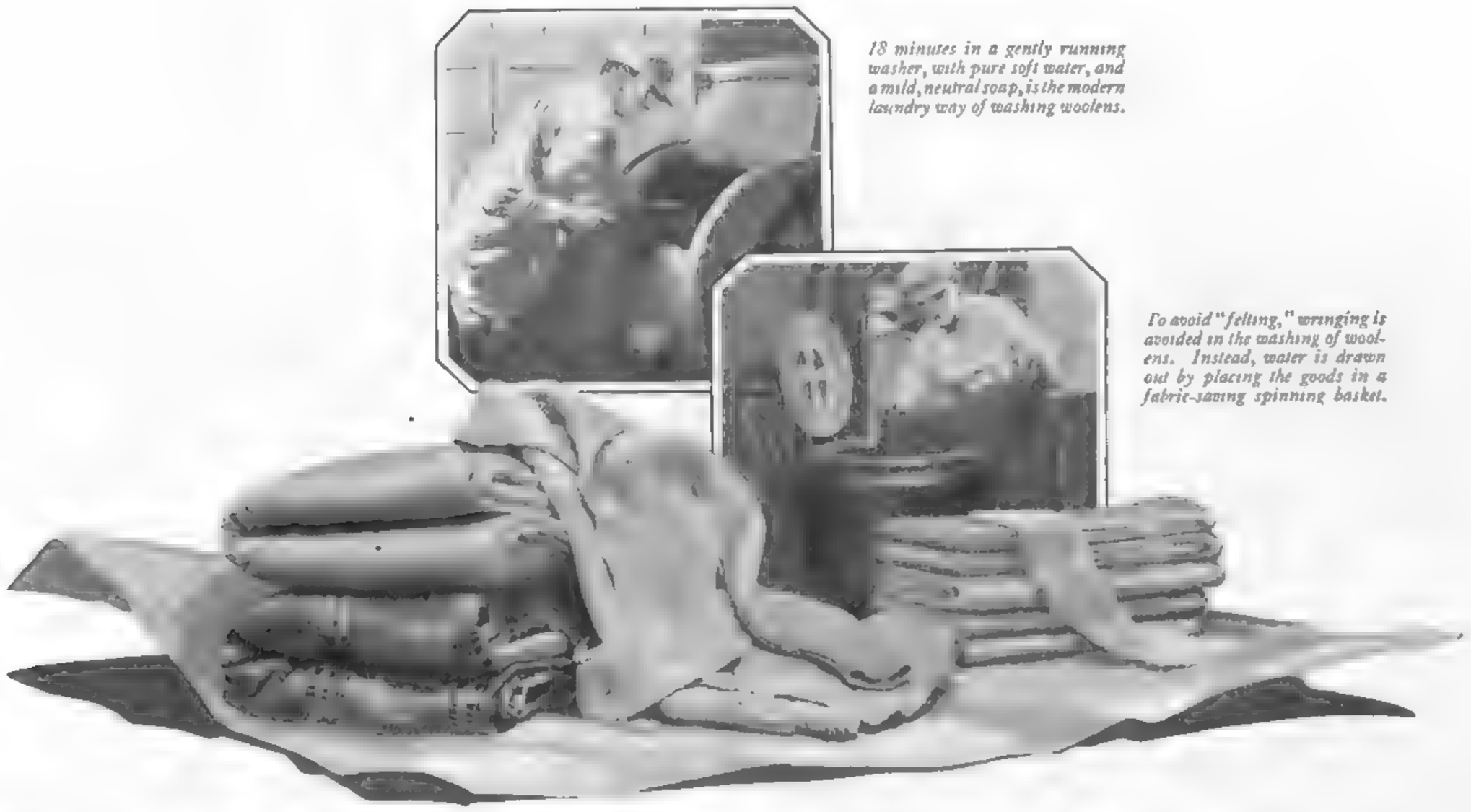
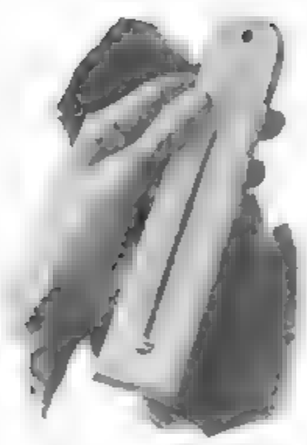


18 minutes in a gently running washer, with pure soft water, and a mild, neutral soap, is the modern laundry way of washing woolens.

To avoid "felting," wringing is avoided in the washing of woolens. Instead, water is drawn out by placing the goods in a fabric-saving spinning basket.

A More *Saving* and *Scientific* Way of Washing the Family Woolens



In order to preserve fluffiness, woolens are washed in soft water maintained constantly at 110 degrees.

Washdays have been in vogue since Adam donned his first shirt, but even yet you often hear it said—"Oh, anyone can do the washing."

And anyone could do the washing the *old* way, when laundering consisted chiefly of tying the family bundle in the nearest brook, and leaving the cleansing to the rippling waters. And most anyone could do "things" the rub-and-scrub way.

But we know today that fabrics, like people, have their peculiarities—and for today's laundries modern methods of meeting these requirements of your clothes have been developed. Take the "peculiarities" of woolens as an instance. Woolens—our blankets, flannels, underwear, and sweaters—are composed of the same elements as our fingernails and hair. They soften, shrink, and felt unless they are washed in the right way, in the right water, with the right soap.

Here is the method that modern laundries use—it is this method which The Laundry-owners National Association prescribes for woolens, and which is in use in modern laundries everywhere:

"Prepare bath by running into washer ten inches of water in inside cylinder. Adjust temperature to 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Add neutral soap and run washer until suds are formed. Place woolens in washer and run 15 minutes. Remove woolens to spinning basket (to withdraw water) and spin for one minute after full speed is obtained. Discharge suds from washer, and run in fresh water of same temperature as used for suds (use thermometer); replace woolens in this bath, and rinse three minutes. Place woolens in spinning basket, and run for two minutes after speed is obtained. Dry at ordinary room temperature. (Woolens should not be dried at high temperature.)"

Your laundress can hardly be expected to know these numerous details—it has required many experiments, and long study by specialists to work them out. It is this practice, based on knowledge, which distinguishes professional laundering from the domestic.

There are other similarly exact methods for the laundering of colored goods; for cottons and linens; for silks; for everything you send in your family bundle.

Why cling, then, to the old way, with all its work and worries? The assistance of trained helpers can be yours for the asking. Try the improved service they offer. Send your family washing to a modern laundry today.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY.
Executive Offices: Cincinnati

Will YOU Profit by the Experience of the Merrell-Soule Company?

The Merrell-Soule Company of Syracuse, N. Y., manufacturers of Klim and None-Such Mince Meat, are using The Dictaphone in all their departments. For several years The Dictaphone has solved this company's correspondence problems, both general and inter-office. Robert G. Soule, Vice-President and General Sales Manager, says: "We find The Dictaphone a wonderful investment and a means of saving in time which could not be represented in dollars and cents. Personally, I feel that I could get along without a telephone easier than without The Dictaphone in my work."

Whether your office is large or small, we are ready to give you a working demonstration of The Dictaphone on a definite basis of increased output that means less cost per letter. Write, wire, or phone for a working demonstration.

THE DICTAPHONE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

"The Shortest Route to the Mail-Chute"

The National Bank of Commerce, New York. William C. Henchy, Manager of the Credit Department, says: "We have 15 Dictaphones in use at present and they give entire satisfaction for the work for which they are used."

Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Charles S. Nagel, Mgr. Credit and Collection Dept., says: "If we had not been able to speed up our correspondence by means of the 25 Dictaphones used in our offices, we would not be using them. After several years' experience with Dictaphones we find them to be entirely satisfactory and we estimate that without them we should require a 20% larger clerical force to dispose of our large volume of correspondence."

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md. Mr. Philip Hamburger, Jr., Secretary, says: "For several years we have been using Dictaphones in this office. Needless to say, they save valuable time and in most cases it would be practically impossible to get along without them. Through your yearly inspection agreement all machines are kept in perfect condition."

Phone or write our Branch nearest you for convincing demonstration in your office, on your work, and for Booklet, "The Man at the Desk"

THE DICTAPHONE, Woolworth Building, New York City

Branches

Akron, Ohio	Chicago, Ill.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	New Orleans, La.	San Francisco, Cal.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Atlanta, Ga.	Cincinnati, Ohio	Hartford, Conn.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Springfield, Mass.	Toledo, Ohio
Baltimore, Md.	Cleveland, Ohio	Indianapolis, Ind.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	St. Louis, Mo.	Washington, D. C
Birmingham, Ala.	Dallas, Texas	Kansas City, Mo.	Portland, Ore.	St. Paul, Minn.	Worcester, Mass
Boston, Mass.	Denver, Colo.	Los Angeles, Cal.	Providence, R. I.	Seattle, Wash.	Montreal, Can.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Des Moines, Iowa	Minneapolis, Minn.	Rochester, N. Y.	Spokane, Wash.	Toronto, Ont.
	Detroit, Mich.	New Haven, Conn.	Salt Lake City, Utah		

There is but one Dictaphone, trade-marked "The Dictaphone," made and merchandised by the Columbia Graphophone Company

(Continued from Page 130)

that the foreman of a single room or the superintendent of one department would be in position, by reason of his job, to have a look in on the operations of the company as a whole, but it does imply that he is in a position to form a rather shrewd opinion of how things are going with the company.

"Then there is another consideration which I feel sure has no little weight with these men. This is a feeling on their part that they can contribute at least something toward making the operations of the company successful. It is simply a matter of ordinary human nature for them to carry constantly in the back of their minds as they go about their duties the fact that the company is a borrower from them and that the soundness of their loans depends upon the success of the business in which they are employed as executives. No argument is needed to show that this is a wholesome condition so far as the company is concerned. By the same token, when a bond house finds the executives of a corporation, and especially those in minor positions, eager to buy the securities of that company, the bond salesmen naturally see in this fact a strong selling argument for the issue, and one which they seldom fail to use effectively with the ordinary buyer who is not connected with the company putting out the securities."

Lately I visited what I was assured is the largest house in America handling high-class bonds, preferred stocks and notes. Of the officer of this company who is its authorized spokesman I asked: "Can you sketch in a sentence the change which has taken place in the ranks of capitalists in this country as a result of World War conditions?"

"Our average sale is under three thousand dollars."

This statement will be little less than astounding to the experienced investor, particularly if he is located in the East. That those who are inexperienced and have little or no idea of the volume and character of the business done by this great Wall Street house may get the full force of the picture presented by this crisp statement, let it be said that this institution will announce an issue of ten, twenty or forty millions in the morning and see it completely sold by high noon; that the largest bond absorbing institutions in America—the big insurance and trust companies and savings banks—are its next-door neighbors and front-row customers, and to many of these concerns a million-dollar order is by no means a sensational purchase, and a hundred-thousand-dollar purchase is small potatoes.

With these facts in mind, consider the statement that the average sale of this house is under three thousand dollars! That statement is the history, in one short sentence, of a national revolution in the field of financial industry. An average sale of three thousand dollars for the year's business of the distributing house which would probably receive the largest orders and attract the heaviest buyers of any institution in America! The story of the new-crop capitalists of this country could not be told in fewer or more illuminating words. What the average purchase was in prewar days does not appear to be available, but a guess that it was not much under fifteen thousand dollars is regarded as safe by those who should know.

Big Buyers Crowded Out

"This means," continued the officer of this company, "that there has been almost a complete overturning of the methods of financing in America. For one thing, it means that the wageworkers, the great army of employees in clerical positions, the small-town business and professional men are now the actual capitalists of this country. They have suddenly swept down upon the world of finance and made a wallflower of the old-time traditional capitalist. He is simply lost in the crowd of the new croppers. The only way by which he can maintain his position, his leadership, is by sheer ability and his knowledge of the game.

"Just to indicate how the small man has crowded the rich man out of the general investment field, I recall an issue of securities by a large corporation in the earlier days of this revolutionary change. The average sale was under two thousand dollars. We made a careful survey of this company's affairs, as we do, of course, of those of all companies whose securities we handle, and found that ninety per cent of its seventeen thousand employees were shareholders in the company. A recent survey of our business in industrials—bonds, notes and preferred stocks of companies doing a strictly industrial business—disclosed the fact that the average sale was about two thousand dollars.

"Take a certain issue of preferred stock put out by a company of the highest character. The total issue was ten million dollars. Of this we sold six million three hundred and forty thousand dollars. It was disposed of on three thousand two hundred and forty-one orders, making the amount of the average order less than two thousand dollars. This transaction is typical of the whole volume of business done by this institution, which is in position to command as large orders as any house in the market.

"Consider the recent issue of bonds by the Government of France, for example. We made only five sales for one hundred thousand dollars or more. But the sales of one thousand dollars or less were close to two thousand in number. This is the way it goes, day in and day out. It's a poor man's market. The rich man is out of it, except as to those securities which are exempt from taxation, or virtually so.

"There is one feature of this great change in marketing securities which does not usually occur to the layman. This is the necessity of a vast machinery of distribution. In order to reach the new crop of capitalists we must put out a dragnet which sweeps the entire country. In the old days when the rich man was the capitalist who furnished the money to finance industry and public improvements he could be reached with little or no trouble, because he was, generally speaking, located in the real financial centers. Bond houses didn't have to hunt him on the prairies of Nebraska, the mountains of Colorado, or the deserts of Arizona or New Mexico. They might have telephoned Pittsburgh, Chicago and Cleveland if an issue were not absorbed by New York, Boston and Philadelphia; but that would have been about the limit of the outside effort required."

The Bond-Seller's Dragnet

"But look at the geographical spread of the dragnet to-day! We must reach every part of America. And when we perfected an organization to do this we had a few surprises in the matter of responses. Not long since we put out an industrial loan for a company located in the East but manufacturing a product of almost universal distribution. The immediate response to the announcement of this issue brought the following scores of orders:

Albany	42	Chicago	121
Buffalo	23	San Francisco	42
New York	130	Los Angeles	28
Pittsburgh	63	New Orleans	13
Cleveland	23		

"The cost of floating an issue of bonds to-day, when they must be disposed of to small buyers scattered over the whole United States instead of to a relatively few rich men and corporations within easy reach in the big centers of wealth, is, of course, immensely greater. First there is a system of private wires to branch offices in all the big cities of the country, with radiations to those of secondary importance. This is, of course, a huge expense, but it is cheaper than it would be to pay the regular tolls on the volume of messages necessary to take care of the business. Then there is maintenance of fully fifty branch offices, with their rents, salesmen, clerks, messengers and stenographers—an overhead which is immense in its total.

"The mere physical task of handling such a vast volume of bonds is really stupendous beyond anything dreamed of by those who do not see it with their own eyes. Put it this way: We do a tonnage business in bonds, and the average unit of shipment is a small parcel. Virtually the business of selling securities by the biggest houses in the business—those handling the largest issues and selling to the biggest buyers—has changed from a wholesale to a retail basis. This commercial comparison sketches the situation in clearer lines than any other illustration I could use. We are selling and shipping in pound packages instead of in huge crates and boxes, to pursue the comparison still further. This change applies particularly to those securities which are not classed as exempt from taxation, and these constitute the great bulk of the business. Bonds which are exempt from taxation, or at least virtually exempt, are still sold in huge blocks to wealthy private individuals, to trustees of estates, to

NEARLY Christmas—and you're wearing athletic underwear. In fact, you'd no more think of switching back to "heavies" than you would of sleeping with closed windows.

The Topkis "all-year-'round" idea is one of health. Topkis Athletic Union Suits allow your skin to be normally active. Better circulation. Fewer colds.

For comfort there's nothing like Topkis! Roomy fit—pre-shrunk nainsook keeps it permanent.

Topkis values are unsurpassed! Ask your dealer.

$1.25 for Men's Athletic Union Suits
85c for Men's Shirts; 85c for Drawers
$1.00 for Boys' Union, Children's Waist Union and Girls' Bloomer Union Suits

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY
Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

Before using Asbestair, 12 tons needed — After using Asbestair, 10 tons enough

Save Coal! Keep Warmer

IT has not been generally understood that the plain asbestos paper commonly used on furnace pipes is of value as fire protection only.

That it does not really keep heat from being given off from the pipes in your cellar was proved by many laboratory tests made this year at the University of Illinois.

—Asbestair, which is corrugated asbestos paper *filled with insulating air cells*, will stop the escape of excess heat into the cellar.

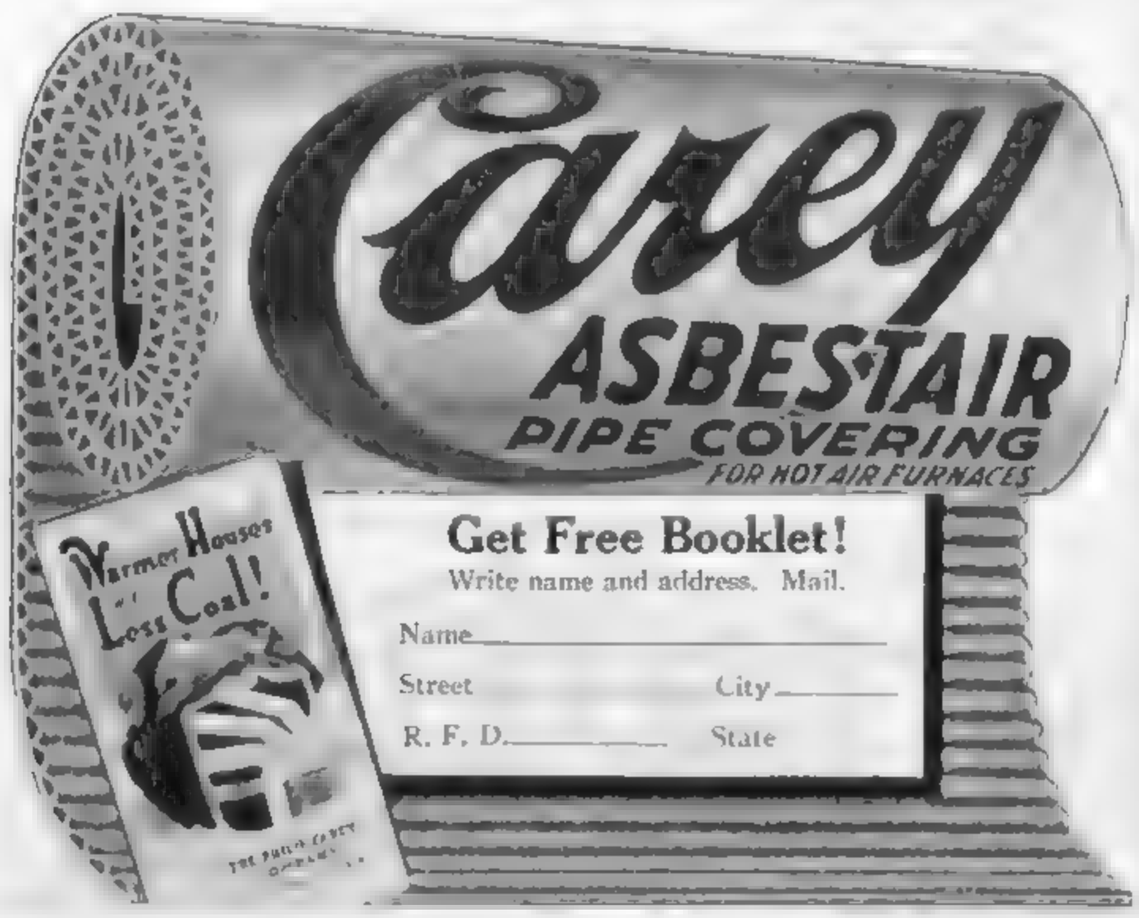
By using it, 73 per cent of the heat given off into the cellar from your uncovered—or plain asbestos paper covered—pipes will be kept inside the pipes.

It will therefore be delivered upstairs, making your house warmer. This will enable you to heat the entire house better on the coldest days. You will consume fifteen or twenty per cent less coal. Asbestair costs no more than the coal it generally saves the first year. It saves coal *every* year, and lasts as long as the furnace. It can be applied *easily* by anyone.

If you are interested in coal saving write for name of nearest dealer, and *free booklet described below.*

THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY

Waynemills Ave. Lockland Cincinnati, Ohio



trust companies, savings banks and insurance companies. They can really afford to buy no other kind, because of the Federal income tax.

"But there are compensations—and very substantial ones—in the fact that the money by which American industry is financed must come directly from the savings of millions of persons of small income instead of from men who have made huge or even moderate fortunes.

"Small buyers are bound to become larger buyers. This tendency is almost universal. Again, the wide distribution of an issue gives it strength and stability. This applies to stock shares as well as bonds. Put it this way, if you like: When the securities or the shares of a company are scattered in the hands of thousands of small holders they are less subject to sudden manipulation than if they were held by a few big capitalists or corporations which might, for purposes of their own, act in rather compact groups.

"Then there is a further stabilizing influence in having the securities in the hands of wageworkers, clerks, foremen, minor executives and all those who perform the actual work in the fields of industry and commerce. The possession of a bond, a note or a share of preferred or common stock issued by an industrial company changes the viewpoint of the worker from that of a mere employee to that of one who is loaning money to industry—probably to the very one from which he receives his pay check. This change may be wholly unconscious, but it is there just the same. That man is going to stop and think before he takes any step calculated to weaken his security or reduce the dividends on his investment if he is a shareholder. This is simply a matter of human nature."

Wide Security Distribution

But there is still another reason why a wide distribution of securities and shares among persons of small means carries a stabilizing influence. This is the educational effect of owning a bond. When a man buys a bond, a note or share of preferred stock put out by a corporation he immediately begins to learn about corporations, how they are financed, how they earn their money and what are the principal perils which threaten and assail them. This makes it harder for the demagogue politician and the radical labor agitator to stampede the common people with specious arguments against capital and capitalists. Also it lessens the perils to corporations and to invested capital from vicious legislation framed for the sole purpose of appealing to the prejudices of the worker and the poor man. In a word, the unconscious educational movement which is the natural and inevitable result of the fact that the workers and the men and women of small means are now the real capitalists of America is supplanting ignorance and prejudice on the part of hundreds of thousands of financially small people with knowledge and intelligence—at least to an appreciable extent. This is the best antidote for the poison of radicalism and of vicious and wild legislation that possibly could be administered. When a worker pays his hard money for an industrial or a public-utility bond you can no more keep him from finding out at least something about what makes that bond good and what is liable to make it poor than you can prevent a newly wed from scanning the family budget.

If you are inclined to have any doubt about the extent to which the American people have turned capitalists, and are dissatisfied with the evidence already offered on the ground that it comes from those authorities having a selfish interest in stimulating bond buying, there is an easy way by which you can arrive at the facts. The distribution of the shares of all public-utility corporations, for example, is a matter of public record; and for that matter the distribution of the shares of almost every large corporation may be had for the asking; and this will apply in large measure to the distribution of their bonds and securities. In other words, the wider the distribution and the greater the number of small holders, the prouder are the companies to publish the facts.

Here, for example, is a statement by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of the distribution of its shares in an official report:

"On December 31, 1919, there were 117,725 stockholders of your company, an increase of 10.15% compared with 1918, with an average holding of 84.82 shares. Over 48% of the total stockholders were women. Almost 40% of the total stock is held in the state of Pennsylvania and over 47% of the stockholders are residents of that state. The holders of the company's stock continued to increase and now exceed 120,000 in number. Over 85% of them own less than $5000 each. They have placed their savings in stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, presumably in preference to other investments, and are dependent on their regular dividends for part of their support. This is further evidence of the often-repeated fact that our citizens and their savings, insurance and other institutions own the railroads, and it is an encouraging sign of their increasing thrift. It also emphasizes the importance of the great trust imposed on your management and working organization, and the necessity for equitable laws to fully protect these owners."

Who Owns the Railways?

Now glance at an official statement of the distribution of the stock of the New York Central Railroad Company for 1919:

"There was no change in the capital stock of the company during the year.

"Since the date of the annual meeting on January 22, 1919, the number of stockholders has increased 1752, the total number at the end of the year being 30,445, of whom 30,180 were in the United States and 265 abroad. The par value held by those in the United States was $247,825,355, and by those abroad $1,772,000, the average holdings being 82 and 67 shares respectively. In 1915 the numbers reported were 22,270 in the United States and 2772 abroad, the general average holding being approximately 100 shares, while at the end of 1919 it was 82 shares."

Since the issuance of this report the number of shareholders of New York Central stock has increased to 32,151.

About seventy-five per cent of the shareholders of the Illinois Central Railroad Company own less than fifty shares each. As the company has nearly 12,000 shareholders, this would mean that 9000 of them are to be classed as small holders.

Take the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company as another example in point. Here is a concise official statement of the distribution of capital stock:

	NUMBER OF STOCKHOLDERS	PER CENT	TOTAL SHARES HELD	PER CENT	AVERAGE SHARES HELD
Males	22,573	45.72	1,536,791	44.32	68 08
Females	22,364	45.30	810,477	23.37	36 24
Total individuals	44,937	91.02	2,347,268	67.69	52 25
Estates	2,846	5.77	293,269	8 46	103 04
Banks	228	.46	55,628	1 60	243 98
Insurance companies	98	.20	90,044	2 60	918 82
Other corporations	412	.83	221,492	6 39	537 60
Total corporations	738	1.49	367,164	10.59	497 51
Firms	849	1.72	459,901	13.26	541 70
Total stockholders	49,370	100.00	3,467,602	100.00	70 24

"The total number of individuals holding stock is 44,937, of which 22,573 are males, or 50.23 per cent, and 22,364 are females, or 49.77 per cent.

"The total shares held by individuals are 2,347,268, of which 1,536,791 are held by males, or 65.47 per cent, and 810,477 by females, or 34.53 per cent."

In commenting on this statement a representative of the company said:

"These figures were compiled August 26, 1919, and, I believe, are fairly representative of the situation at the present time, though there has been some increase in the number of individual stockholders, making the total number of stockholders more than fifty thousand."

This tabulated statement is uncommonly analytical and instructive. It will reward an intensive study by those who wish to learn something of how small people are becoming the owners of America's railways.

(Continued on Page 137)

AT the outset of this business, twelve years ago, certain policies were laid down to guide it.

Chief of these was that each individual wheel, each day, be built with such scrupulous care that the company and its product should become favorably known.

The company and its product did become favorably known—to a few manufacturers at first, and finally throughout the entire automotive industry.

Now the five great Hayes plants will turn out 20,000 wheels in a single day's operations.

If it is seemly to record the fact that the Hayes Wheel Company is thus the largest builder of wood, wire and steel wheels in the world, it is more seemly to record another fact:

That is, that there has never been the slightest deviation from the old rule.

Hayes Wheels must always be good wheels. They must always be honestly built, of honest purpose. They must always be worthy to carry the name Hayes, and to render the trustworthy service which manufacturers and individual users have a right to expect of them.

Automotive Manufacturers Who Use Hayes Wheels

W. H. Allison Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Auburn Automobile Co	Auburn, Ind
Barley Motor Car Co.	Kalamazoo, Mich.
Briscoe Motors Corp	Jackson, Mich.
Buick Motor Co.	Flint, Mich.
J. I. Case T. M. Co.	Racine, Wis.
Chevrolet Motor Co.	New York City
Columbia Motors Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Commonwealth Motors Co	Chicago, Ill.
Geo. W. Davis Motor Car Co.	Richmond, Va.
Dodge Brothers	Detroit, Mich.
Du Pont Motors Incorporated	Wilmington, Del.
Elgin Motor Car Co.	Argo, Ill.
Ford Motor Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Gardner Motor Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
General Motors Export Co.	New York City
H. C. S. Motor Car Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Hackley Knight Co.	Kalamazoo, Mich.
Huffman Brothers Motor Car Co	Elkhart, Ind
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	Detroit, Mich.
Jackson Motors Corp.	Jackson, Mich.
Jordan Motor Car Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
Marbolum Motors Corp.	Sandusky, Ohio
Maxwell Motor Sales Corp	Detroit, Mich.
Mitchell Motors Co	Racine, Wis.
Nash Motors Co	Kenosha, Wis.
Nat'l Motor Car & Vehicle Corp.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Nordyke & Marmon Co	Indianapolis, Ind.
Pan-American Motors Corp	Decatur, Ill.
W. A. Paterson Co.	Flint, Mich.
Peerless Motor Car Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
Premier Motors Corp.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Sabrett Tractor Co.	Janesville, Wis.
Stearns Motor Carriage Co.	Newton, Mass.
Templar Motor Co.	Rockford, Ill.
Westcott Motor Car Co.	Springfield, Ohio
Willys-Overland Co.	Toledo, Ohio
Willys Corp.	Elizabeth, New Jersey

HAYES Wheel Company

Jackson, Michigan

Branches at Albion, Mich. and Anderson, Ind. Hayes Motor Truck Wheel Co., St. Johns, Mich. Hayes Wheel Co., Ltd., of Canada, Chatham, Ont. and Windsor, Ont.

World's Largest Builder of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

For Christmas— Walnuts, of course!

All who appreciate and enjoy good food, eat Walnuts at Christmas. The sound of the nut-cracker is heard throughout the land!

There are so many ways to use these wholesome, delicious nature-goodies besides right out of the shell—after you've unrolled the foil you wrapped them in to ornament the Christmas tree.

In the holiday candy, for instance—and for those desserts and dainties that naturally go with Christmas—Walnuts are truly essential. Also the more substantial courses of your holiday feasts will be greatly bettered by their liberal use. Walnuts in the poultry dressing give zest and distinctive flavor. And to many meat and vegetable dishes, plump, wholesome nut meats lend a delicious savor, and add most appetizingly to the nutritive value, too.

For of all the wonderful foods that nature has produced, DIAMOND BRAND California Walnuts best combine nutriment with flavor. A pound of Walnut meats contains as many calories (the scientific measurement of food value) as six pounds of lean ribs of beef, or five pounds of eggs, or thirteen pounds of oysters.

Get your holiday Walnuts now. Insist upon having DIAMOND BRAND. They are the world's best Walnuts—actually *better grown*, uniformly better graded, even *crack-tested* before shipment, to prove them full-weight, plump-meated, fine flavored, perfect Walnuts.

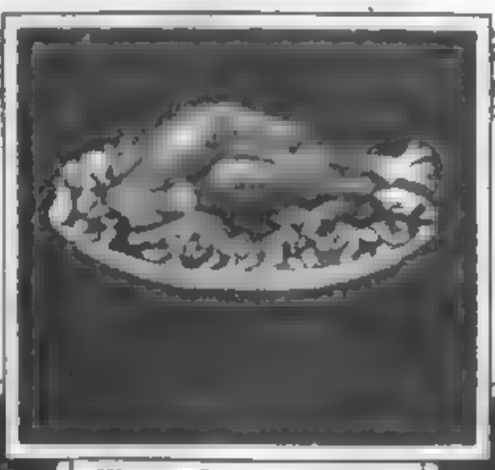
CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
A purely co-operative, non-profit organization of over 3000 growers
Our yearly production over Forty Million Pounds

"Crackin' Good Walnuts"

DIAMOND BRAND CALIFORNIA WALNUTS

The recipes shown here—and many more just as tempting—are given in our new recipe book shown above. It contains the favorite dishes of the Women of the Walnut Growers as well as the best Walnut recipes of a culinary expert. Send your Dealer's name and address for a free copy. Address Department D.

And here are two new and convenient ways to secure DIAMOND BRAND Walnuts—both packed in vacuum to preserve their natural freshness. Ask your Dealer.

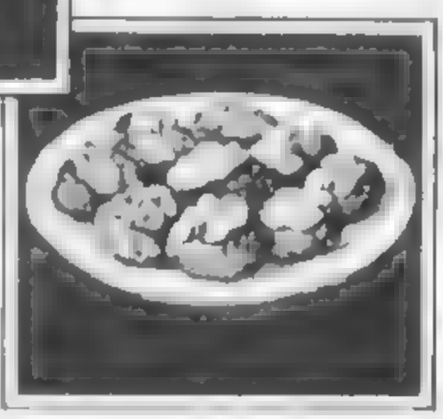


PEAR, CHEESE & WALNUT SALAD

Mix equal parts Neufchatel cheese, chopped celery and chopped Walnuts. Moisten with cream and add salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Roll into balls. Serve with canned pears and mayonnaise on lettuce.

WALNUT POULTRY DRESSING

Crumble 1 loaf stale bread. Add chopped giblets (cooked until tender) and [illegible], 1 cup celery and 1 cup Walnut meats, chopped fine; also poultry seasoning, salt and pepper. Moisten slightly with liquid in which giblets were cooked. Stuff fowl and roast as usual.



QUICK FRUIT CAKE

Chop and mix ½ cup raisins and ½ cup Walnut meats. Season with salt, shape into small cakes and press a half Walnut into each. Wrap in parafine paper—for luncheon or picnic use.

(Continued from Page 134)

Now turn to industrials, and for the sake of variety start with a relatively small corporation operating in one city only—the Walden W. Shaw Corporation, generally referred to as the Yellow Cab Company. This company is selected as an example of popular distribution because of the degree to which the problem of employee ownership is injected into the situation. Here is the statement of an officer of the company:

"Employees of the Walden W. Shaw Corporation, the holding company which operates the Yellow Cab Company of Chicago, and the Yellow Cab Manufacturing Company of Chicago, own approximately thirty thousand of the corporation's two hundred thousand shares. With the exception of several fairly good-sized blocks owned by department heads and older employees, the stock is held in small lots, ranging from one to twenty-five or more shares. In every instance this stock represents a profit to the employee if sold at the present market price. It is estimated that employees now have a profit of between fifteen hundred thousand and two million dollars on stock thus held.

"Impetus to this movement was given by President John Hertz, who early in the history of the company felt sure the owning of stock by employees would be to their benefit and to the benefit of the company.

"This stock has been acquired by employees in two ways—through the distribution of the stock by bonuses, based on efficiency and length of service, and through membership in stock clubs, by which payment was made at the rate of one dollar per share per week. The bonus system is no longer in effect, as bonuses are now paid in cash, after which the employee may buy stock if he wishes.

"Though company officials still believe the bonus plan was a good thing for the employees, as it practically forced them to save money, for the stock was not transferable for three years after its issuance, this very fact lent a theoretical compulsion to it, or, in other words, seemed to force the employees to become stockholders.

"In practical effect the stock-bonus plan was very profitable to the employees, for each dollar of stock which they received in lieu of cash bonus now represents between three and a half dollars and four dollars at its present market price."

Stock Clubs Favored

"That the compulsion, if any, in giving stock instead of cash bonus was theoretical only was shown when the plan was discontinued. The amount of stock subscribed for in the stock clubs—which is entirely a matter of volition, and indeed a favor to the subscriber—jumped at once as soon as the stock-bonus method of distribution ceased. As a matter of fact, the subscription for stock is greater under the stock-club plan alone than it was when both stock clubs and the stock-bonus plan were in operation.

"No inducement except easy payments is offered employees to become members of the stock clubs. There is no treasury stock. The stock both for clubs and for the bonuses, when they were in existence, was purchased in the open market at a price as favorable as possible to the employees. The company does not even advance money for the purpose, but the money is borrowed at the bank and paid off as members pay for their stock. Thus the company is divorced from any financial interest in the transaction.

"An example of the interest taken in employees, for which the Yellow Cab Company through its profit-sharing and other advanced methods is noted in the business world, was shown when the time came for the liquidation of one of the stock clubs. The stock club had not bought in the open market as much stock as it needed for the distribution. In the meantime the stock had made a marked advance. The board of directors, though realizing that employees would have a handsome profit, even if the required stock was bought in the open market, felt it was unfortunate that such stock had not been bought at a lower price. Accordingly the directors sold to the stock club the amount of stock required, prorating the amount according to their respective holdings, at a price ten thousand dollars below the then market price of the stock. It was in effect a direct gift of ten thousand dollars to the stock club. The stock has never sold as low as that since. That is the only instance in which an officer of the company has ever sold stock direct to the clubs.

"Because of this holding of stock by employees, a large majority of whom now already own stock or are subscribers in the present stock clubs, the stock of the Shaw Corporation is widely held in small lots for investment purposes, for the Yellow Cab Company and Yellow Cab Manufacturing Company have about three thousand employees.

"In addition to the small investment blocks held by employees, there are many other odd lots held for investment. These other holdings represent the savings of friends and relatives of employees, as well as the general investing public which has been attracted by the phenomenal growth of the company and impressed by its excellent service and equipment. The good will of the public has been a big factor in the growth of the company, and this, of course, has been represented to some extent by the purchase of stock by the investing public.

"The company has never sought to have its stock bought by outsiders, but has been interested in its own employees. At one time, when the number of shares was increased and rights issued by which stockholders could acquire additional stock at a price considerably below the market, thereby giving the rights a big value, the board of directors did not approve the action until arrangements had been made at a Chicago bank to loan money to any employee owning stock who had not the ready money to avail himself of the rights."

Stockholding Steel Workers

So much for the small corporation where virtually every one of the employees knows the active operating head of the company by sight, and where hundreds of them know him personally. Now turn to the largest corporation in the country, the United States Steel Corporation. How have the employees of this monster corporation reacted to the opportunity to become shareholders in the concern which employs them?

Here is a summary of the situation taken from an official publication of the corporation dated May 28, 1920:

"In January of each year shares of stock of the United States Steel Corporation are offered to all employees upon easy and especially favorable terms, which involve benefits beyond those to the ordinary stockholders.

"The principal features of the plan are the number of shares which can be subscribed for, depending upon the salary of the employee, but it is relatively greater for the lower-paid man.

"The price of the stock is the prevailing market price, or usually a little less. Payments—minimum $2 per share per month; maximum that can be paid is 25 per cent of monthly earnings.

"A premium of $5 per annum for five years is paid on each share of stock purchased by employees under this plan. Non-paid subscriptions may be canceled and the money paid in as refunded to the employee with five per cent interest. Premiums are not paid to employees who cancel their subscriptions, sell their stock or leave the employ of the company, and the forfeited or unpaid premiums for all those except cancellations are kept in a fund and divided pro rata among the remaining shareholders under this plan at the end of the five-year period.

"If death occurs to an employee who has subscribed for stock and made payments under this plan, his estate receives the unpaid premiums for the full five-year period and a pro-rata share of the premiums undivided at the time of death.

"On April 30, 1920, more than 40,000 employees were stockholders under this plan. Their aggregate holdings amounted to more than 186,600 shares of stock of a par value of $18,600,000. It is impossible to ascertain how many employees, in addition to those yet receiving specific benefits that continue for five years, hold stock upon which these special benefits have ceased to be paid, but it is believed that their number would greatly increase the figures here given.

"In January, 1920, employees of the United States Steel Corporation and the subsidiary companies were again offered the privilege of subscribing for shares of the common stock of the corporation under substantially the same conditions and terms as those attached to the previous years' offerings, except that the price for the 1920 subscriptions was $106 a share. Up to the present date subscriptions have

Run over heels can be prevented

What mars the beauty of ladies' feet more than ankles which turn in or out, and heels that wear down unevenly? Besides, weak ankles do more than spoil the appearance of one's feet. They indicate arch trouble.

By unbalancing the body, they frequently cause trouble and pain in the feet, legs, hip and spine.

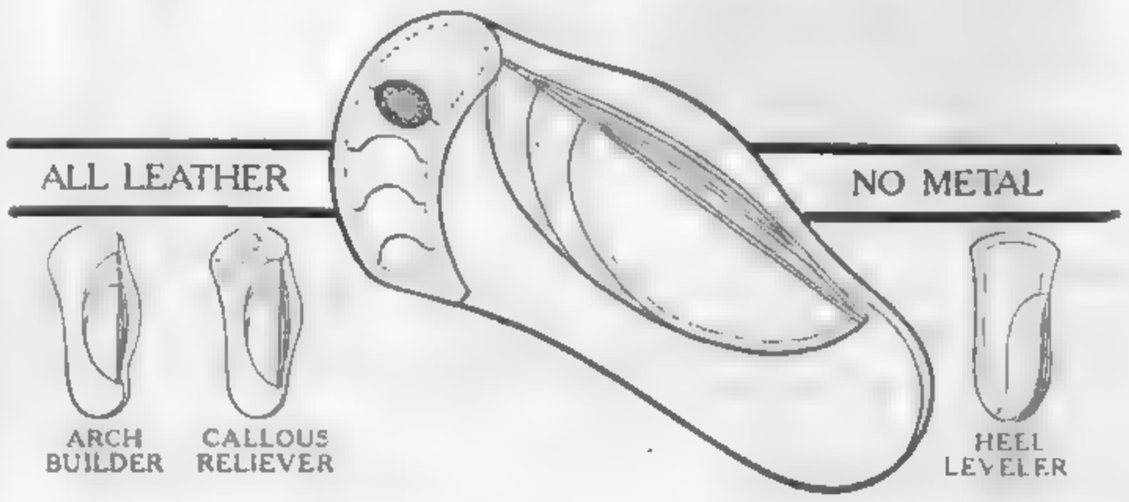
Run over heels are due to the lowering of the longitudinal arches and a mis-alignment of the heel bone. This can be corrected, and complete relief obtained both from pain and the run over heels, by wearing Wizard Adjustable Lightfoot Arch Builders and Heel Levelers.

Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders are overlapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be inserted in exactly the right place to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Adjustable Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are light, flexible and are worn without one being conscious of them.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Company, 1720 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 951 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. European Headquarters: Central Chambers, South Castle Street, Liverpool, England. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

Wizard LIGHTFOOT ARCH BUILDERS



The Luxurious Mohair Upholstery

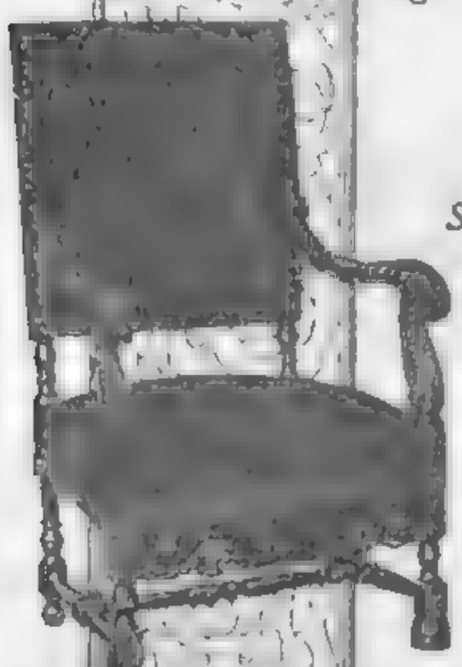
BLESSED BE CONTENTMENT

No wrinkles in the face,
No strength with worry spent,
No envy in the eye,
They're perfectly content.

Why are they content? Of the several fine appointments of their closed car, there is one which gives all-absorbing satisfaction—it is CHASE VELMO, the distinctive Mohair upholstery whose richness, enduring quality and persistent beauty give comfortable contentment.

CHASE Velmo

Sanford Mills, Sanford, Maine



Contentment in the home is expressed by CHASE VELMO as the Mohair upholstery for furniture.
Pattern on chair—Griffin-Antique.

L. C. CHASE & CO. - BOSTON
NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

been received from a total of 66,311 employees for an aggregate number of 167,263 shares. This is the largest subscription received under any offer."

It is interesting to turn to the meat-packing industry and see to what extent the small man has become an active participant in this business, which has been a popular target for investigation and criticism. The house of Swift & Co. is a good example of wide distribution of direct ownership of common stock. The president of this company, speaking to the stockholders in January, 1920, said:

"Swift & Co. now has over 35,000 shareholders of record, over 10,000 of whom are employees. Over 13,000 other employees have subscribed for shares under our 1919 employees' stock-savings plan, making a total of over 48,000, of whom 23,000 are employees, who are—or will soon become—shareholders of record."

A significant tendency of the times is suggested by the fact that this company has 13,000 women shareholders and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway company 22,364.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has about 30,000 employees who have bought shares of the company's stock.

The annual report of the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Company for 1919 shows that forty per cent of its shareholders were employees of the company.

Examples of how the workers of America are financing their own employment, both by becoming stockholders in the concerns for which they work and by lending money to the companies employing them, might be continued almost indefinitely, but those already given are typical and sufficient to enforce the point.

It is natural for those who are uninitiated in the mysteries of investment finance to ask, "Why has the rich man retired from the field as an investor in industrial and public utilities securities?"

The answer is simple—because under the present Federal income tax laws he is too heavily penalized, so to speak, for having a large income to permit him to invest in any securities which are not exempt from that tax or are at least exempt up to a certain specified total of holdings. For example, suppose that a rich man ignored this feature in making his investments and put his money into industrials or other fully taxable securities in an amount which would yield him a net income of $50,000 a year.

Out of that Uncle Sam would collect a normal tax of $3680 and a surtax of $5510 making a total of $9190. In other words, Uncle Sam would pinch 18.38 per cent of that man's income. But if this man had been able to make taxable investments yielding him a net income of $100,000 his normal tax would have been $7680, his surtax $23,510, a total of $31,190 or 31.19 per cent. Jump to a million dollar income and the per cent stands at 66.32 per cent, or a total tax of $663,190.

The Rich Man's Pastime

All of which is decidedly discouraging to the rich investor as a buyer of industrials or other securities not exempt or partially so from taxation. Is it any wonder that he has retired from this field and passed the job of financing industry to the little fellow who can get by with a rate of income tax which looks merely nominal by comparison with that which the man of big income is required to pay? For example, the individual if married and living with his wife and having no dependents with a net income of five thousand dollars has no surtax, and his total tax is only $120, or 2⅖ per cent of $5000, which is decidedly different from 18.38 per cent paid by the man with a fifty thousand dollar net taxable income. There is a popular impression that the chief sport of the rich man is playing golf. It isn't. Hunting nontaxable investments is his absorbing pastime, and he isn't playing in the amateur class either. Until the surtax penalties on large incomes are reduced the burden of financing industry is bound to rest squarely upon the great multitude of small investors who are exempt from such penalties.

But, you ask, isn't this a mighty big burden to dump on the shoulders of the workers and those of moderate and meager incomes? The answer is that it isn't a burden at all; that it's a privilege which pays mighty well. But it's a big task just the same. According to Uncle Sam's figures the capital invested in new enterprises—new ones, remember!—in 1919 whose authorized capital equaled or exceeded one hundred thousand dollars in principal was the neat little trifle of twelve billion six hundred seventy-seven million dollars.

On the other hand there's quite a crew to take care of this pleasant and profitable job of lending money to keep America at work. Here is a little table which tells how Uncle Sam's folks divide up as to their net income.

It's good reading—in spite of the fact that it relates to incomes back in 1917. If the figures for 1919 were available, there is no doubt that the yield of new-crop capitalists would be shown to be very much larger. However, the showing for 1917 isn't bad—not by a long shot!

TABLE SHOWING TOTAL NUMBER OF PERSONAL RETURNS FILED FOR THE CALENDAR YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1917, DISTRIBUTED BY INCOME CLASSES

INCOME CLASS		NUMBER OF RETURNS
$1,000 to	$2,000	1,640,758
2,000 to	2,500	480,486
2,500 to	3,000	358,221
3,000 to	4,000	374,958
4,000 to	5,000	185,805
5,000 to	6,000	105,988
6,000 to	7,000	64,010
7,000 to	8,000	44,963
8,000 to	9,000	31,769
9,000 to	10,000	24,536
10,000 to	11,000	19,221
11,000 to	12,000	15,035
12,000 to	13,000	12,128
13,000 to	14,000	10,427
14,000 to	15,000	8,789
15,000 to	20,000	29,896
20,000 to	25,000	16,806
25,000 to	30,000	10,571
30,000 to	40,000	12,783
40,000 to	50,000	7,087
50,000 to	60,000	4,541
60,000 to	70,000	2,954
70,000 to	80,000	2,222
80,000 to	90,000	1,539
90,000 to	100,000	1,183
100,000 to	150,000	3,302
150,000 to	200,000	1,302
200,000 to	250,000	703
250,000 to	300,000	342
300,000 to	400,000	380
400,000 to	500,000	179
500,000 to	750,000	225
750,000 to	1,000,000	90
1,000,000 to	1,500,000	67
1,500,000 to	2,000,000	33
2,000,000 to	3,000,000	24
3,000,000 to	4,000,000	5
4,000,000 to	5,000,000	8
5,000,000 and over		4
Total number of personal returns filed		3,472,890

If the bond salesman who declares that any man with a net income of one thousand dollars after lawful exemptions are deducted, can buy a one-hundred-dollar bond on the partial-payment plan is right, this showing of incomes offers an alluring basis for figuring the extent to which our new-crop capitalists are capable of financing American industry.

Certainly it affords ample ground for the conviction that these fresh recruits to the ranks of capitalists could swing the job without straining themselves—and be much the better for it.

A clever phrase artist has said that a man with a bond is a better economic asset than a man with a hoe. But the man who keeps the hoe, and also buys the bond is still better.

In other words, the worker who helps to finance and assure his own employment by lending his savings to industry is engaged in about the most constructive form of thrift possible.

Personally I am convinced that an industrial bond in the hands of a wageworker who belongs to our new crop of capitalists will do more to cut the ground from under the political demagogue and the radical agitator than an extra sleuth added to the ranks of Uncle Sam's trailers of the reds.

A bond salesman who handles only the soundest of securities and sells them to wageworkers and men on small salaries looks to me very much like a missionary of good citizenship. But be sure to deal only with that kind of man representing a sound, conservative, established concern.

Then remember this: the "rich" men of this country haven't enough money to put over the job of financing American industry—not even if they devoted every dollar of their wealth to that task. It requires the savings of "small" men—millions of them—to get away with that job.

The Pocket Premo

A Christmas gift that will preserve the story of the Christmas merriment. So simple that the picture making can begin at once.

Wonderfully small and compact for the size of picture made. Easy to carry.

Opening with one movement, the lens swings automatically into correct focus. No adjustments—no complications. Sharp, clear pictures.

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A separate factory just to cut soles?

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THIS is the McElwain idea. Maintain offices in the great hide markets of the world, and so secure quality hides at a quantity price. Tan them in McElwain tanneries. And make each separate part of the shoe in a separate factory, with experts who are trained for that task and for that task alone.

In four hours and twelve minutes McElwain [illegible] make a pair of shoes for every one of America's Archbolds.

So there is a separate McElwain factory just to cut the soles; another just to make the heels; another to fashion the upper-leather; and all under the control of a designing department that has made McElwain Shoes famous for style.

Little savings in each separate process of the manufacture mount into large savings by the time the shoe reaches you. Millions of men and boys have discovered that truth about McElwain Shoes.

You can profit by that discovery as these other millions have. Form the good habit of looking twice at the shoe before you buy—at the top for style; and then at the sole to find the McElwain name.

You can buy McElwain Shoes at the stores of 25,000 leading independent shoe merchants throughout the country.

Send to us for the booklet "How to Make Your Shoes Last." It will help you to make a definite reduction in your shoe bills; and it is free. A card will bring it to you.

A distinguished boot of Brown Calf or Black Gun Metal for Men, with Leather or "Light Tread" rubber heels.

Men's Blucher of Black or Brown Gun Metal, with Leather or "Light Tread" rubber heels.

MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOES
FOR DRESS AND EVERYDAY WEAR

W. H. McElwain Company
354 Congress Street, Boston 3, Mass.

McELWAIN SHOES

TRADE MARK

THE BALANCE WHEEL

(Continued from Page 4)

want to know where their own rights got a look-in. Just how far were the workers entitled to go in the exercise of the right to strike? Should there not be the same restrictions put upon them as had been put upon capital by scores of laws in order to protect a fairly helpless public? Could the contending forces continue indefinitely to make the public the goat?

This pressing need for protection gave birth to the Technical Emergency Aid, which was first established as a civil organization in September–October, 1919. Doctor Fornoni, one of the heads in Würtemberg, has dubbed it the Red Cross of Industry. Before examining what the Technische Nothülfe is and how it operates, let us first glance over its record of achievements to ascertain what it has done to justify existence and the hopes based on it.

When the famous Kapp coup was prematurely sprung, and a body of troops marched into Berlin, the conspirators ousted the government without conflict, only to fail miserably in short order. Organized labor rose against them. A general strike was called, which instantly crippled the business and industry of the country and threatened it with food shortage through stoppage of transportation. The Technical Emergency Aid in Würtemberg now made its influence felt for the protection of the public. Its leaders persuaded the trade-union chiefs to permit the laborers to remain at work in those industries which were essential to the livelihood of the community.

Again, while the foot-and-mouth disease was ravaging the farming districts the employees of a trucking company at Stuttgart walked out. This was at the beginning of harvest time, and loss of the crops seemed imminent. To save them the Emergency Aid stepped in and supplied the horses necessary to bring in the harvest.

Emergency Aid at Work

There was an inland-waterways strike; the Emergency Aid saved great quantities of meat by supplying workers.

The farm laborers of Pomerania quit their jobs and loss of the crops seemed certain. Köslin and Stolp were the main theaters of action, but the strike spread pretty generally throughout Pomerania.

The Emergency Aid was ordered to the assistance of the landowners for the purpose of saving the harvest, but as only a small number of its members were available from Pomerania itself, workers had to be dispatched from Berlin. The Nothülfe has volunteers who are willing to go anywhere, and another class who will serve only in their own communities.

The invasion of the volunteers from Berlin roused bitter resentment among the striking farm laborers, and the Emergency contingents were attacked several times and hindered in every possible manner. No proper protection was accorded. Sicherheits police were on hand, but in very limited numbers, and the volunteers found themselves hopelessly handicapped. As a result they confined their efforts largely to taking care of the cattle and other stock, and so were unable to accomplish much in this trouble.

Probably their crowning achievement was during the great strike in Stuttgart last fall. At the time the Bolshevik troops were threatening Warsaw the Communists in Germany planned a general strike throughout the country. They pinned their hopes on the armies of Lenine, figuring that a Bolshevist military triumph would give their effort a reasonable chance of success. But the Poles turned the tables, and on the retreat of the Russians the Communists did their utmost to stop the strike movement.

They were unable to act quickly enough in Würtemberg, and on August twenty-eighth a strike was called at Stuttgart by the extralegal committee of the Industrial Councils as a protest against the collection of the ten-per-cent tax on workmen's wages. At least that was the ostensible reason—there had been agitations all over the country against this tax, which is withheld from each man's pay. The workers contend there has been a lot of skullduggery going on in connection with it.

However, the real facts are that the Stuttgart strike formed part of the contemplated communistic effort which flivvered with the Bolshevik failure in Poland. At first even trade-union leaders withheld sanction of this strike, but were subsequently forced by majority pressure to acquiesce. The Majority Socialists had a similar experience. At the outset they declined to participate, but later went in as an example of class solidarity.

The strike was called on a Saturday. At midnight the Minister of Interior for Würtemberg, under whose authority the Technical Emergency Aid is placed, ordered it to begin operations.

The railroad operatives had not walked out, but the water power, electricity, gas works and food distribution of the city were affected, which made the strike a menace to the general public. I want to emphasize the fact that the Emergency Aid never interferes in any trouble that does not cut off public essentials. For example, they did not deem the street-car lines essential in this affair, because the distances in Stuttgart are not great.

Ordered to take hold of the situation at midnight, the organization had a train of motor trucks ready next morning to carry supplies to the designated industries. Einwohnerwehr contingents remained in the plants as guards, so that the property was safe and protection assured for the volunteer workers. This force is a home guard, maintained to preserve order, and men of all ages and walks of life belong to it.

Fires were restarted in the furnaces on Sunday evening, and by the following day the industries were functioning, though at reduced capacity. Naturally the strikers did not permit this challenge to go unanswered. They issued an appeal for an enlargement of the strike to all industries. Back came the Emergency Aid with a counterstroke in the form of an appeal signed by the bourgeois party leaders, the "Christian Labor" organizations, and philanthropic and social societies, who called on the general public for support of the volunteers in this crisis.

The forces at the disposal of the Aid included professors and two hundred and sixty-five students of the Polytechnic Institute, engineers, university men, and even some trade-union laborers who were not in sympathy with the strike, regarding it as an outlaw movement. Operating the telephone in the head office sat an *Excellenz* who had been a cabinet minister under the monarchy. Indeed, practically all German citizens of patriotic sentiments and honest intention have backed up the work of the Technische Nothülfe. It has been a case of the public getting busy for its own protection.

"Society has been dominated too long by fear of the workingman," proclaimed the spokesmen of the Aid.

Utility Strikes Broken

Despite the numbers of technical men in their ranks they had difficulty in firing the furnaces, and they found the gas works a complicated problem. However, the volunteers drove aëronautical trams, worked cranes and dumps, stoked furnaces and excavated slag. On the fourth day they managed to operate the plants at full capacity; individually they even produced twenty to thirty per cent more than the old employees, for their hearts were in the job.

The strike lasted one week and then fizzled out. While it was on, order was maintained and the public suffered very slight inconvenience.

"We could have operated trains in the same way had it been necessary," declared Doctor Fornoni.

Sensing that the strike leaders might try to get even by ordering some injury done to the plants by the returning workers and then charging it against the Emergency Aid, that organization's officials secured a written statement from the Betrieberat—Industrial Council—as to the condition in which the industries had been left, before they evacuated.

After this signal success the Technische Nothulfe gained a secure place in Germany. Its more enthusiastic supporters maintain that it is the solution of the problem of protecting public interests in the constant labor troubles. That remains to be proved by further tests, of course, but certainly the situation throughout the country in regard to strikes has materially improved since the Emergency Aid demonstrated what it could do.

Make it a real gift!

Shop as much as you will, you can't give a man a more acceptable Christmas present than a box of *good* cigars.

Just now there are a whole lot of men who are hoping that their Christmas cigars will be Cincos.

They stick to Cinco because day in and day out, year in and year out, Cinco quality is sure and safe. Wonderfully mild, generously good—Cinco is always the same.

You are safe in giving him Cinco, the most restful cigar in America.

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SIMONDS SAW STEEL PRODUCTS ESTABLISHED 1832

It is a nation-wide organization now, with a huge membership constantly growing. The figures are not divulged, but four months ago they had more than seventy thousand volunteers enrolled. The central offices are in Berlin, with a commissioner at the head who is appointed by the government. To assist him is a directorate composed of representatives of the various ministries of the commonwealth.

Applying their usual thoroughness to organization, the Germans have divided the country into seventeen provincial districts on an economic basis, and divided these again into subprovincial districts. The smallest units of the Emergency Aid are the local groups; there is a group in every medium-sized town. Branches of the Aid are mutually interdependent.

Presiding over each provincial office is an engineer and manager who has a representative of the general public to advise him on local economic matters. In the head offices are lists of those persons who have volunteered their services, all carefully tabulated and indexed, so that the chiefs know precisely what men are available in any emergency and what the qualifications of each are. Usually the active technical manager of each essential industry is made the permanent chief of a group, and it is his business to arrange for enough volunteers to run that industry in the event of need. For this purpose they bring in men to familiarize themselves with the work, as students, engineers, and so on.

To illustrate: The state of Wurtemberg is divided into a hundred subdistricts, in each of which is a leader. That leader prepares the lists of volunteers for emergencies, the term "emergency" being held to cover industries such as gas, electricity, water, railroad, tram lines and food distribution.

An Army of Peace

The central organization is equipped to provide volunteers with bedding, foodstuffs, army kitchens, and tools for the industries in which they may be called to work. They are in position to requisition trucks to carry the men and their equipment to any designated plant at a moment's notice. Every volunteer knows exactly where he has to report when the summons comes. In fact the Emergency Aid functions like a well-organized army.

But it is distinctly an army of peace. The members are not permitted to carry arms, but depend for protection on the police or—as in the case of Stuttgart—on Einwohnerwehr contingents, who are themselves merely volunteer guardians of public order.

Funds are provided by the government for the permanent organization, but these are swelled by contributions from well-wishers and members who are not qualified to render personal service but are able to help financially. The Emergency Aid is not permitted by the Allies to operate in the occupied territory, the grounds of refusal being the contention that they would have to carry arms for self-protection.

"But doesn't it disorganize other industries and businesses when so many volunteers are called from their regular jobs to take the places of strikers in the essential industries?" I inquired.

"To some extent, yes," was the answer. "That cannot be avoided. But the inconvenience is trifling compared to a tie-up of an industry supplying a whole community with a necessity of life. That feature is the lesser of two evils and we cannot escape it. Besides, these emergencies don't arise very often, and every time we combat them successfully the less readily will irresponsible agitators undertake to call such strikes or the men agree to follow them."

The time put in by the volunteers as substitutes for strikers is not a loss, for they are paid. To be sure, the pay could hardly be regarded as remuneration to many of them, inasmuch as considerable numbers are men of substantial incomes; but on the other hand the wages are good for a student or the average workman. In every strike in which the Aid is ordered to take part the operators of the plants taken over pay to the organization a sum equal to the pay of a similar number of regular workmen, so that each volunteer draws exactly what his striking predecessor would have earned at that job.

It is a tribute to the Emergency Aid that so far none of the labor unions has opposed its members' joining it. The labor leaders seem to realize that certain industries must be kept going to prevent collapse of a community and that it would hardly be consistent to oppose assertion of the general public's right to protect itself. Moreover, it is probable that they regard the organization as an effective deterrent to the ultraradicals and extremists among their own followings. Whatever their reasons they have not fought it.

The Aid, on its side, has scrupulously refrained from becoming the tool of the industrials and capitalists, for the merest suspicion of that would kill its effectiveness and alienate the public support without which it could not exist. Indeed, it has exhibited an excess of caution in taking part in strikes, restricting its efforts to the minimum of safety. This policy was adopted at the outset lest it should appear that the organization sided with the employers.

It has steadfastly held to a neutral position in conflicts between labor and capital, but whenever a strike threatened a complete tie-up in essential industries the Aid came to the rescue. Roughly speaking, it operates only in relation to electrical power works, transportation systems, water and gas works, post, telegraph and telephone systems, mines and where perishable foodstuffs are involved.

Of all its activities those in connection with mines present the most difficulties. In consequence—and also to avoid exceeding its functions—the Aid chiefly directs its efforts in a mining strike to prevent flooding and damage.

It is only a year old, but its champions in Germany think they have at last found the weapon to smash the strike tyranny.

But the Emergency Aid of Germany and the Community Aid of Denmark constitute only one of the favorable symptoms observable in Europe. Everywhere over there the saner leaders of labor and socialism have been busier than any farmer this harvest time winnowing the chaff from the wheat. They are separating the syndicalists and Communists and Bolshevists and red radicals from the solid elements in their parties; and up to date they have done a fine job.

The aim has been to segregate the extremists—the I-Won't-Works who would tear down everything in blind frenzy and, through mere noise and bluster, have often contrived to impose minority dictation. Their presence in labor organizations and the Socialist Party has actually prevented those parties from becoming the power in national affairs which they might be; in several countries the Laborites and Socialists have forborne to make a bid for direction in government because of the menace to constructive work these explosive forces constituted.

A Body Blow for Bolshevism

As an example, take the situation in Germany. The Majority Socialists have long been flirting with the Independent Socialists, but it was impossible for them to get really together so long as the Left wing of the Independent Socialists dominated that party. The Left wing consists of ultraradicals. Recently it came to a show-down at Halle on the question of whether the Independent Socialists should meet the terms of the Third International of Moscow, and they split asunder. The moderates were not represented there in full strength by any means, and the extremists won. They raised loud, derisive jeers as the other faction withdrew after the vote; but probably they will laugh on the other side of their mouths three months from now, for they were the losers. They may not realize it yet, but the schism was a distinct gain for the Socialists and a body blow for Bolshevism in Germany.

An almost identical movement has taken place in France, where the Socialists and labor people have repudiated the Russian brand of world reform. Indeed, France appears at the moment to be the most conservative country in Europe.

England is passing through a more stressful period, but the outcome is not in doubt. What with the Council of Action and the strikes of miners and dissatisfied ex-service men, the Lloyd George government had its hands full last summer. The Council of Action managed to put the quietus on any military aid being extended to Poland against Russia, and it was laughable to watch the governmental spokesmen and press striving afterward to make believe they had never intended giving assistance to the Poles anyway—precisely like a small

(Concluded on Page 145)

The Text Books

On dentistry say these things must be done

Able investigators, after many years of research, have published some new theories on tooth protection. Their works today stand high among the dental science text books.

Many authorities have proved those theories sound. Leading dentists everywhere accept them.

A tooth paste has been made to meet these new requirements. Millions of people have already adopted it, largely by dental advice. In Europe and America it is fast bringing about a new era in teeth cleaning.

This is to offer you a ten-day test and urge that you accept it.

To fight the film

One great object is to fight the film on teeth. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices, and stays.

It is ever-present, ever-forming. Much of it hides where it is hard to reach. And most tooth troubles are now traced to it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, causing countless serious troubles, local and internal. Night and day, when film is present, these damages may continue. Very few people escape them.

Two methods of attack

Now dental science has evolved two methods of attack. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

This new tooth paste—called Pepsodent—combines these methods in it. Every application brings a two-fold attack on film. Every user quickly sees and feels the unique benefits.

Other essentials

Other effects are now considered essential because of modern diet. So Pepsodent aids Nature in these ways:

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest the starch which otherwise clings, and which may ferment and form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—Nature's agent for neutralizing acids which cause tooth decay. Another ingredient is pepsin.

Certain foods—fruits in particular—bring similar results. But we eat much starch, and often these food factors are not regularly applied. So authorities advise that twice a day you apply them in this way.

This Free Test

Will twenty times bring you these five effects:

1—A two-fold attack on film.

2—High polish to the teeth.

3—Multiplied salivary flow.

4—Multiplied starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits that cling.

5—Multiplied alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

We urge you to watch these results for ten days. Note the effects on film. Mark how much cleaner your teeth feel, how much better they look. Then read in the book we send you the meaning of these effects.

This test will be a revelation. To you and yours it will show the way to better tooth protection.

Smokers' stains

Tobacco smoke is one thing that stains film. So the teeth of smokers are generally more or less discolored. The stain is in the film-coat. It should be removed and constantly combated.

Children's teeth are particularly subject to film attack. Very few escape. Dentists advise that Pepsodent be applied from the time the first tooth appears.

Women who want teeth to glisten must combat the cloudy film. Look anywhere today and you'll see the results, for there are millions of Pepsodent users.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant which combines five much-desired effects. Approved by authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

Send this coupon

For the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. The results will delight and convince you.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 544

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 242, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Satisfaction
Judged by your own standards

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Your complete satisfaction with Globe Tires is our greatest concern. To insure this, we are making Globe Tires 40% better than is generally considered good enough. If for any reason this Globe Tire (Serial No.) fails to give satisfactory service, judged by your own standard, make a report on the reverse side of this certificate, sign it, mail it to us, and we will see that you get complete satisfaction. In any event, when this tire has completed its service, a full report on your experience with this tire will be appreciated.
Globe Rubber Tire Manufacturing Co
Trenton, New Jersey

This certificate accompanies every Globe Tire with the Herringbone tread. It is a part of your purchase. It covers more than mileage. It is an assurance of day after day service—an unqualified pledge that you will get complete satisfaction from Globe Certified Tires, judged by your own standards.

Globe Rubber Tire Manufacturing Co.
Trenton, New Jersey

GLOBE
with the Herringbone Tread

Good Tires depend on the will to make Good Tires and Knowing How

(Concluded from Page 142)

boy sticking out his tongue and exclaiming: "I didn't want to do it anyhow! Yah!" But after that triumph the laborites and extremists ran up against superior tactics. Lloyd George and Sir Robert Horne have displayed superb adroitness in jockeying the trouble makers into untenable positions; they have created sharp divisions in the ranks of the radicals and have been successful in alienating public sympathy to a considerable degree.

Even Italy has roused at last. For nearly a year popular sympathy for the working classes paralyzed government action when it was needed to enforce the laws, notably during the occupation of the factories by the workers in the metallurgical industries. But the circumstances were peculiar, and when a way out was found hopes were entertained that the worst of the trouble was over and everybody would settle to work. Instead, the extremists went right on raising hell, so Giolitti suddenly showed his teeth.

The government has been arresting anarchists during the past fortnight with cheering speed and impartiality, and no really threatening reprisal movements have resulted. This is probably due to the abler leaders of the Italian Socialists, to whom belongs the credit for the moderation shown by the workers after the seizure of the factories at the end of August. It seems likely that these leaders felt no especial bitterness over the removal of the ultra-radical elements from their followings, because they themselves had been engaged for months in the process of forcing the anarchists and red extremists into a separate faction.

The Poorhouse of Europe

Of the other countries, Belgium is forging ahead by the honest sweat of her brow, and the Belgians have no time or patience for quack nostrums. Czechoslovakia is in excellent shape, comparatively, and gives promise of attaining prosperity and strength, once the difficulties attendant on setting up an entirely new government have been surmounted. She ought to be in fine shape, for the peace treaty gave her about everything in sight. Indeed, as the doughboys would say, Czechoslovakia is sittin' on the world.

Hungary can be listed in the "safe" column. It has had a reasonably good crop year; and, being agriculturists, the Hungarians are naturally conservative. The masses of them are about as fond of a Bolshevik as the average American is of a polecat; they stand ready to rend any elements which might attempt another experiment in communism. The one they passed through under Bela Kun was the natural reaction against happenings after the armistice, when the Rumanians were permitted to invade and plunder the country.

Austria is the poorhouse of Europe and will have to be fed and nursed through another winter until some provision is made so she can become self-supporting. But despite their real sufferings and seemingly hopeless future under the terms of the peace treaty I am inclined to accept the judgment of an able English banker on the Austrians. He reported in September: "On the question of Bolshevism and risk by riotous workmen I do not think this very serious. There is a great deal of hot air and a few noisy agitators, but I get very good accounts of the character and capacity of the Austrian workingman."

Bolshevism Dead or Dying

Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Spain and Switzerland face hard times, but no real danger lurks in those quarters. Norway is inclined to be feverish, having gotten its attack of Bolshevism late, when its shipping industry underwent a bad slump; and Poland is in execrable condition. The Bolshevik invasion left large areas without the means of subsistence, and most of Poland's revenues go to military ventures. She will have to be propped by the western Powers, but this support seems assured in consideration of the important rôle she is playing. The Jugo-Slavs will likely enjoy fairly full stomachs this winter, and there is nothing in the condition of the country to warrant any blow-up by the population. Rumania, too, ought to weather the dark days ahead without extensive trouble, for she has the natural resources if she cares to use them.

All in all, the prospect is not so black as it might be, or as it is frequently painted. When I think of the state of Europe a year ago and what it is to-day I am a stout optimist.

To everybody but the hopeless pessimists the situation in its broader aspects appears much more encouraging.

The success achieved in putting the reds where they belong is the most cheering factor. Considering the state of Europe and the gloomy outlook for its populations in the matters of food, employment and getting on their feet again financially, this is truly phenomenal. Of course all this good work may be undone and every calculation upset by the coming winter, for probably the hardest and most critical times since the armistice lie ahead, but the information I get tends to optimism.

Whatever may happen, this much is certain: Bolshevism, as the Russians understand it, is as good as dead in Europe. Given time, enough to eat, and even a glimmer of hope, and the human race always regains its sanity after an orgy.

PHOTO BY HAROLD A. PARKER, PASADENA, CAL.

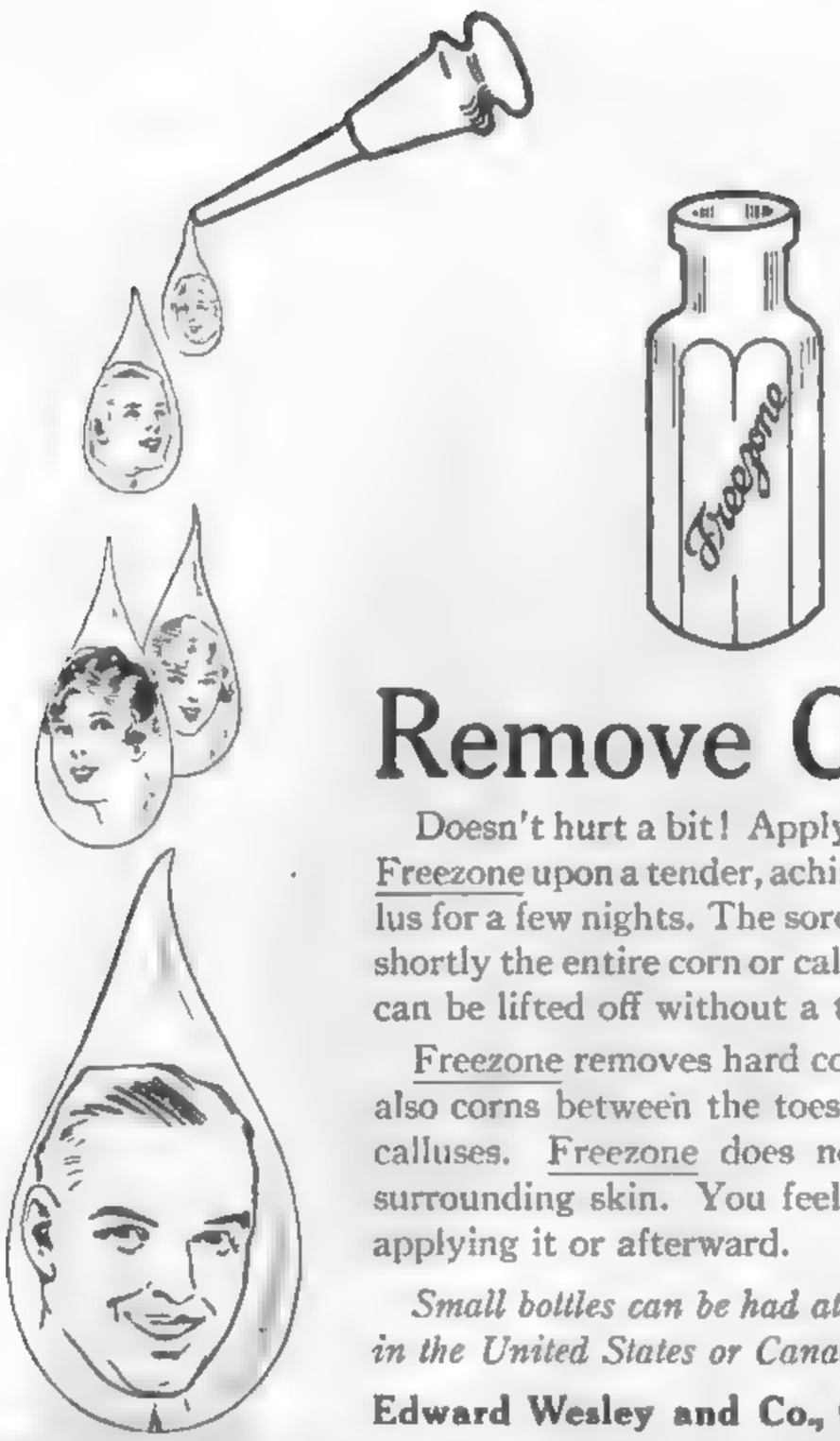
Muir Woods, California

THERE is a *high limit* to price in shoes beyond which *high price* buys only superfluous quality. There is a *low limit* to price below which *serviceable quality* cannot be produced.

You will find the *utmost* in Ralstons at a medium price—*a price that insures* the balanced essentials.

Write for the name of the Ralston dealer in your neighborhood

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
BROCKTON (Campello), MASS.



Remove Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit! Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for a few nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

Shave This Easier Way

Soften your beard *before* lathering

You will find your favorite lather doubly effective if you use Shavaid *first*. For Shavaid instantly prepares your beard for a really comfortable shave.

Hot towels and rubbing in of lather are unnecessary. More than that, they are injurious. For hot water brings the blood to the face at the wrong time. Rubbing makes the skin tender.

Shavaid does away with all that. It thoroughly softens your beard, yet leaves your skin normal. The razor cuts smoothly, easily. And even after a close shave, there is no smarting. Your face feels cool and comfortable.

Simply squeeze a small quantity of Shavaid out of the sanitary collapsible tube and spread it over your dry beard with the tips of your fingers. Then apply your favorite lather with your brush, as usual. But do not rub the lather in.

The lather stays moist and creamy on your face. There is a cooling, soothing effect. And the razor cuts with surprising smoothness.

Shavaid is in itself a soothing, healing emollient, so that you need no lotion. Its daily use will keep your skin clear and firm in tone.

B&B

Shavaid

In 50-cent Tubes—Buy from Your Druggist

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 32)

great castles. Before long good roads were looked upon as a menace rather than as a benefit. Easily passable highways were considered too ready access to the strongholds of the feudal rulers. What little commerce continued was carried on by utilizing horses for the purpose. By the middle of the seventeenth century the roads of Europe were worn into great trenches, often so deep that after heavy rains the highways were practically impassable for weeks.

A hundred years later Louis XV became interested in the establishment of a system of highways through France and encouraged the French engineer Trésaguet in the building of a series of roads made of broken stone. Napoleon Bonaparte later added impetus to the movement for a system of king's highways, and as a result France advanced to a position of great importance among the nations of Europe. Even to-day the French roads are regarded as the best in the world, and the road builders of all nations have journeyed to France to learn the secrets of the art.

It was only a hundred years ago when Telford and Macadam started in to improve the wretched highways of England. Telford used field stones set on edge with the pointed end up. The points were then broken off with a sledge and the pieces driven down as wedges to hold the stones firmly. A layer of broken stones furnished a wearing surface on top. This kind of road foundation is still employed by many builders in low marshy ground. The Scottish engineer, Macadam, used broken stone, which he figured would be packed down by passing traffic. His theory was that as vehicles broke off particles and ground the surface stones into dust the rains would wash the small pieces into the crevices, thus forming a smooth hard surface for later traffic to pass over.

Though this kind of road still bears the name of Macadam, it is a fact that Trésaguet built similar roads in France many years before, and even here in the United States several hundred miles of old National Turnpike, constructed before Macadam's work had been noted, were built in a like manner of broken stone.

There was little road building in the United States until after the close of the Revolutionary War. In 1806 the National Turnpike was authorized by Congress, and construction commenced that same year. Like all important improvements, the plan for building this road was vigorously opposed on the ground that the construction of the highway would destroy a thriving industry. The industry in question was the business that had been built up for conveying travelers and freight across the Alleghany Mountains from the Potomac to the Ohio River on horseback. Several thousand men were engaged in this occupation and many thousands of dollars were invested in equipment. The plea was made that the losses sustained would not be justified by the benefits accruing from the construction of the road. This bit of history is interesting in view of the fact that many splendid projects which will contribute materially to the advance of civilization are now being opposed by people who adhere to the idea that new and modern practices must not be encouraged if their adoption is likely to disturb the equilibrium and lessen the prosperity of any established business.

Road building in America received a setback with the coming of the railroads. The old National Turnpike fell into disuse, and the road-building laws of some of the states were not only disregarded but forgotten. The early laws of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois stipulated that five per cent of the money received from the sale of public lands within the states should be used for constructing highways. Of this amount three-fifths was to be applied to roads built within the state, and the remaining two-fifths to the building of a highway from the eastern boundary of the state to tidewater on the Atlantic Coast. It would be interesting if someone were to figure out just how big the plum would be if the Government of the United States were to return to Ohio, Indiana and Illinois the balance of the sum due them for roads under these ancient statutes.

For nearly fifty years the construction of highways in the United States was carried on indifferently, while the building of railways was a major occupation of the nation. The real era of the good-roads movement in America was entered only a decade ago. Perhaps the turn in the situation was brought about by the constantly increasing number of automobiles. Probably it resulted from the decreasing ability of the railroads to handle the nation's goods. Maybe both causes were equally responsible for the changed line of development. Whatever the reason, it is a well-known fact that the demand for more and better highways is the urgent cry of the hour. We are in the motor age, which is synonymous with good roads age. Soon we shall have ten million motor cars running over the highways of the United States. America will rapidly follow Europe, and before long we shall have trackless trolley lines with heavy cars running on cushioned wheels and following the copper wires strung along over smooth, heavily built highways in many parts of the country.

The automobile has merged city and country. The rural village of yesterday is the metropolitan suburb of to-day. Horse-drawn vehicles are well-nigh obsolete in many highly developed regions. The motor truck has proved itself an agent of economy. The power, flexibility and speed of the modern gasoline and electric trucks are making it more clear each day that the province of the railways in the future will be for long-haul work, while the transportation of goods over short distances will be carried on by motor trucks, which have the advantage of being able to operate from door to door, thus eliminating the heavy charges involved in too frequent freight handling.

We have practically reached that point in our development where any further advances in the production and exchange of commodities must be dependent upon the careful maintenance of present highways and the speedy building of new ones. Good roads are a menace to profiteering middlemen, and effective stabilizers of living costs. They will always be the principal factor in every campaign to see America first, for America cannot be seen from the windows of a railway coach. Though we have hundreds of miles of well-constructed highways in this country, it is nevertheless true that in most states the mud road is far from being a myth. The waste due to unimproved roads in America has already reached the huge sum of more than half a billion dollars annually. There is no economy in trying to speed up farm production and impeding the movement of an increased food supply by putting forth only a half-hearted effort in the building of roads over which the farm products must be hauled.

It was perfectly proper this past year that national attention should be given to the railroad problem. But now that that aid has been extended to our transportation industry we must commence to fix in our minds the fact that our railroads handle only twenty-five per cent of the nation's goods, while the remaining seventy-five per cent is carried over our highways. Whenever a man with a horse and wagon or a motor truck loaded with goods consumes two hours in making a trip that could be made in one hour on a better road, he is working at only fifty per cent efficiency. Thousands of hours are wasted daily in America due to slow travel on unimproved roads.

The science of road building has advanced very rapidly in recent years. As fast as highway engineers invent new styles of road surface, adapted to support an increasingly heavy traffic, the motor engineers invent new and heavier kinds of vehicles. It is difficult to realize that the weight and carrying capacity of the motor trucks of to-day exceed those of the railroad freight cars of several years ago. Who can tell what burden the highways of the future will have to bear?

The broken-stone, or macadam, roads which satisfactorily bore the travel of earlier days now deteriorate rapidly under the combined traffic of horse-drawn and motor-driven vehicles. After the iron horseshoes and steel wagon tires have broken up the stone surface they are followed by the low, fast-moving automobiles, and the dust, which formerly was packed into the road, making it solid, is sucked out and thrown into the air, to be distributed over adjacent fields. This breaking up of the road surface by horses and wagons was once an advantage, whereas in this day of the motor car it causes rapid destruction.

(Continued on Page 149)

Slip St. Nick the P. A. wink!

AND, you can bet your suspenders against the juiciest turkey joint on the platter he'll deliver that joy'us pound humidor of Prince Albert tobacco—dolled all dandy in holiday duds—right on the tick-of-the-clock!

For, the old boy's wise to the Smoke High Sign; he knows what a smoking man *needs*, and, what this peach-of-a-package *means* in putting the cheertone into the gift room atmosphere early on the morning of the 25th!

You'll spot the holly spirit of the big prize the instant it breaks into view! It spells smoke-sport all day Christmas and many days and nights thereafter! It passes out a good-will-message that keeps the merry old fun-mill buzzing at top capacity—and that pet jimmy pipe working to beat the band! For, Prince Albert can't bite or parch. Both are cut out by our patented process!

It's Christmas all by itself—this joy-jar-of-P. A.—inside and out!

Paste it in your bonnet that right now's the time to get in your word for this gift-of-gladness, for St. Nick will be on the job before you're many days older! Prince Albert is also supplied in handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors, in tidy red tins and toppy red bags—each a man's choice!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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Williams'

PATENTED
Holder Top
Shaving Stick

You don't have to set the stage

WITH Williams' you don't have to make all the preparations for a simple job that constitutes for many men a daily tragedy.

For Williams' requires no set conditions—whether the water be hot or cold, hard or soft, a thorough brushing will always bring the same thick, soft lather that gets way down underneath and instantly softens the toughest beard.

To prove this buy today a Williams' Shaving Stick or a tube of Williams' Shaving Cream. Tomorrow morning make every shaving condition as unfavorable as possible, allow but a few minutes' time and see for yourself how quickly and easily you get a delightfully cool, clean shave with the famous Williams' lather and, above all, how soothed and comfortable your face feels after the shave.

Send 10 cents for trial Re-Load Stick

The Re-Load has a firm threaded metal collar. You simply screw this into the holder-cap. Send 10c in stamps for sample, *full size* permanent holder top, with reduced size soap. When the sample is used up, you need buy only the new Re-Load, saving the cost of a new holder-top.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., *Dept. A*, Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams' Shaving Soap also comes in the forms of cream, liquid and powder. Trial size of any of these for 6c in stamps.

THE J.B. WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF *MATINEE VIOLETS JERSEY CREAM* AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM, ETC.

(Continued from Page 146)

Experience in recent years has shown that private or residential roads of the more expensive types go to pieces sooner under a light traffic than they do under a heavy traffic. There are many instances where private roads and public roads have been constructed according to the same specifications and lying in the same community. The public road has carried a heavy traffic and remained in good condition for years, while the surface of the private road speedily went to pieces because there was not enough travel over it to keep the surface ironed down.

It is difficult to present hard and fast rules for road building because of the great variety of physical conditions met with in different localities and the multiplicity of methods and materials employed. Asphalt, brick and wooden-block pavements appear to be favored in the building of city streets, while the pendulum of public opinion seems to be swinging to the concrete road as the most satisfactory type of highway to connect cities and towns and for rural regions. The principal argument of the opponents of the concrete road is that such highways are difficult to patch after they become bumpy and worn. In the matter of durability the concrete road has already proved its worth. The advocates of this type of construction also contend that it can be repaired easily and satisfactorily.

The speed with which motor traffic now moves makes it advisable in locating a new road to provide a view of at least one-quarter of a mile ahead, either by direct sight along the road or across adjacent fields. It is certain that with the rapid travel of the future, sharp bends and short curves on main highways will be points of great danger.

Water is the most destructive agent encountered in road building. No road can be kept in good condition unless careful provisions are made for taking the water off the road surface and from underneath the roadway. The best practice requires that the highway shall not have a grade of more than five per cent. In determining the carrying capacity of the natural earth underlying a roadway, the soil, the subsoil and at times the geological formation of the strata must be considered. A recent road congress concluded that the strength of road foundations should be increased in proportion as the supporting power of the ground decreases.

In planning a new road or the reconstruction of an old one a careful census should be taken to determine the amount and kind of traffic passing over it. A road census is taken in France every six or eight years. In such a survey particular attention should be given to the heavy vehicles, such as road rollers, traction engines and extra large motor trucks. As a general rule such vehicles do not damage the road surface, because of the width of the tires; in fact these heavy vehicles frequently compact and improve the highway. However, unless a road is well built, such heavy weights are liable to fracture the foundation. Some years ago engineers favored digging up old gravel or macadam foundations. The newer thought is to view many of these old foundations as an economic asset, and construct a new surface that is best adapted to the existing foundation.

In considering grade and the smoothness of road surface it is necessary to take into account the kind of traffic the road is to carry. A horse can draw four times as much load weight on a level as it can up a ten per cent grade. If a horse can draw two thousand pounds on a level road the same amount of effort will draw only one thousand pounds on a five per cent grade, and five hundred pounds on a grade of ten per cent. The smoother the surface the less power required to move the load. On the other hand, the foothold of a horse lessens as the surface gets smoother. Most authorities favor a smooth road on the level, but they differ as to how smooth the surface should be on various grades. As a general rule, if a road is much used by horses, a smooth hard surface should not be used on grades of more than eight per cent. Offsetting this idea is the growing belief that even farm horses will become accustomed to smooth roads, and can be trained to exert their full pulling power and acquire a surefootedness on smooth pavements.

The expense of keeping a new hard-surface road in good condition should not exceed three or four cents a square yard; that is, from two hundred and sixty-four dollars to three hundred and fifty-two dollars per mile of fifteen-foot roadway. After a road is five or six years old the cost of repairs will certainly increase until the annual expense of keeping such a road in good shape will amount to as much as twelve cents a square yard per year, after which time it is usually advisable to consider the construction of a new highway.

On roads that bear only a normal amount of traffic—say, three hundred vehicles a day—the surface can be kept in fairly good shape by applying oil or tar. This method will be successful only when the petroleum products are properly applied. The surface must be swept clear of dust and should be entirely dry. First a light oil should be spread on the cleaned surface, using one-third of a gallon per square yard. This application should be left for a day or two without covering, and during this interval no traffic should be permitted on the road, so that the oil will have a chance to sink into the surface. Later a like amount of heavy oil should be applied and covered with sand or finely ground rock. If the heavy oil is applied cold the road should be fenced off for at least a day, but if the oil is applied hot the road may be opened for traffic in six hours.

The availability of materials is a determining factor in the type of road selected for a given community. Almost every state possesses some material that, alone or combined with other materials, will make a good road at a reasonable cost. In road building as in most undertakings the cost of upkeep must be given as much consideration as the initial outlay. There is no economy in building a cheap road that will later burden the community with scandalous charges for repairs. In contract work where specifications are drawn it should not be forgotten that materials under the same name often differ widely in grade. The term "asphalt" is applied alike to the product that comes from the asphalt lakes of South America and Trinidad and the petroleum residuum obtained from the oil wells of this and other countries.

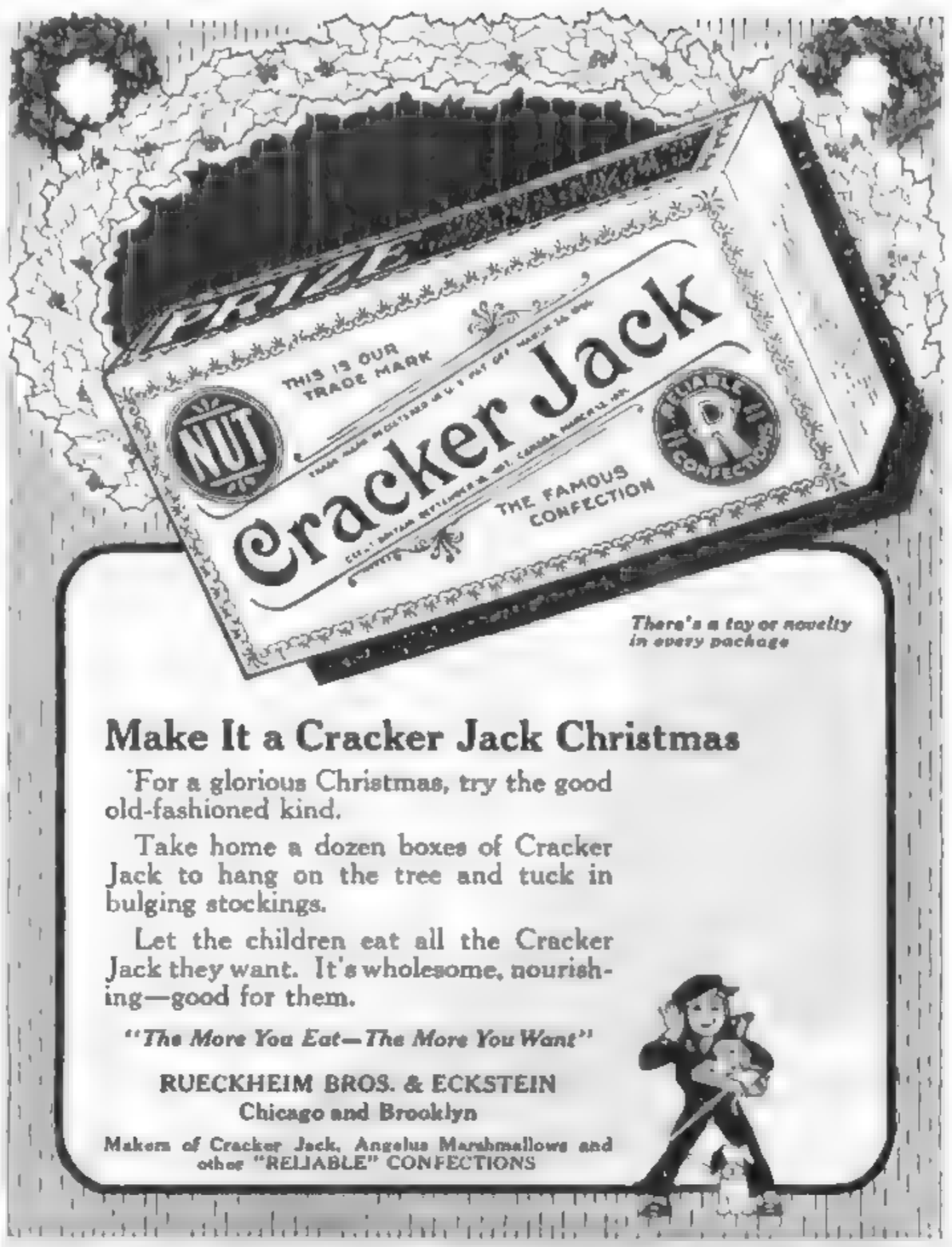
As before stated, concrete roads just now are most in the public eye. Of the proposed Federal and state appropriations, totaling one billion three hundred million dollars, the greater part of the money will be spent for concrete highways. This type of road building has developed into a real science, thanks to the work of hundreds of chemists, who have carried on exhaustive laboratory tests. Very early in the game it was found that water-bond macadam and gravel roads would not meet the requirements of the high-speed traffic of the present day. Before automobiles and trucks came into use the maintenance cost of our macadam roads varied from fifty to one hundred dollars per mile per year. When the motor cars commenced to use these roads extensively the average annual repair cost jumped to about one thousand dollars per mile.

It was only natural, therefore, that engineers turned to concrete as a possible solution of the problem.

The first concrete roads were constructed about twelve years ago, and the concrete was laid four inches in thickness, indifferently finished, and not properly treated during the period in which the concrete was becoming set. This pioneer work was only partly successful, but it did form an incentive for engineers to make a study of this type of road. Michigan, New York and California all had trouble with their four-inch concrete roads, chiefly because, in attempting to lay a big mileage in concrete, quality was sacrificed.

During the years that followed there were many other failures in the building of concrete roads. In some cases there was too much water in the mixture. In other instances there was too little cement or an insufficient time was allowed for mixing. But patient research finally produced standardized rules, which are now followed with much success.

It has been determined that a mixing of ten minutes or more by machines produces the greatest strength, but that a mixing for one minute is practical, because the one-minute concrete tests within a few points of any mix of more time. One of the important discoveries was that very wet mixed concrete has considerably less strength than that mixed with as little water as possible. It was found that a mixture of one part cement to two parts of sand and three and one-half parts of crushed stone was the best. These conclusions now form the basis of the specifications of most states.



Make It a Cracker Jack Christmas

For a glorious Christmas, try the good old-fashioned kind.

Take home a dozen boxes of Cracker Jack to hang on the tree and tuck in bulging stockings.

Let the children eat all the Cracker Jack they want. It's wholesome, nourishing—good for them.

"The More You Eat—The More You Want"

RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN
Chicago and Brooklyn

Makers of Cracker Jack, Angelus Marshmallows and other "RELIABLE" CONFECTIONS

TRADE
The DOT *Line*
MARK
of Fasteners

TRADE MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The "Lift-the-Dot" Fastener
The "Durable-Dot" Fastener
The "Valet-Dot" Fastener
The "Arms-Dot" Fastener
The "Sepia-Dot" Fastener
The Common Sense Fastener

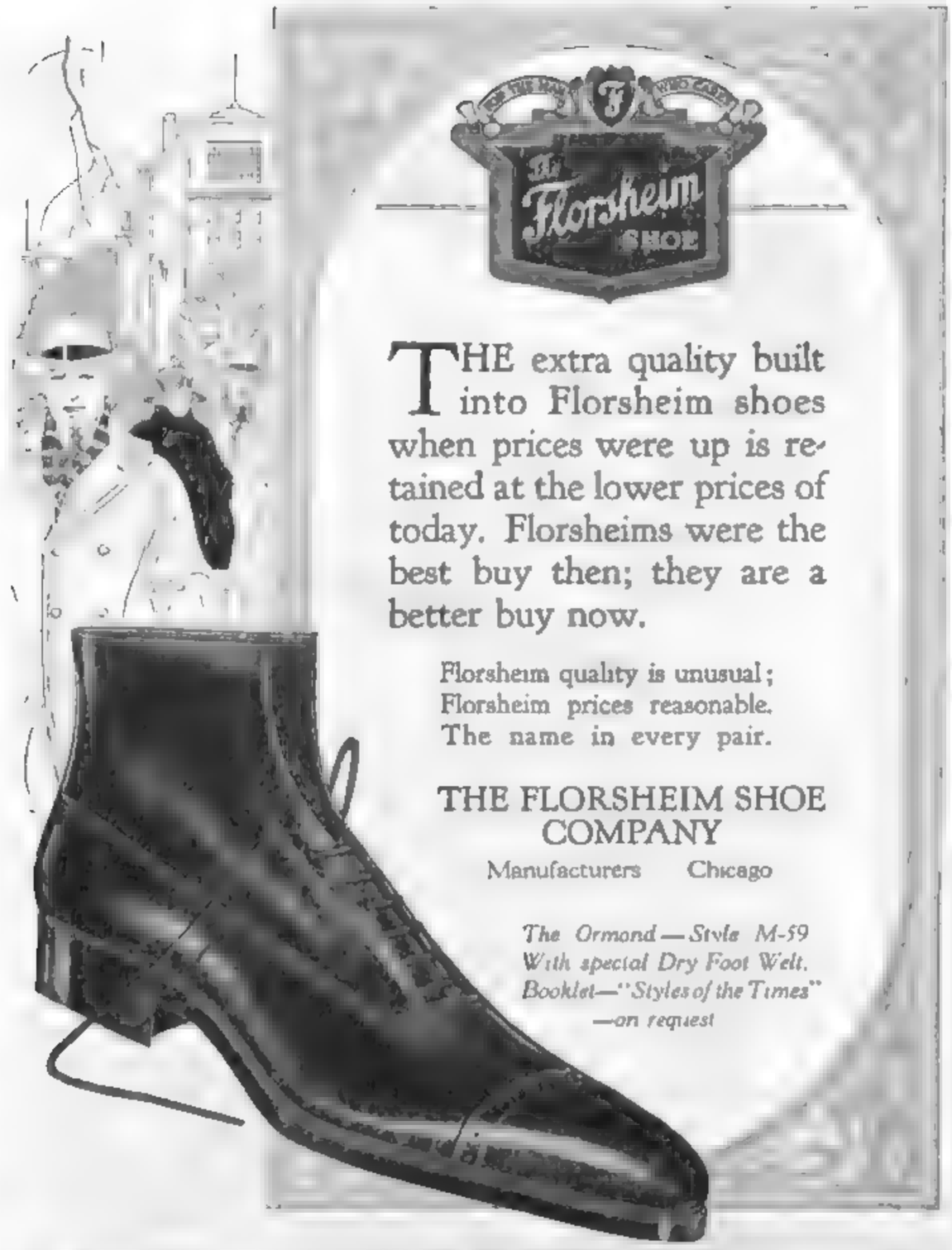
"Lift-the-Dot" was the first successful fastener for automobile curtains and tops—and in many other places on the modern motor car. It proved its strength and service.

Now, on luggage and sporting goods—canvas or leather—"Lift-the-Dot" is used where buckles and straps used to be. It is the safe fastener—quick and convenient. Just remember to lift the side with the dot. "Lift-the-Dot" is self-locking on the three other sides. It will not pull loose accidentally.

Write for catalog of "The Dot Line" of fasteners. Besides "Lift-the-Dot" there are five others. A fastener for every need.

CARR FASTENER COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

LIFT *the* DOT TRADE MARK *Fasteners*

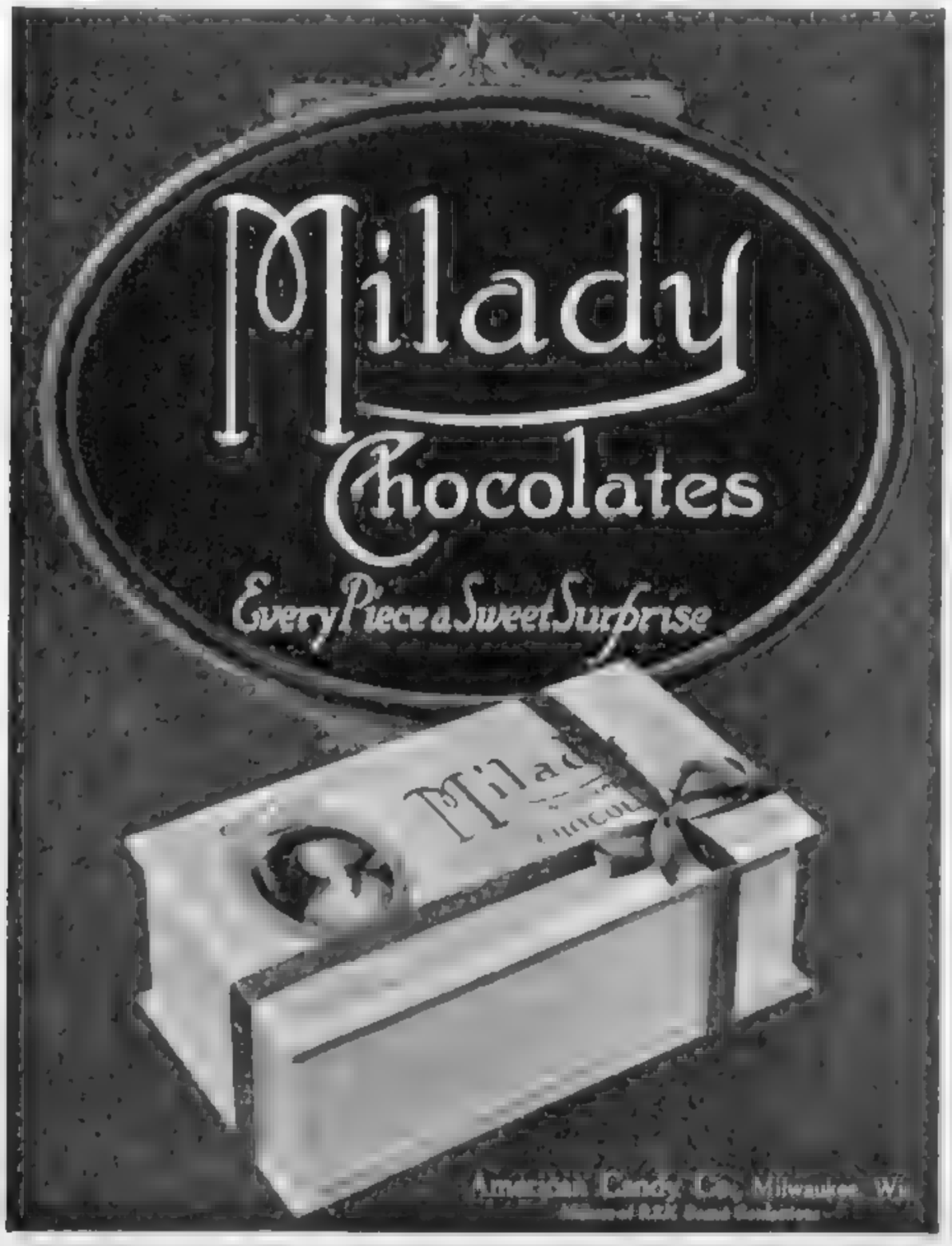


THE extra quality built into Florsheim shoes when prices were up is retained at the lower prices of today. Florsheims were the best buy then; they are a better buy now.

Florsheim quality is unusual;
Florsheim prices reasonable.
The name in every pair.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers Chicago

The Ormond — Style M-59
With special Dry Foot Welt.
Booklet—"Styles of the Times"
—on request



To-day the average thickness specified is eight inches for a concrete road sixteen feet wide, nine inches for an eighteen-foot road, and ten inches for a twenty-two-foot road. The development of paving machinery for use in building concrete highways has kept pace with the rapid advances in knowledge concerning road-building materials. If it were not so, the cost of building this type of highway would now be prohibitive. At present high prices a sixteen-foot concrete road, eight inches thick, costs approximately forty-five thousand dollars per mile, where the roadway is comparatively level and little grading is necessary. If there is much excavating or if grading or rock is encountered the cost will go as high as sixty thousand dollars per mile.

Ten years ago the maximum result possible in building a ten-foot road, six inches thick, was about one hundred and twenty-five linear feet of highway in a ten-hour day. At present the world's records in road building, established by two contractors using two different methods, are seven hundred and seventy-nine linear feet per day of sixteen-foot road, eight inches thick, using a portable paving-plant method, and eight hundred and eighty-three linear feet of similar roadway, using the stationary or central mixing-plant method.

In the first plan the portable concrete paving mixer is usually a huge machine having crawler traction and capable of pulling itself out of any sort of land on its own power. The materials, in proper proportions, are brought to this machine, mixed, and discharged directly from the paver to the road. The mixed concrete is properly spread by finishing and tamping machines which travel on their own power. Few men are needed, only thirty-two being employed on the seven hundred and seventy-nine foot record job mentioned above. Before labor-saving machines were invented forty to sixty men would have been required on a job of this kind, and the result would have been not more than one hundred and twenty-five feet of ten-foot road, six inches thick.

In the second method, which proved to be the speedier of the two, the concrete mixer is stationary at one point, where all the materials are mixed for several miles of roadway. For instance, on a four-mile stretch of road the central mixing plant would be located at the two-mile point, and the mixed concrete hauled in both directions until that four-mile section was completed. Then the entire plant would be moved forward four miles to the central point of the next four-mile section. This plant consists primarily of overhead bins feeding directly into the concrete mixer. The materials are brought up to the mixing plant by a railroad or trucks and loaded into the bins by automatic loading derricks or buckets. The mixed wet concrete is discharged from the mixer into trucks, and is hurried to the roadbed. As before stated, successful concrete for roads must be mixed as dry as possible, and engineers agree that in its mixed state it may be transported several miles without becoming set.

The success of the concrete road of to-day is not accidental. It is based on science and practical experience. Already we have fourteen thousand miles of concrete highways in the United States. This is a good start in the building of permanent roads. However, when we remember that there are two million, two hundred and fifty thousand miles of highways in this country, half of which are traversed every day by rural mail carriers bringing news of the world to millions of rural citizens, we must accept the conclusion that our present mileage of rock-and-cement highways is nothing more than a mere beginning of the job that lies before us.

If there ever was a time in history when the building of roads was necessary to a nation's economic life that time is now, and the place is here. The United States has reached a point in its development where it cannot enjoy genuine industrial freedom unless the main avenues of transportation are open and unrestricted to all.

If we must view roads from a local or selfish standpoint rather than as a great national asset, the arguments favoring their construction are still irrefutable. Experience has shown that roads built from agricultural districts to populous cities with large markets increase the value of farm land twenty to fifty per cent, due to the decreased cost of hauling crops and food supplies over the roads.

In California there is a town named Petaluma, which is probably the center of the world's largest poultry and egg producing district. An investment of more than twenty million dollars is represented there. The annual production is more than four hundred and fifty million eggs. Before concrete roads were built in the county, shipments were made almost entirely by railroad. Breakage represented an enormous waste, amounting as it did to over three per cent of the eggs shipped. A recent investigation showed that trucking saves the producer two to three cents per case in shipping charges, and the cases are returned free to the receiving station.

Fruit growers have also learned the value of paved roads. When fruit becomes bruised through rough handling or haulage it is apt to get a good start toward spoiling, and the selling value of the fruit is reduced. Just one example will tell the story: Before paved roads were put into a certain district one grower could haul only by horse and wagon, carrying two tons per load. The haul was eight miles—sixteen miles with the return trip—a good full day's travel. Now, with concrete roads, this same grower uses a five-ton truck which makes four round trips each day, thus transporting twenty tons of fruit daily. Hundreds of similar cases might be cited to drive home the vital importance of good roads to both producers and consumers.

The present is a time for rigid economy and not extravagance. But economy is not exercised by the mere abstinence from spending money. There is just as much sense in a great commercial organization trying to save through eliminating the company's annual expenditure for typewriters and telephones as there is in a state or nation attempting to economize through stinting on its appropriations for better and more permanent highways. Good roads mean more prosperity, greater individual freedom, increased national safety, lower living costs and higher standards of education and morality.

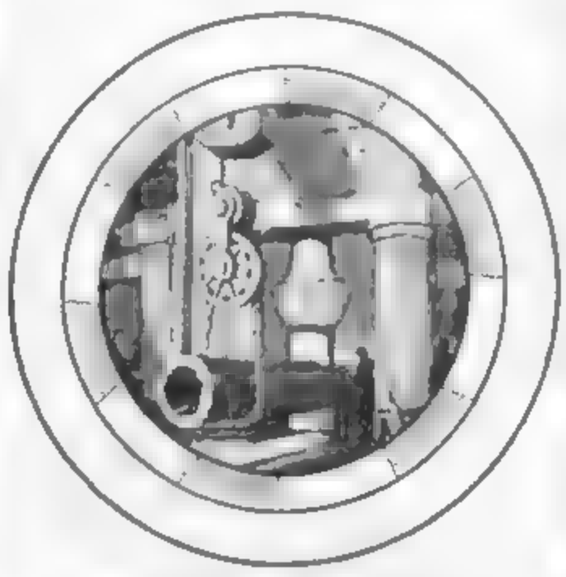
Mount Tallac, Lake Tahoe

Stocking mileage is some-
thing to think about now.
Not "how much does it
cost?" but "how far will it
carry one?" is the impor-
tant consideration. Phoe-
nix hosiery has achieved
first place in world sales
because it has persistently
furnished an enduring el-
egance at low cost. Is it
not wisdom to be mindful
of stocking mileage now?

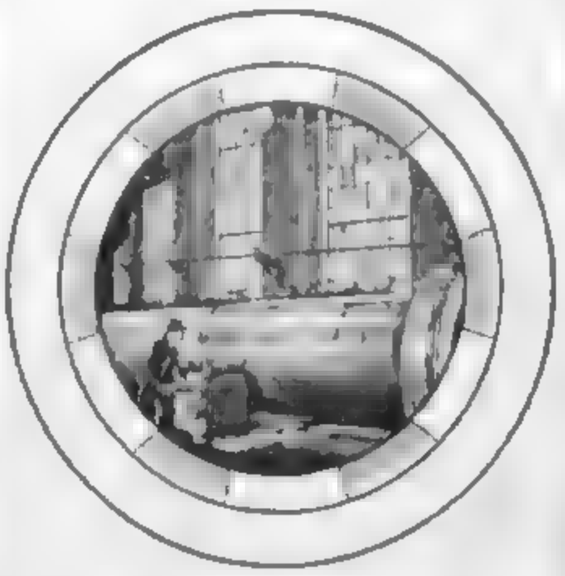
PHOENIX
HOSIERY

MADE BY PHOENIX MILWAUKEE

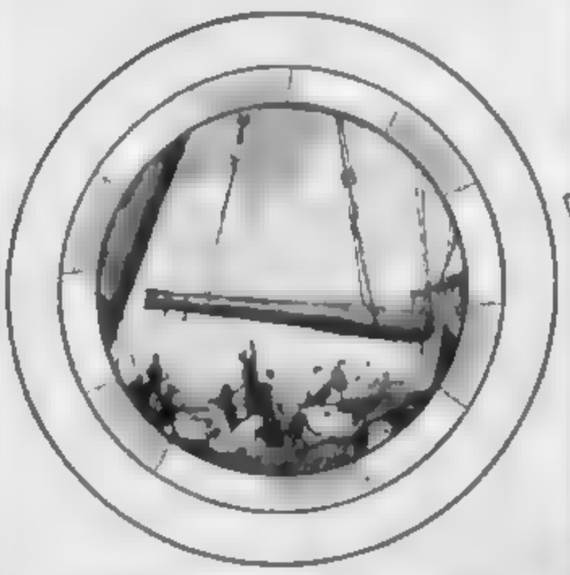
Hidden strength No. 2—
Lining of a gun



Forging the gun jacket



Turning gun on lathe



Lowering gun in position

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THE PEACOCK-BLUE ALBUM

(Continued from Page 16)

So there they were on the settee, and close together, because they naturally had to be to hold the long, flat album between them; and now and then as they bent their heads to examine a picture more minutely Luella's hair brushed Walter's cheek. Now and then their fingers touched; the slightest, most accidental of touches, and the briefest imaginable; but there was no insulation to protect the highly charged points of contact. The potent current of life flashed from one to the other, swiftly traversing each tense nerve to heart and brain. Partial paralysis, inhibition, stimulation, clouded mentality, faltering speech, suffusion of the capillaries, accelerated cardiacal action all the deliciously terrifying, tingling effects! Proximity, thou art the devil!

And so they drew a little apart; an almost imperceptible movement implying no distaste of nearness, but courteous consideration for a neighbor's ease. Luella would have given worlds just then for the intrusion of mother or Jim; and would have bitterly resented the intrusion. She wished that she had not been such a little fool as to ask him to look at these pictures. But, thank heaven, there were only a few more pages to look at! She believed she was actually trembling. Would he notice it? She was afraid that he would. She was afraid.

Anybody would think she had never looked over an album with a boy—and on this same settee. But this was different. Ordinarily it would have been "Freddy" or "Johnny" or "Willy"—as the case might have demanded—"you'll get your head bumped in a way you won't like if you're not careful. Quit it! And move over a yard or two. You must think you are on a Devon car in the rush hour. 'Aw' nothing! I may be a pippin, but you're no fruit press and I won't jell—I'll yell. Keep your hands on your own side of the page. Thank you. Now behave."

Yes, this was different. She would have knocked her head against Freddy's, shoved him over on the settee or spatted his trespassing hands without the least discomposure, and proceeded with her babble of explanation. Once Johnny Harper had kissed her. She didn't mind a boy trying to kiss her, as a general thing. It was rather fun, and it didn't hurt her ear or chin or cheek. But Johnny—well, she wasn't afraid, or the least bit trembly. She was just mad clear through, and the slap that Johnny got left no doubt in his mind as to her feeling in the matter. But Walter was behaving very much so. She stole a sidelong glance at him, and he was looking at father's afternoon catch rather glassily, but with intense interest. A lock of his thick, dark hair was sticking up straight, and it worried her. How strong and clean and firm his neck was!

"It must be a great place for fishing," he said.

"It is," agreed Luella, and there she stuck. She simply couldn't babble "That's Sadie Webber, my chum."

"Who's the fellow with you?"

"A friend of Jim's." Oh, Luella! "That's old Rover—the dog. Poor old fellow; he was very nearly blind, and he walked so stiffly it always made me want to cry. There's Sade again—the lady in the hammock is Miss Klein."

"Who's the boy with the spiky little mustache?"

"Another friend of Jim's—Emory Brandon. We were just fooling. Jim snapped us. Let's turn over."

"Wait."

His face was pretty serious; not frowning exactly, but—Jim had lots of sense, snapping that!

"We were all kind of fooling," Luella explained again, and was angry with herself for explaining.

"Yes," said Walter gravely.

He was wishing that he had been among those present when that picture was snapped, so that he might have lured Mr. Emory Trained Seal Brandon to a secluded spot, preferably on the edge of the river bluff, and without unnecessary words but a plenitude of active demonstration convinced that bird that just fooling had its proper metes and bounds. The river would have been handy to throw him into when the demonstration was concluded. For that bird knew what he was doing. He knew he was taking advantage of a sweet, innocent young girl who didn't know how it would look to people who were ignorant of the circumstances. If it had been any other girl—one of these wise Janes always out for a good time and expecting you to play up to them—it wouldn't have been so bad. He, Walter, might have done it himself. But Luella!

It made a fellow feel mighty rotten to be calling on a girl like Luella after cutting up with a lot of these Flossy Floras that you could kid along and never worry about how they were going to take it. Looking at an album with one of them now, his arm would have been edging along the back of that settee an hour ago. But Luella! A kid! A dear, shy little kid, scared to death, too, as it was. He couldn't even talk to her—not sitting this way. If he were back in the chair that he had left ——

"And that's all," said Luella, closing the album.

Walter took it from her, walked round the settee to put it on the Jack-o'-bean—and then walked back to his chair, aloof as ever. But Luella thought she knew a way to overcome that—if she dared. And would she dare?

"You must think I put in my vacations having my picture taken," she said. "But you know how it is; they won't let you stay out of the group if you are anywhere round."

"That makes the group interesting," said Walter, and congratulated himself that he was getting back into his old form. Then he played right into Luella's hand. "If I were a girl I wouldn't want to be in a group with you," he added, reddening, however, at his own temerity. "I'd let you stay out, or I'd stay out and let you be taken alone."

Luella did not ask him why.

"I don't often go to a regular studio and have a regular picture taken," she said. "I had one taken about a month ago that ——"

She blushed at herself.

"Won't you let me see it, please?"

"Oh, you don't want to see it. You've seen enough of them for one evening."

"Please!"

Luella was glad to go. It was perfectly ridiculous, the way she was blushing; and Walter was blushing, too, which made it worse.

"Excuse me then."

She sped upstairs—noiselessly, because the door of the sewing-room parlor on the first floor was ajar and father was sitting in the retired Boston rocker reading his paper by the light of the Argand lamp on the old marble-topped center table. As she passed on tiptoe she caught a glimpse of mother, who seemed to be reading also. She was glad that they did not see or hear her. In her room she switched on the light and looked at herself in the glass. Gracious, she was a sight! Her cheeks were like fire and her eyes seemed all pupils—big as saucers. She bathed her glowing face in cold water and patted it dry with a towel. A touch of powder and—no, she put that back. It wasn't necessary. Then she opened a drawer and took out her latest photograph and studied it carefully.

It was the best, the most artistic that she had ever had; the hazy gray, horribly expensive sort, with softened outlines and three-quarter pose, by a genius. A wonderful neck and throat, and the slender arm gleaming through the gauzy sleeve—captivating! But her expression was the truly marvelous thing—pensive, wistful, dreamy; no saucy smile in this one. In maiden meditation, eh? Meditation that it seemed almost sacrilegious to intrude upon; something almost holy about it. Luella tried to

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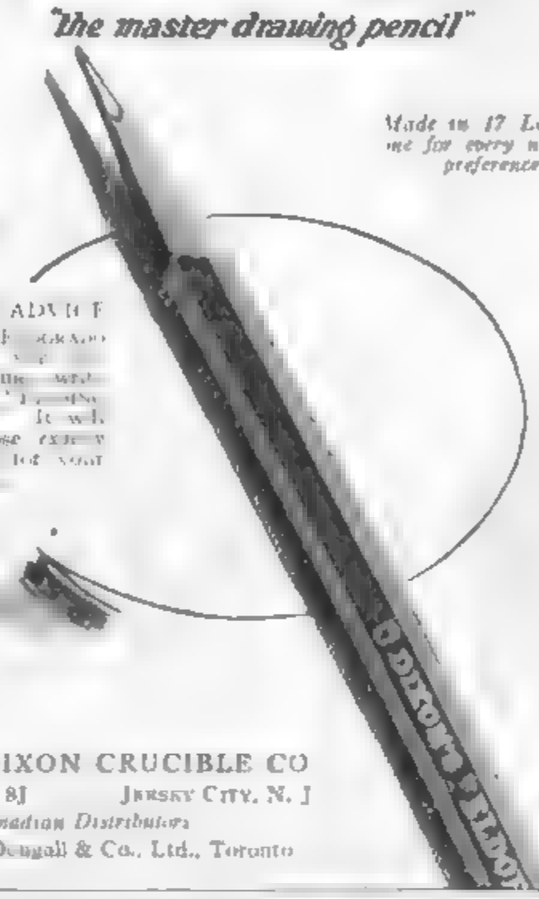

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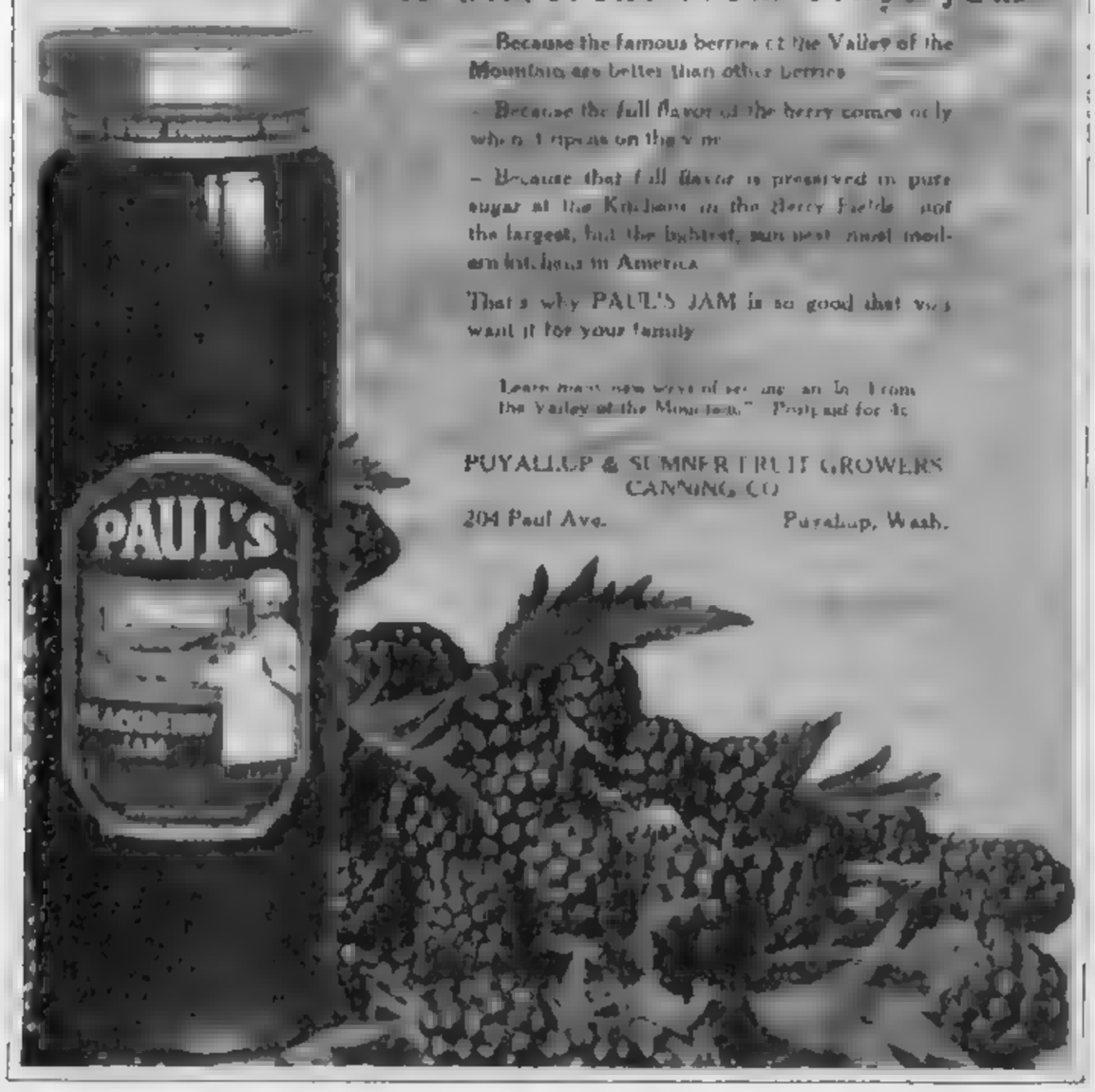

do it again before her mirror, but it was only a fairly passable imitation. So she gave it up, and after a final pat to the hair bunched over her ears she turned out the light and stole softly downstairs.

Walter was standing when she entered the room. He took the picture from her and carried it to a good light, and Luella could see the quick breath that he drew when he saw what it was. She waited, her heart beating tumultuously.

"Do you think it is anything like me?"

He made no answer until she repeated her question; then he said "Yes."

He honestly thought it was like her, and perhaps he was right—to a certain extent; possibly—to a certain extent. But there wasn't a word about movie directors fighting ferociously for a chance to star her if they ever got a slant at this picture. Luella held out her hand for it. The crucial moment had arrived. Would he give it back? "Lis'n, girlie! I'm going to keep this." No, he wouldn't be fresh. But he might—he might ——

Walter sighed and gave it back to her. Not exactly that, though, for he withdrew it hesitatingly for an inch or two as she was about to take it.

"I don't suppose—you would ——"

"You give that right back to me," said Luella with a quavering attempt at severity and a wavering look of command.

He obeyed her instantly. Before she realized it the photograph was once more in her possession. She turned away from him and laid it on the Jack-o'-bean, and stood with her head bent looking at it and trying to think. A pretty little figure she made in that posture too.

"You—you don't want it," she murmured without raising her head.

"I want it more than I ever wanted anything in my life," said Walter. "Except one thing," he added, and took a step that brought him close to her side.

"It wouldn't—I don't give my picture to gentlemen."

"I shouldn't have asked you perhaps, but ——"

"What was the one thing?" she asked almost inaudibly.

Walter—fearfully—took her hand. Then she raised her head and their eyes met. Walter's fear suddenly left him.

There was no unseemly struggle. In fact, mother, in the room above, was just saying, "They are awfully quiet down there."

"Eh?" replied father, laying down his paper. "Quiet? Why of course they are quiet. They don't want to make any racket to bring the neighbors running in. Well, Walter's a good, steady boy; enough sight better than that paper-hanging young galoot with his rennysonces and poppycock. I guess he can support her. If Luella's satisfied, I'm sure I am."

"Heigh-ho!" sighed mother.

"What are you doing there, mother?"

"I was looking through the album. James, how did you ever come to choose such a looking creature as I was then? Look here!"

Father hitched up his rocker alongside hers and adjusted his spectacles. Mother's 1880-odd bang certainly looked queer, and the humped sleeves of her dress were to laugh. A bustle was apparent as she stood by an Ionic column with an arm draped more or less gracefully over a Corintho-Doric pedestal. But her pensive dark eyes looking out of the slightly yellowed photograph—and, in fact, her whole expression—were singularly like those of her daughter in her latest.

"I'll say you look mighty sweet," said father. He chuckled. "You look as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth, and about that time you were certainly a little—you led us boys a devil of a chase. I wonder what became of Charley Stokes. Remember the time I was looking over the album with you and made that break about your Aunt Fanny? And the autograph album: 'To thine own self be true.' Yes, I was watching my step those days. You had me guessing right up to the time we got into the hack. Where am I? Holy mackerel!"

"And you fussing all the time about poor Jimmy's clothes!"

"Jimmy is round at Sadie's, I suppose. Well, fashions change; but I guess boys and girls are boys and girls, much the same as ever."

Mother turned a page.

"There's Luella. Baby Luella! Little baby Luella! Just think, father!"

Her comfortable double chin quivered. Father coughed and patted her hand clumsily, and so they sat for some minutes in silence.

"How quiet they are down there!" mother said again, and again sighed.

"Why, naturally," said father. He closed the peacock-blue cover, hoisted himself slowly from his chair, laid down his pipe and stooped over and kissed her.

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